

LIFE

WINTER
SOLDIER

FEBRUARY 26, 1945 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

“Sure I’ll wait...”

THERE’S NO OTHER PEN LIKE PARKER 51”

THAT phrase—“there’s no other pen like it”—goes far to explain why Parker 51’s aren’t so plentiful as you—and we—would like them to be.

For this pen is built with a craftsman’s care, with exacting skill born of 56 years’ experience. Here is a writing instrument which no mass production methods could ever achieve. There is prestige in this “51”... there is pride in owning it.

In use, the “51” merits all the praise its owners bestow. Cradle this smoothly tapered beauty in your hand... it feels “right”. Touch its enclosed, ever-moist tip to paper. It starts on contact... glides as effortlessly as a shadow across the page.

And look—*it writes dry!* Even as your words take shape they dry smudge-proof... without a blotter! For the “51” alone can use Parker “51” Ink—the world’s fastest drying ink. This pen, of course, can also use any regular ink you desire.

You begin to see now why the Parker “51” is the “world’s most wanted pen”... why demand for it grows ever faster.

If your dealer cannot supply you at once, place a reservation order with him. Perhaps sooner than you think, a gleaming “51” may be yours.

For Parker 51’s will be more available. And you’ll be glad you waited!

Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. \$12.50 and \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00 and \$7.50. Famous Vacumatic pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISC.

“Writes dry with wet ink!”



PARKER

“51”



COPR. 1945. THE PARKER PEN COMPANY

In years of testing

Listerine Antiseptic users had FEWER COLDS AND FEWER SORE THROATS

Why is Listerine Antiseptic such an effective aid . . . why does it so often help nip a nasty cold in the bud for so many people . . . why have years of testing shown fewer colds and fewer sore throats for the test subjects using Listerine?

The answer, we believe, is simply this . . . amazing germ-killing power with safety.

This delightful antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of potentially troublesome germs called the Secondary Invaders. (See panel at right.)

They are the very types of bacteria which, unless held in check, so often can stage a "mass invasion" of throat tissue to produce much of a cold's misery and discomfort. Bad customers, all of them.

If you have been in close contact with other cold sufferers, if you are tired, if your feet get wet or cold, and you have been exposed to drafts or sudden temperature changes, gargle Listerine Antiseptic quick!

Such factors can often reduce body resistance and make a "mass invasion" easier. Listerine Antiseptic, used early and often, gives Nature a helping hand in halting such germ invasions.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Note:—Germs Were Reduced up to 96.7% in Tests

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

The "Secondary Invaders"

Below are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered, when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT AND UPWARD:
Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae,
Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus,
Friedlander's Bacillus, Pneumococcus Type IV, Pneumococcus Type III.



This One



7ZBA-TFK-YZDC

LETTERS: GEORGE LOTT, CASUALTY, HAS RECEIVED MORE THAN 3,000

In this space, usually occupied by Letters to the Editors, LIFE this week presents a report on the extraordinary mail which Pvt. George Lott received during the past three weeks as a result of the story about him which appeared in LIFE, Jan. 29.

Pvt. George Lott has a host of friends. They are his fellow citizens who read in LIFE (Jan. 29) the story of his odyssey from the hour in which he was wounded on the battlefield in Lorraine to his safe arrival home in the U. S. To George Lott at Rhoads General Hospital, Utica, N. Y. his new friends have written more than 3,000 letters. They are letters of thanks for his courage and suffering and of hope for his speedy and complete recovery. With the letters came gifts—money in small amounts totaling \$325 at the last count and more than 300 packages of everything people could imagine a hospitalized soldier might want.

Lott's friends have created a special problem for the administration of Rhoads General Hospital. His mail bulks as large as that of five full wards. The bulk and clutter of his presents, stacked under his bed and along the wall beside it, make housekeeping difficult for the ward staff. As a medical precaution the hospital has impounded all home-cooked candies, cookies and cakes. Lott himself, imbued with the GI's communal attitude toward windfalls, has shared his presents freely with his wardmates and has arranged for general distribution throughout the hospital. To date he has received more than 100 lbs. of chocolate candy, plus a large inventory of fruits, nuts, olives, jam, pretzels, peanut butter, books, magazines, stationery, matches, toilet articles, playing cards, cigars, cigarettes and pipe tobacco.

To help him cope with his mail the local Red Cross unit has put two Gray Ladies on a full-time assignment. Because Lott's arms are immobilized in plaster casts, the Gray Ladies must open and read all his letters to him. The constantly mounting pile of mail has gotten way ahead of them. They have managed thus far to get through about one quarter of the letters, working two or three hours a day, but they have not yet been able to begin writing answers.

Most of George Lott's correspondents are women, chiefly mothers and wives of men in the armed forces and girls his own age who work in war plants and offices. He has received letters from someone in every major U. S. city and from every state—from whole office staffs, classrooms and families, from veterans of the two world wars, from small boys and high-school girls, from invalids and ex-invalids, from farmers, from businessmen, workers, doctors and lawyers. Some, touched by the fact that George Lott is an orphan and has no settled home, have asked him to join their families by formal adoption.

Most writers addressed Lott as a symbol of all the U. S. soldiers who have gone into battle. One girl closed a round-robin letter from 37 girls in an Atlantic City, N. J. office: "In our own small way we are saying thanks from our hearts to you and all the other GIs who are fighting for us. We knew you and all the Yanks have the stuff in them known as guts, but you are an example of just how much guts our men have got. Our realization of this fact came with your story. Yes, we know the other guys deserve credit and we give it to them, too, believe me. But you gave us a chance in a small way of our own to say 'hello' and 'God bless you' and just 'Gosh, thanks, GI.'"

Lott's most earnest correspondents are mothers. Some have sons overseas, some have lost their sons in the war, some are mothers who wish they had sons. From these women come most of his presents, including the products of their own kitchens. They adopt George Lott as their own. They in-

vite him to call them "Mom," beg him to tell them his needs, write him long, warm, chatty letters in which they detail the background and membership of his "new family." With many such letters are enclosed photographs of the family, its home and its pets.

Some of George Lott's "mothers" have several other similarly adopted sons: "I am just a mother of a boy your age and he is in England. I also write to about 20 other boys in the service. We have service boys in our home almost each weekend. I thought if you would like to join our family of boys in the service we would be proud and love to have you."

"We have never met," another mother writes, "but I would like to write to you often and sort of adopt you as my fifth son. It will be a pleasure for me to have another fine boy to write to and an honor to write to a real hero. If there is anything you want please have a nurse drop me a line and I'll see that you get it if it is at all possible. I will remember you in my prayers and so will your new brothers. So now you have a real family in whose thoughts you will always be."

To many mothers George Lott's story brought comfort and reassurance: "I am a mother whose only son and only child is now in the Philippines. I now know what fate has in store for him. I do not worry so much any more, since I have read and seen the story and pictures of your wounding. How wonderfully Uncle Sam's doctors and your comrades took care of you! I want you to know I consider you a very brave young man and I only hope if my son is hurt he will take it like you have."

Others are moved by a need in their own lives: "Just three months ago we received the telegram that our only child was killed in action in Germany. I have hoped and prayed that I might hear of someone we could help. I am writing you in the hope that you will accept our home and our love."

Another bereaved mother writes: "I have no sons here. Mine were lost. I feel I need moral support as badly as some of the boys coming home. How about me being your Mom?"

George Lott has his choice of about 100 homes in which he may spend weekends, furloughs, his convalescence or the rest of his life. He has been invited to live at Pensacola, Fla., and Saco, Maine; to pay extended visits on farms in New York, West Virginia, Ohio and Cali-

fornia; to spend weekends, if he should be passing through, in New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Boston and Springfield, Mass. If he wants to hunt and fish, he has this invitation from a couple in upstate New York: "We have a tiny camp up on a river. We can fish and swim up there and relax in general. We are just ordinary people who both work in a factory to get these things. We would be glad to share them with you when you are well enough to get around."

A family in Louisiana offers him a haven all his own: "My husband and I went down in the southern part of the state last Wednesday to buy a tung-nut farm. It is a nice place, with good ground, 50 acres planted in tung-nut trees and a big grove of pecan trees. It has a stream of running water, some pine and hardwood stands, some chickens and white-face cows. If you would like to live down there, just say the word."

Almost as numerous as his mothers are George Lott's new girl friends. "I write you as a buddy," says one girl. "I am a Spar. I am only one of the millions of people who would love to express their feelings to boys like you on more than a piece of plain paper. Believe me, George, we women who are left behind never feel that we can do enough to repay you boys."



GRAY LADY READS A LETTER TO GEORGE LOTT. PRESENTS ARE STACKED IN CORNER

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



The tire that walks on its ankles

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

WHEN farmers began to put their tractors on rubber tires instead of using steel wheels they found the savings so great that they wanted tires for their combines, cornpickers, binders, plows, and many other implements.

Tires for each piece of equipment involved special problems. Take the tires used on plows, for example. Ordinary implement tires were tried on the rear, or tail wheel. Because the

wheel rolls at an angle and the tire rubs the furrow wall, these tires wore out in a hurry. Not on the tread, but on the sides.

Then B. F. Goodrich engineers tackled the problem, came up with probably the most unusual tire ever built. It's shaped something like an angel food cake. Instead of building the tread in the usual position it is placed to one side so that it rides flat

on the ground. Then they protected the tire against furrow wall wear by a thick, projecting rubber flange.

This tire wears longer, provides uniform plowing depth. It guides the plow, keeps it running straight, gives greater cushion against shocks and permits moving the plow easily from job to job.

The plow tail wheel tire, an exclusive B. F. Goodrich product, is one example of the many developments made in farm tires to speed work and save money. It is typical of the B. F.

Goodrich research which is constantly improving tires for automobiles, trucks, airplanes, and industrial equipment. Right now there is a shortage of all tires — particularly truck tires. Your B. F. Goodrich dealer has limited supplies of tires backed by the B. F. Goodrich policy of constant improvement. See him before you buy. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
Truck & Bus Tires

"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



How Champlain Introduced "White Man's Lightning"

Champlain, the French explorer, was the first white man known to have looked upon what is now Vermont. This was in 1609. With his Algonquin allies, he defeated the proud Iroquois on the western shores of Lake Champlain, and they never forgave the French because they fought with "white man's lightning" against their arrows.

Vermont, for a long time a buffer state between the Algonquins and the Iroquois, and between the French and the British, had to fight from its earliest days for home protection and independence. It is only natural that Vermonters, earlier than the people of most States, took up the idea of life insurance.

National Life of Vermont is a Strong Company

Founded in 1850, National Life is one of the nine oldest life insurance companies in the United States in a total

of more than 300 companies now doing business.

National Life of Vermont is strong not because it is old but because it has a proven record of financial integrity and stability throughout 95 years.

Low net cost of premiums and liberal options in policies have been achieved by the National without sacrifice of the basic, granite-like foundations of integrity and stability. As a friend put it, "I have complete peace of mind now that I am insured in National Life of Vermont."

Let a National Life Man Help You

National Life representatives are trained to help you adapt a life insurance plan to your particular needs and income. Would a plan of retirement income interest you? If so, fill out and mail coupon below.

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HOME OFFICE—**VERMONT**
MONTPELIER,

*A Mutual Company, founded in 1850,
"as solid as the granite hills of Vermont"*

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., DEPT. 115, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Without obligation to me, please send me your free booklet,
"A Guaranteed Income for You."

Name..... Date of Birth.....

Business or Home Address.....



The combination ash tray and cigaret holder was made to ease Lott's smoking difficulties. The hospital is also making special pajama tops to fit around his plaster casts.

GEORGE LOTT'S LETTERS (continued)

Many of the letters from girl friends come under the heading of straight fan mail. As their contribution to his recovery they offer their friendship and invite him to cultivate it by corresponding with them. They devote most of their letters to themselves, invariably including a graphic description: "I'm 19 years old. I'm 5 feet 4½ inches tall, with dark-brown hair and greenish-brown eyes. I weigh about 115 pounds."

"Well, today I went to the movies and saw the *Woman in the Window*. Do you like movies?"

"I am a solderer on radio sets. It makes me happy to know that my work contributes a little bit to the war. It is interesting work and I think I have learned a lot on my first job."

"I like skating and swimming and outdoor sports and our gang does a lot of dancing. I'll bet you like dancing."

"My tastes in music include swing and jazz, but I especially like the good old semiclassics like Victor Herbert and Rudolf Friml. I guess I'm old-fashioned. What do you think?"

Many writers are made humble by Lott's experience: "It's people like you that make people like us more positive that we civilians must get behind the home front with everything we've got and do our part in the victory of this war. How trivial things seem after reading what you went through! I am sure that your story will make people get to work and take their places in the effort."

A businessman writes: "You were wounded on my birthday, Nov. 22. When I saw that date on your plaster cast it brought your contribution in this war even closer to me. I thought of the difference between your experience and the day I spent sitting around at home."

"Tomorrow when I go to school," writes a high-school teacher, "I am going with the determination that I shall do a better job because of a boy like you who has done so much for me. If sometimes 'Johnny Doe' sits and dreams in my bookkeeping class instead of tending to his studies, I will understand, because Johnny reports to Missouri for training in the Air Forces next Monday. You boys have been cheated of the life of a boy your age in times of peace. And it's your group to whom we owe the most."

From one of the "Johnny Does" came this letter: "Today I am 18. Tomorrow I will go down to our draft board and register. I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7



Gannam

Speaking of postwar plans...

Hallelujah, what a day is coming! A day when a fellow can drop his gear in his tracks, climb into a real bed as soft as a marshmallow—and s-t-r-e-t-c-h every last muscle! A day when he can feel again the caress of sleek, soft, white Pacific Sheets against his tired body.

Sure there's such a day coming. Every time each of us lifts a finger in a war task we bring it closer. Let's make it soon.

Let's pitch in and give the boys what they need to finish this war—and give it in lavish abundance.

Take a war job, or hang onto the one you have. Buy bonds, more and still more! Conserve your worldly goods: *mend* that old sheet; don't throw it away. And when at last you *must* buy replacements, let them be superb Pacific Balanced Sheets—most for your money. Pacific Mills, 214 Church Street, New York 13.

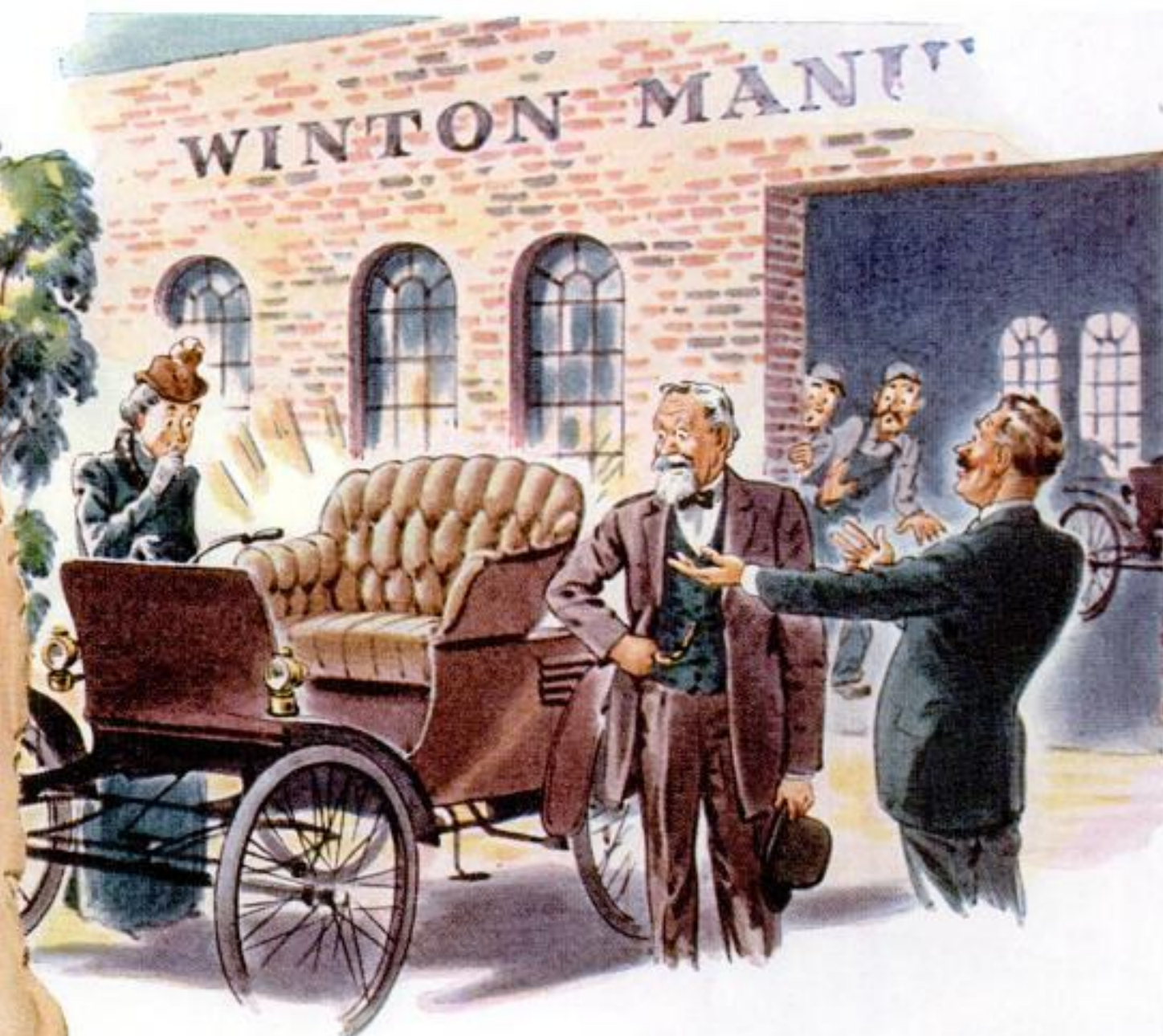
BALANCED
PACIFIC
SHEETS

PACIFIC PERCALE • PACIFIC EXTRA-STRENGTH MUSLIN • PACIFIC TRUTH MUSLIN

Made by the makers of Pacific Factag Fabrics—Cottons and Rayons



Great Moments in MOTORDOM



The first automobile sale in America was made by Alexander Winton in 1898. But already there was being "engineered" a motor oil that was to solve some tough problems for the industry during the next forty years... an oil to be known world-wide as Havoline!

The year Teddy Roosevelt was first elected — 1904 — Havoline was finally perfected. And none too soon. Engine power began to be stepped up year by year. Havoline was steadily improved to meet the challenge of closer engine tolerances, new friction problems.



In the great era which saw the passing of the hand-crank and the birth of the self-starter, Havoline created a way to rid motor oil of harmful waxes, and followed it up with a means of reducing carbon residue. Motor oil was made really pure!



...AND BEST FOR YOUR CAR TODAY

Forty years of improvement is why Insulated Havoline gives you what your car needs today — a cleaner engine; more power and "go"; more mileage per gallon of gas; easier starting; added battery life; longer time between engine overhauls; longer life for your car. Make a change to the best—to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil—today!

Tomorrow? Havoline will be *more* than a motor oil! Out of Texaco's war-time experience is coming a new kind of motor lubricant.

For Your Enjoyment . . . 2 Great Radio Programs
JAMES MELTON
 The TEXACO STAR THEATRE every Sunday night.
 Consult newspapers for time and stations
METROPOLITAN OPERA
 Complete broadcasts of great operas every Saturday afternoon.

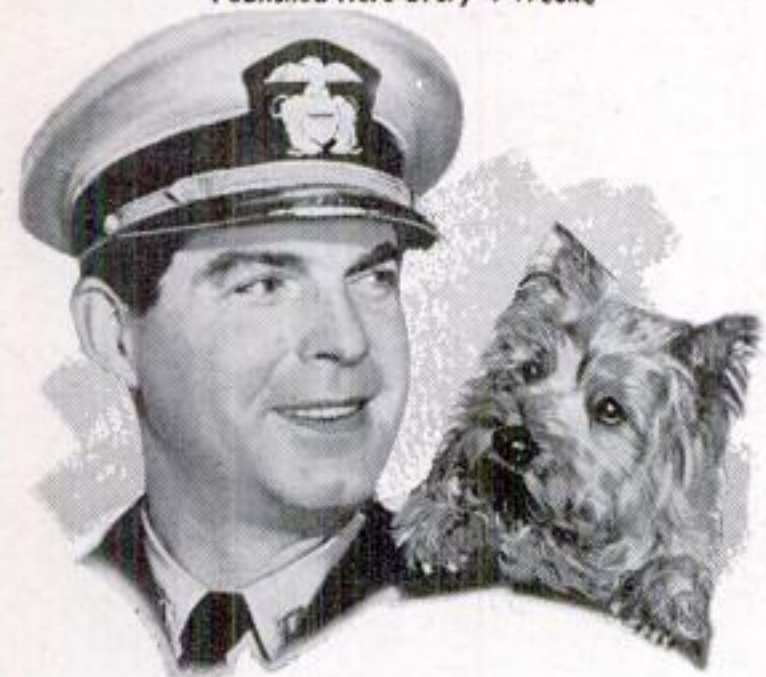


Coming — a Great **NEW HAVOLINE**

THE TEXAS COMPANY

INSIDE *Paramount*

Published Here Every 4 Weeks



The girls elected him King of the Wolves ... and you can't keep a good wolf down!

Especially a flying wolf like Fred MacMurray ... even though he is out-foxed by a mixed-up maiden as pretty as Claudette Colbert!

He flew 5000 miles to see Piggy (his dog) and fell right into the lovely arms of Peggy (Claudette).



She wouldn't say she loved him and she wouldn't say she didn't. She just left him dangling when she said: "Darling, I'm

Practically Yours

Which, for all practical reasons, is the merriest, most charming comedy of the year.

Fred's a Senior Grade Lieutenant to the Navy ... but to all the girls he's a Senior Grade Romeo!

And did he roam!

He was the Nation's Hero of the Week and listed as missing in action ... but Fred hasn't missed an action yet, especially on the love front with Claudette!



And the fun really gets underway when Supreme Court Justice Bob Benchley starts running interference for their hit-and-run love affair!

Producer-Director Mitchell Leisen has opened the flood-gates to fun after that romantic voyage on colorful "Frenchman's Creek"!



With Gil Lamb on hand as sort of assistant wolf, who just arrived from "Rainbow Island"!

"PRACTICALLY YOURS" is a Paramount of good fun ... one of the gayest pictures to poke its nose from behind that well-known Paramount trademark.

Did we say "Practically Yours"? Folks, it's *all* yours, with the best wishes of

Paramount Pictures

GEORGE LOTT'S LETTERS

(continued)

cannot think of anything that could have been better for me than to read your story. The reading of your story has made me think seriously for the first time of my coming service in the Army. I hope that I, if I ever get into a situation similar to yours, will bear up under it as well as you have."

As a young man who has had to depend on himself most of his life, George Lott has found it strange to be the center of such warmth and attention. He has enjoyed this new experience.

Chief sign of his progress is the fact that he is able to move about on his feet again. He is making the most of it, not in the least discomfited by the fact that he must walk sideways through doors to accommodate his brace. He travels regularly to the PX and the hospital motion-picture theater.

For the time being, while they wait for his flesh wounds to heal, the surgeons at Utica have tried chiefly to assure George Lott's comfort. His brace keeps his arms firmly immobilized despite his increased activity. At night Lott sleeps on his back with his left arm in its cast on the bed beside him and with his right arm suspended vertically from the traction frame overhead.

Healing of his flesh wounds is proceeding normally. His left arm has made excellent progress. In his right arm, which at one point was threatened with amputation, circulation has been re-established. His fractured bones may knit without surgery. Surgical treatment is being supplemented by physical reconditioning. Meanwhile he has the opportunity to resume his education, which stopped midway in high school.

George Lott figures on a year in the hospital. His plans thereafter do not go beyond the hope that he will be able to take up again where he left off. His last employer, an Albany trucker, has promised to reinstate him in his old job or, if he cannot drive a truck, to find another for him. Lott is not, for the moment, interested in any of the many invitations and offers of adoption which he has received in his mail. He asks for no special breaks. Like most veterans he is sure that if his country gets along all right so will he.



Cleaning bout worn you out?

There's

QUICK COMFORT

in a cup of TENDER LEAF TEA!



For warmth and good cheer, for a bright new outlook, pop a Tender Leaf Tea Ball into a cup and zip in some boiling water. Here's comfort in a cup in a hurry ... here's tea at its finest. This is that rich, fragrant, famous-for-flavor tea!

And remember, Tender Leaf Brand Tea Balls filter; no specks in the cup, no stray leaves.



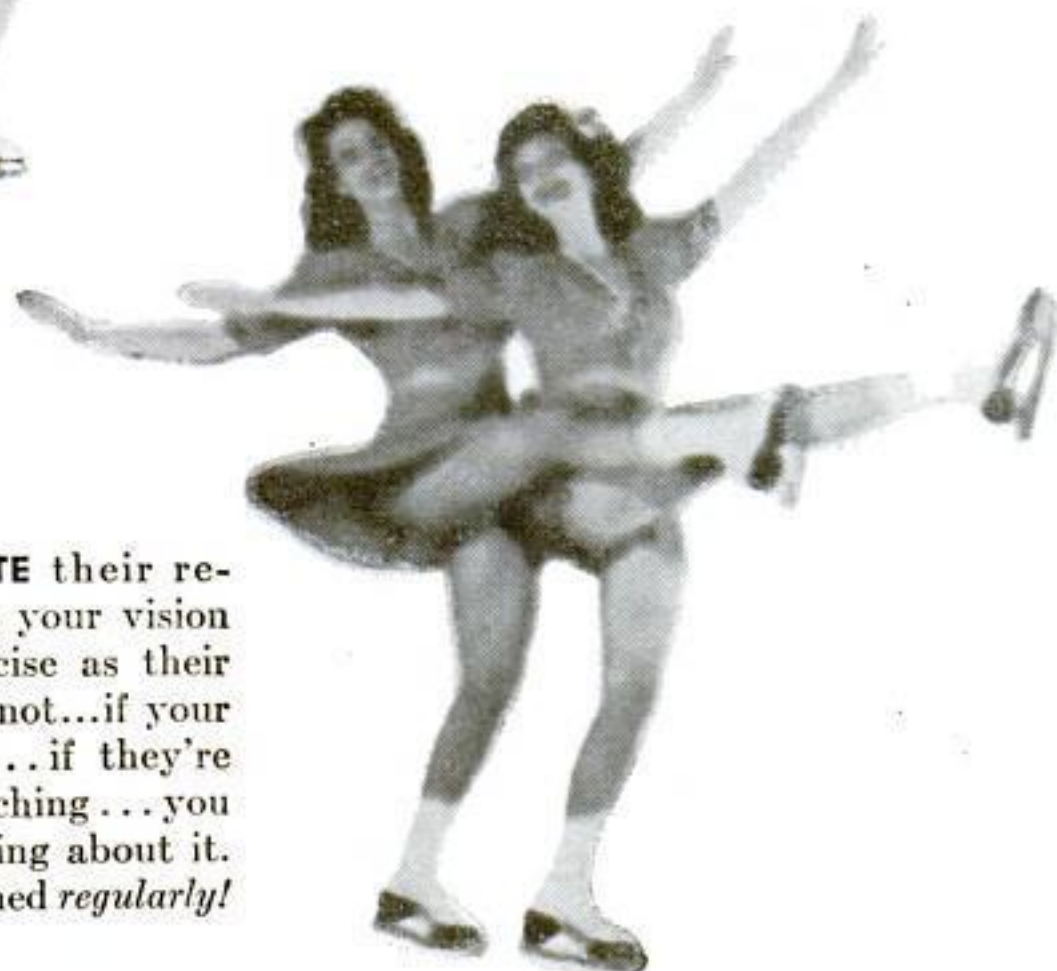
Next time, try America's largest-selling tea balls...

TENDER LEAF TEA BALLS

This time..you're *supposed*
to see double!



1. **THEY'RE** the Brandt Sisters. Their act—called "Double Vision"—is featured in *Hats Off to Ice* at New York's Center Theatre. But this *isn't* how you're supposed to see them.



2. **TO APPRECIATE** their remarkable skating, your vision should be as precise as their teamwork. If it's not...if your eyes play tricks...if they're tired, strained, aching...you should do something about it. Have them examined *regularly!*



3. **SEEING** is much more pleasure when you know your eyes are right. All eyes can benefit from the skills and services of the Optometrist, Ophthalmologist and Dispensing Optician. Why take chances with the only pair you'll ever have?

R... Professionally prescribed when needed to make seeing more comfortable.

Soft-Lite Lenses

...Tone down harsh light, reduce over-brightness
Slightly flesh-toned...less conspicuous...better looking

There is only one Soft-Lite—identified by this certificate



SOFT-LITE LENS COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK • TORONTO • LONDON



EDITOR ARTHUR AULL, 71, LIKES TO WEAR SPORTY TIES AND COATS TO WORK

LIFE'S REPORTS

AULL PRINTS ALL THE NEWS

Fearless Missouri editor gives the human touch

by JOHN R. CAULEY

Arthur Aull, editor and owner of the Lamar, Mo. *Democrat*, has for 44 years operated on the simple theory that the function of a newspaper is to print all the news. Unlike most country editors, whose papers reflect their own native caution and orthodoxy, Editor Aull believes it is his duty to tell literally everything that happens in his town. So far Mr. Aull has been sued three times, unsuccessfully, and assaulted only once.

A typical and actual item in Mr. Aull's *Democrat* is this one:

"John Jones was divorced from his wife, Ella, at the courthouse Tuesday. Mrs. Jones ran off with her brother-in-law while her husband and children were at the Baptist Church."

Editor Aull defends the publication of such items on the grounds of integrity and necessity. In a town the size of Lamar (3,000 pop.), he points out, the most carefully guarded secret is eventually discovered and bandied about. It is the editor's job to set the gossip-mongers straight.

"I could have smoothed the whole thing over," explains Mr. Aull, "or omitted the article entirely. But what would have happened? My readers would begin to lose confidence in my newspaper. They'd say, 'Aull has quit printing the news.' They know Jones and his wife are going to be divorced. Chances are they know why, too. And they depend on the *Democrat* to tell them the facts."

Mr. Aull's forthright editorial approach has won subscribers for the *Democrat* in every state in the union. Items from the *Democrat* have been reprinted by the *New York Times*, the *New York World-Telegram*, *Time*, *The New Yorker* and *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. But despite this wide coverage Aull insists that "the *Democrat* is strictly a home-town paper" (circulation: 1,450 for the daily edition; 2,150 for the semiweekly edition). Editor Aull doesn't even bother to subscribe to a press-association service. He is his own ace reporter and his wife writes all the club and social news, plus a weekly column of book reviews, cooking recipes and poems.

To the out-of-town readers of the *Democrat*, Lamar seems to be an extraordinary place where everything happens. Perhaps the most sensational story ever to appear in the *Lamar Democrat* was the following, reprinted in its entirety from the July 7, 1939 issue:

"At 7:30 p.m. Monday an 8½-lb. son was born to Miss Jennie Wirts, bookkeeper for the Lamar Trust. At 9 o'clock Don O'Neal,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

"Here we go again!"

"THE phone rings in the early morning hours. Airport calling. I scramble into my uniform . . . hop into my Plymouth . . . do the eight miles to the field and take the ship into the air on schedule.

"That's a reserve pilot's job with an airline. I fly on all divisions and all runs . . . and assignments come quickly and unexpectedly. There's no public transportation running at my hours — and that means my Plymouth has to get me there. It's five years old but it's never failed to

start in any kind of weather, never failed me on the road. I can tell you all about my *next* car in just two words — 'another Plymouth.' ""*

THIS is another actual instance of Plymouth *reliability*. And the pilot's wife adds her tribute to Plymouth's *riding ease*. These are qualities contributed by the many fine-car features which are exclusive with Plymouth in the low-price field. Conceived and tested in one of the world's finest laboratories . . . retested

and improved with the whole United States as *actual proving ground* . . . they've set new standards for automobile engineering and manufacture.

Three million Plymouth cars are furnishing reliable low-cost transportation while Plymouth factories are in war production. Reliable, too, is the service supplied by Plymouth's experienced nation-wide dealer organization.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION

You'll enjoy Major Bowes Program Thursdays, CBS, 9 P.M., EWT

*Based on an actual interview in the Plymouth files

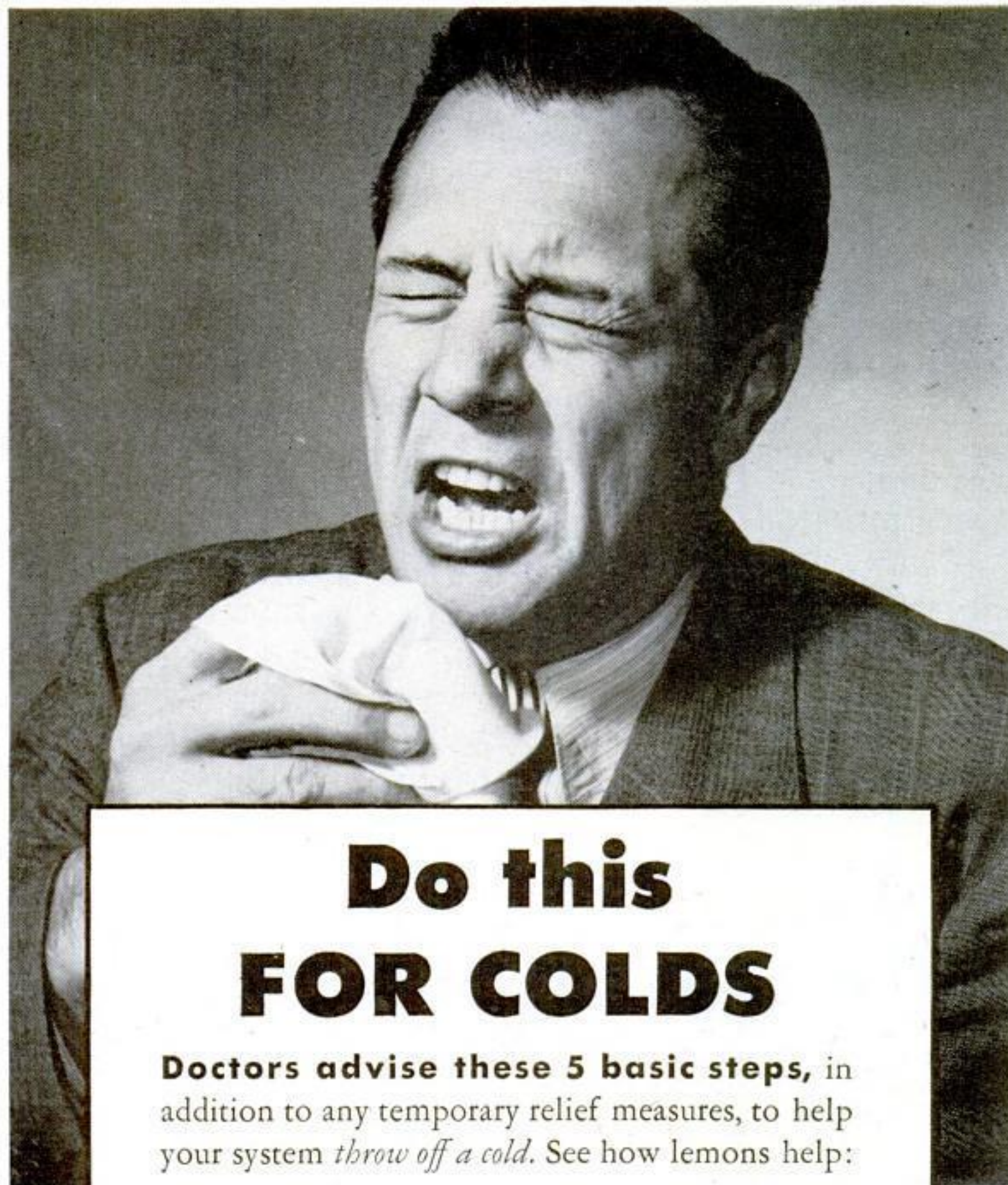
BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD



● TRUE YESTERDAY —

PLYMOUTH
BUILDS
GREAT CARS

● IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW



Do this FOR COLDS

Doctors advise these 5 basic steps, in addition to any temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold*. See how lemons help:

5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1 Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which combats fatigue and fights infection.
2 Alkalinize your system.	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms <i>sodium citrate</i> , an excellent alkalinizer.
3 Insure regular elimination.	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4 Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5 Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

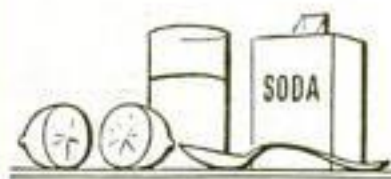
TRY THIS NEW COLD ROUTINE WITH LEMON AND SODA

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate*. Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising*.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add — slowly — half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD
TAKE LEMONS

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS



California
Sunkist
Lemons

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

cashier of the bank, stood by her bed and they were married by the Rev. Martin Pope. Miss Jennie had been at her work in the bank every day until Monday when she was detained by symptoms she did not understand. No one in the bank who daily worked side by side with her suspected she was in a condition of expectant motherhood. This included the cashier, Don O'Neal, the father of the child. The bride is 33, the groom 33. None of the folks at the bank where Miss Jennie worked day after day suspected. There apparently wasn't a whisper from the sharp-eyed gossips. Mr. O'Neal was plainly taken by complete surprise, but he never wavered in his decision to make no attempt at concealment or evasion. Don and Jennie, fine couple that they are, will stand forth soon with their little son, secure as ever in public esteem. We could have said they were married secretly, say a year or two ago Don told a friend, but it wasn't that way and we're not going to lie.

"Well, true enough, there never was a better girl than Jennie and we all know Don is a grand old boy, but God, it was badly managed."

The people of Lamar have become resigned to this journalistic invasion of their privacy ever since Arthur Aull gave up school-teaching back in 1900, at the age of 27, and bought the *Democrat*. They know it is useless to try to keep a story out of the *Democrat*, but anyone in Lamar who has a grievance is welcome to use the columns of the *Democrat* to air it. In fact, the climax to some of Editor Aull's liveliest stories is often supplied by the letters of annoyed subscribers. Take the example of the Prairie View box social and Mrs. Wilma Bogart's reply. On April 3, 1944 the *Democrat* printed this story on page 1:

"There was a lively box supper at Prairie View school Friday night. The gross proceeds were \$51.50 which was considered good, but as the ladies will probably have to pay for the plastering that was kicked off the school during the supper it might cut in on their profit.

"Delbert McWilliams was present at the supper. He had brought his sister, Mrs. Wilma Bogart, with him. She was accompanied by a friend, Miss Maine, who is visiting her from Arkansas. The three young folks came in a buggy. The horses which were hitched to the buggy ran off twice on the way, but they didn't tear up the buggy, so Delbert and his party got in all right.

"It wasn't long afterwards that Delbert who was in a very boisterous mood began to kick the plaster off the walls of the school house."

Wilma gives the lowdown

Several days later the *Democrat* was happy to print this sequel to its box-social story under the headline, "WILMA GIVES US THE LOWDOWN ON THE EXCITEMENT AT PRAIRIE VIEW SCHOOL":

"Dear Sir:

"I am writing an answer to the exciting piece you had in the paper about the three boisterous hammerheads who attended the Prairie View box supper. . . . I will acknowledge my brother was slightly intoxicated, but we three seemed to be having a good time including Miss Maine and myself. [You] mention the horses running away twice. There is one lie. They only ran away once. . . . Well, thank God, none of the three was hurt, but as I was making a mad rush to get out of the buggy I hung the seat of my pants on a nail and they were torn to bits when I landed. I wouldn't have cared for a little thing like that but it was the last pair I had which had elastic in them. . . .

[signed] Mrs. Wilma Bogart"

Editor Aull is often bewildered by all the commotion some of his stories create but he is quite modest about his success. "Any country editor can do what I have done," he says. "But if he wants to keep from being lynched he'd better know his people pretty good before he starts anything. I know and understand these people and I'm giving them what they want. Sometimes it hurts, but they keep on reading the *Democrat*."

Only once has the editor of the *Democrat* been in serious trouble for printing the facts as he found them. That was when his paper announced that a certain Lamar lady was circulating a petition urging two wayward young folk to hurry and get married. The lady promptly assaulted Aull with a club, splitting open his forehead and spattering blood all over his shirt front. Next day the *Democrat* carried a blow-by-blow description with this philosophic comment: "Fortunately, we wore our old straw hat which was some protection and we have a rather heavy head of hair which protected us some. It certainly would have ruined a bald-headed guy with no hat."

The greatest health safeguard
in toothbrush history... *IT'S*

Sealed in Glass!



It's cleanliness personified—this sparkling glass package that gives you extra vital protection! Another plus value originated by Dr. West's.



Copr. 1945 by Weeo Products Company

DR. WEST'S COMES IN 3 SHAPES



IT'S WATERPROOFED, ANTI-SOGGY



Extra cleansing power in every brush-stroke! That's what you get with Miracle-Tuft. Dr. West's exclusive, patented waterproofing process makes it anti-soggy and longer lasting.

GUARANTEED FOR A YEAR



Thanks to "Exton" brand bristling and superior construction Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft gives 12 full months of effective service. See for yourself on a money-back guarantee!

"EXTON" BRAND BRISTLING



Different! Unique. Protected by the only patent ever granted for waterproofing a brush. "Exton" brand bristling won't split, break off or shed. Make the "pliers test."

Air Step

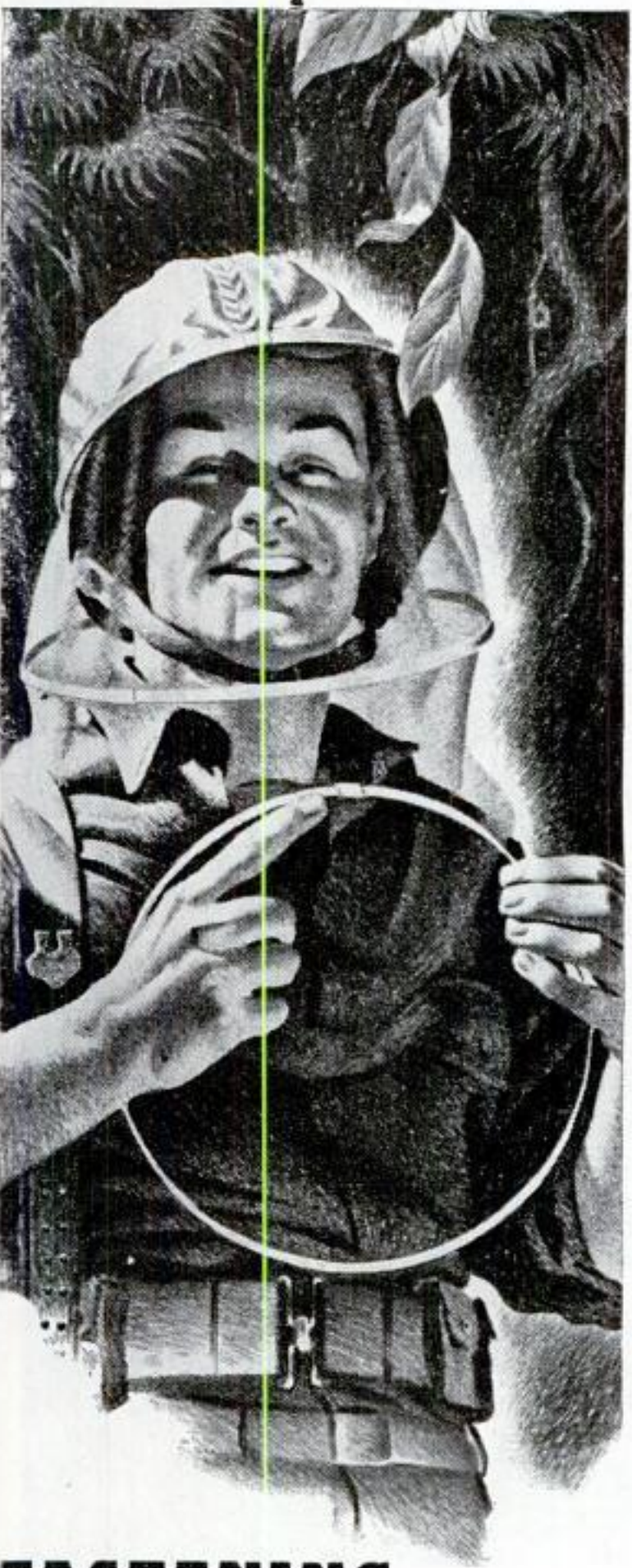
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HIGHER
DENVER WEST

Air Step Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*the shoe with the
youthful feel*



Walk softly... walk surely... walk
with the eager grace of youth in Air Steps.
They hold a gentle secret—the Magic Sole
that cushions each step and tunes out the
jar of hard pavements.



FASTENING THIS HOOP Fixed THE MOSQUITOES

This super-flexible metal hoop was made to keep the netting away from a G.I.'s face so that he could sleep in a mosquito-infested swamp or a jungle foxhole. A neat idea. But it took a specially designed United-Carr fastener to do this trick because the hoop couldn't be annealed or soldered so that it would hold.

The need of thousands of American boys made this little fastening job important. We believe it typifies the new trend of designs and ideas in our kinds of fasteners that will be needed for everybody's convenience in the post-war world.

United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

DOT FASTENERS



The Ucinite Company Ames Street Plant Binney Street Plant

LIFE

Published by TIME Incorporated
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Henry R. Luce
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LIFE'S COVER

Pvt. George Kelly of Philadelphia was on his way back from a week of front-line fighting when LIFE Photographer George Silk made the picture on the cover. His face is blackened from the smoke of little fires he lit in snow-covered foxholes to keep warm. In 48 hours of rest, Kelly and his company slept, took a bath, ate hot food and slept some more. Then they went back into the line. For pictures of the kind of battle U. S. troops and their allies were fighting on the Western Front last week, see pages 30-31.

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"Popularity means Popularity"

says VERONICA LAKE

star of Paramount's "Bring On The Girls"

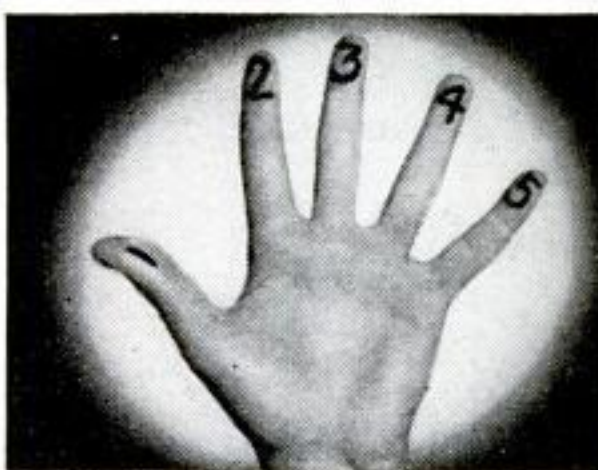


On the Paramount lot the Bexel bottle is a familiar sight. 85% of all Paramount workers now take Bexel regularly.

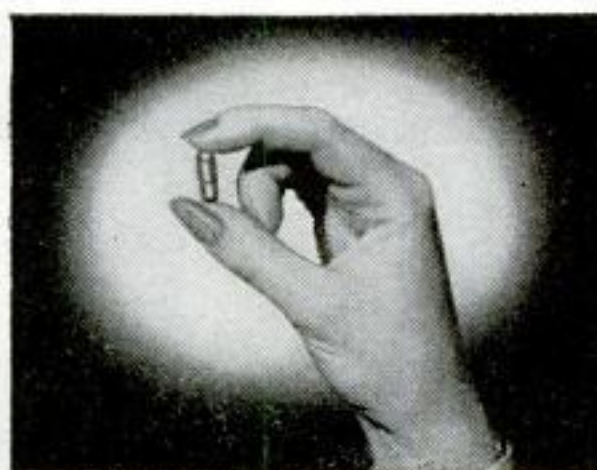
Fun, romance, good times come to the girl with pep-appeal—the girl who looks and feels her best. So take a tip from that popular Paramount star, Veronica Lake, and help guard your vitality, protect your pep-appeal as she does. It's this way...

Veronica knows that one essential of abundant energy is an adequate amount of B Vitamins. So she eats sensibly, and—to guard against even a mild Vitamin B deficiency—she takes Bexel Vitamin B Complex Capsules daily. You may well benefit by following this famous star's example!

Why BEXEL is America's No. 1 Vitamin B Complex Capsule



Contains Five B Vitamins—including vitally important Thiamin and Riboflavin.



A Capsule protects the delicate vitamins against light, air, moisture.



Made By A Famous Laboratory—McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.

DOCTORS REPORT ON BEXEL TEST

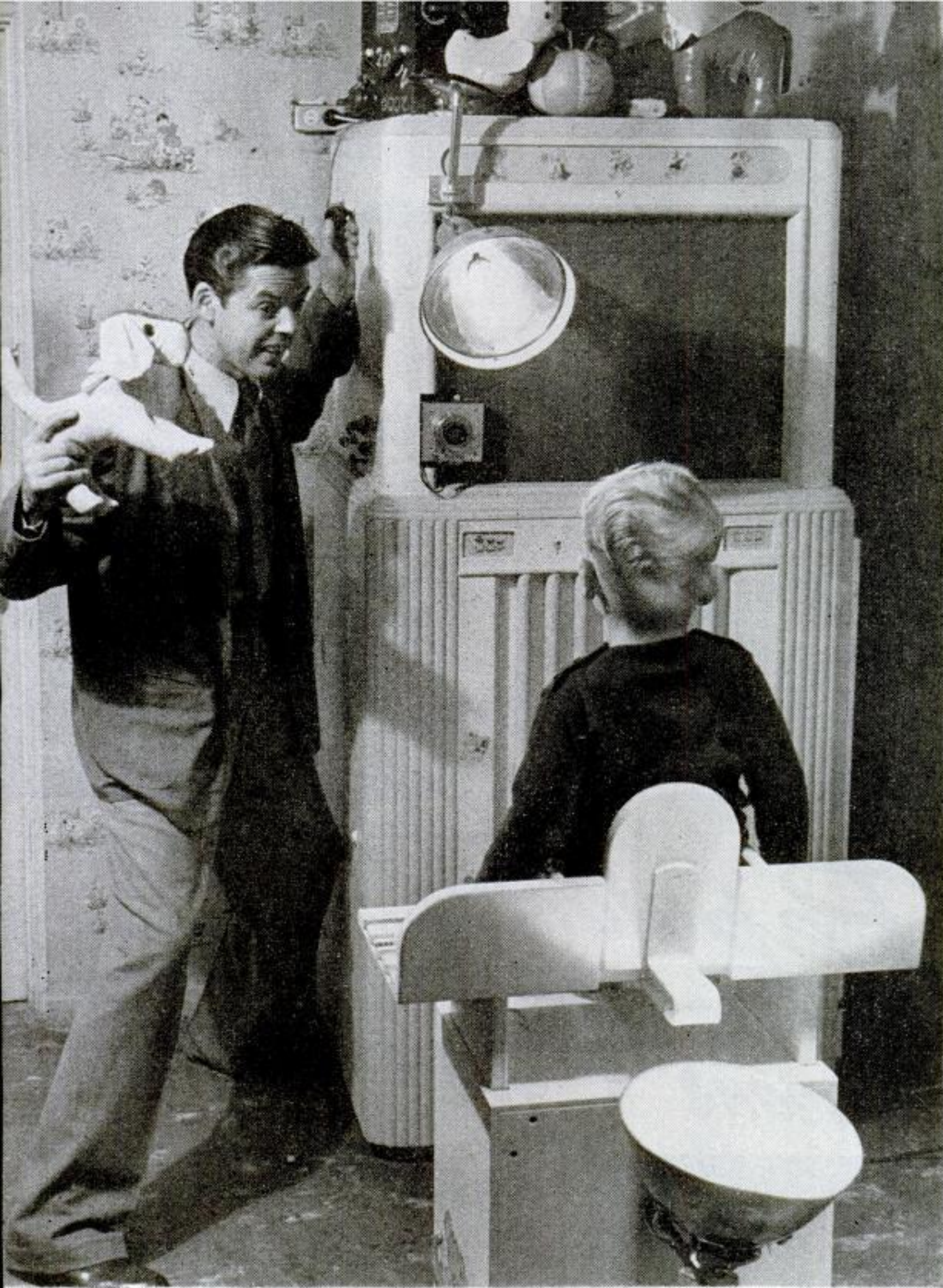
After a 90-day test, conducted in Chicago on a group of people who ate average diets, doctors reported:

- The supplementation of average diets with Bexel Vitamin B Complex Capsules had a favorable effect in the reduction of fatigue. It also indicated a beneficial effect on mental alertness, appetite and sleep.

This happened in enough cases for the results to be scientifically significant.

BEXEL VITAMIN B COMPLEX CAPSULES





In the studio Reed uses toys, juke-box movies to attract attention of older children, toys alone for those too young to concentrate. Camera is attached to movie machine.



The movie is usually one of the Disney animal variety. Reed's stroboscopic light attachment is synchronized with camera, catches expressions at the right moment and is not too strong for young eyes.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

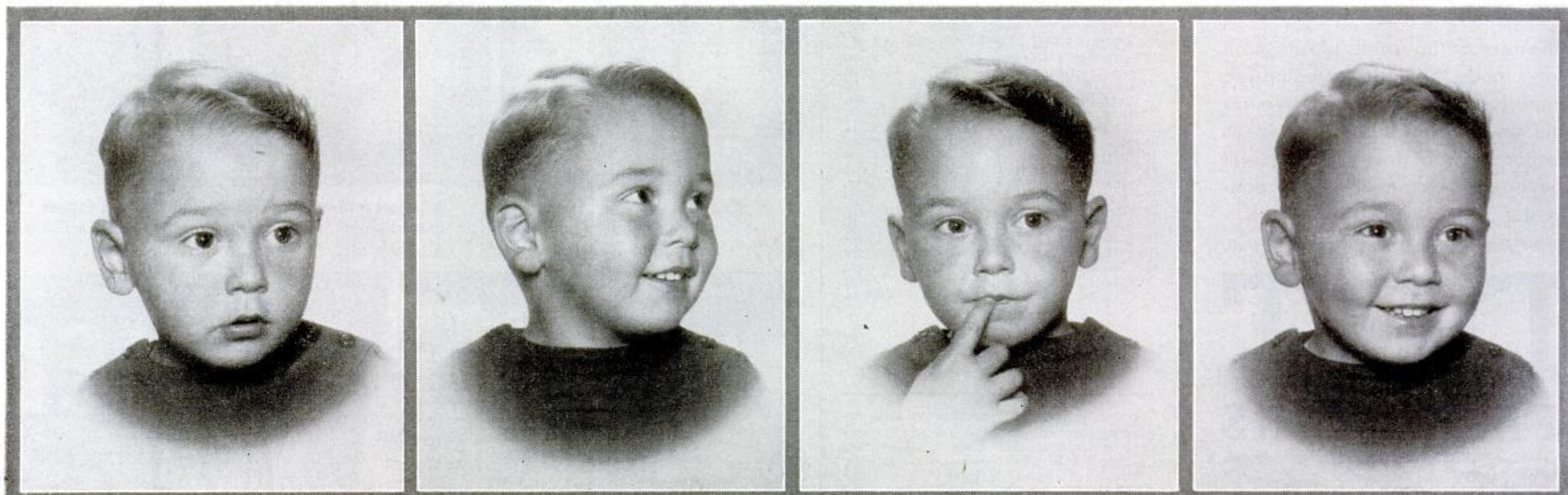
. . . SUSAN'S STUDIOS MASS-PRODUCE KID PICTURES

The children shown on these two pages are a few of the thousands who have had their pictures taken at Susan's photographic studio in Los Angeles, Calif. At Susan's the children are treated like children. They can play with toys and with the photographer, watch movies while their pictures are being taken (*see above*). While they are waiting, the children are given the run of the studio which produces a melee of weeping or

laughing or brawling kids and cooing mothers. Customers can come as young as they want. Youngest so far was nine days old.

Susan's is named for the 3-year-old daughter of owner John E. Reed, who also runs three other studios for children and one for adults (*see page 16*) in and around Los Angeles. In his 34 years "Johnny" Reed has been progressively hobo, vegetable marketer and still pho-

tographer at Columbia Studios. Applying the photographic technique he learned at Columbia, the merchandising he picked up as a vegetable salesman, the personality he used as a tramp and \$1,000 he borrowed from a friend of his wife, he pyramided his photography into a \$296,000 gross business in 1944, hopes to take in half a million dollars in 1945. Reed candidly admits, "I do all right for a pork-and-bean photographer."



REED'S PORTRAITS SHOW MICHAEL MAURY, AGE 3, AS HE WATCHES THE TOY ANIMALS, PHOTOGRAPHER REED AND THE MOVING PICTURE. A SET OF THREE PORTRAITS COSTS \$2.50

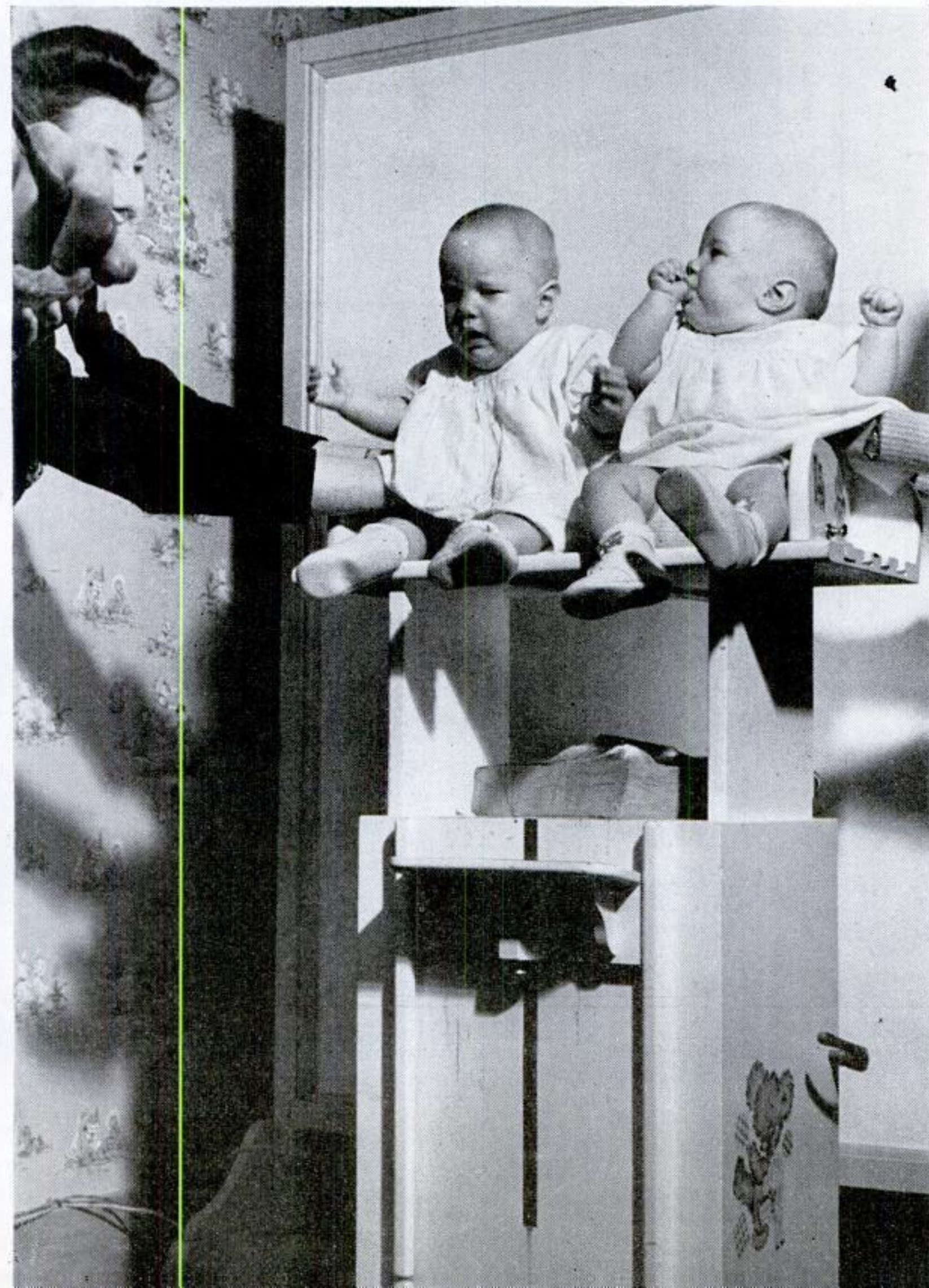


CUSTOMER MICHAEL LOWE, AGE 3 MONTHS, GIVES A BORED YAWN AS HE POSES WITH HIS FATHER



WITH MORE PERSUASION, MICHAEL POSES PROPERLY AND REED TAKES THE PICTURE

THE CAREFOOT TWINS GOT AS FAR AS POSING, THEN CRIED SO MUCH THAT THEY HAD TO GO HOME



FREEMAN TRIPLETS, BRANDT, PAMELA, ROBERT, 17 MONTHS, WERE HARD TO MANAGE





I was a "miserable" Wife

Not sick, but not feeling well, so many people are often miserable because of "visual isolation"—ailing eyesight that causes undue strain with resulting headache, touchy nerves and irritability with others. Why take chances with your eyesight and happiness, when examination by a professional man may often suggest simple corrective measures. Remember,

Better Vision Means Better Living.

"Shurset"

a name worth knowing

When glasses are prescribed, ask for *Shurset Ful-Vue* mountings. Made by Shuron Optical Company—Shursets are exceptionally strong, smart in appearance and, most important, they keep your professionally prescribed lenses in true alignment for better vision all the time. Only Shuron makes Shurset mountings.



Shuron

SMART EYEWEAR

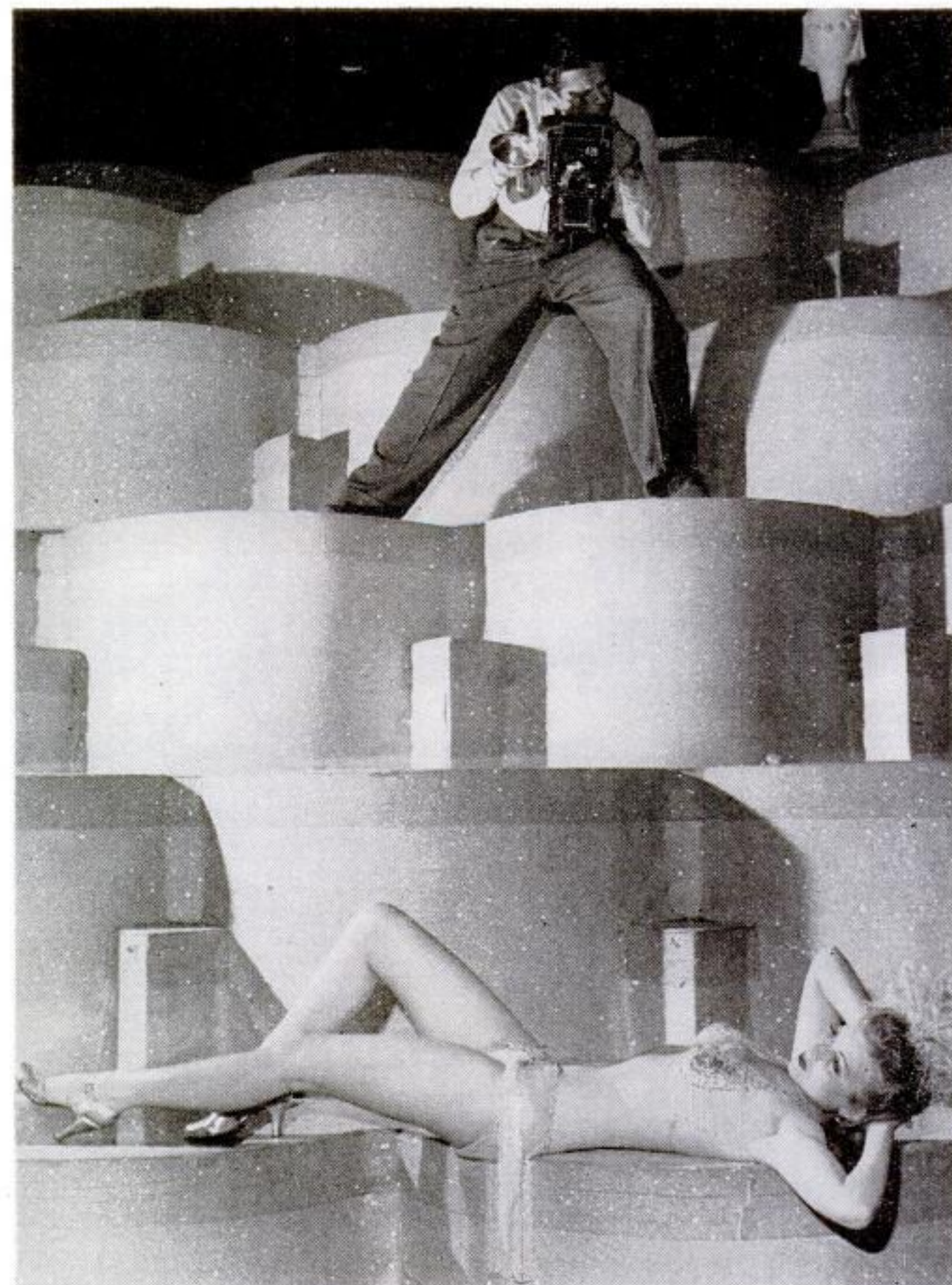
Shuron Optical Company, Inc., since 1864, makers of ophthalmic materials and instruments for the exclusive prescription use of the profession • Geneva, Rochester and Mt. Vernon, New York

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Showgirls are main business of Reed's adult studio. Corny approach that makes Reed popular with babies makes him more popular with these grown-up customers.



Earl Carroll model poses on dais. Reed works at terrific speed. He considers camera a cash register, can photograph entire theatrical company in an hour and a half.

IT'LL BE MORE FUN
"GETTING THERE"



There's a *Ford* in your future!

Long trips, short trips—even an after-dinner spin around the block—they're all going to be more fun when peace brings your new Ford car.

... For your coming Ford will be big and roomy—youthful in action and in styling, too. Rich looking—inside and out—its smart lines will surely rate a

"second look" on street and highway. ... Naturally, this new car will live up to the famous Ford tradition for economy and reliability. Into it will go all the skill and experience that Ford has gained in more than 40 years.

... When? We're going to start production plans as soon as we receive the

necessary "go ahead." Meanwhile, the full Ford resources will continue to be engaged in helping speed the Victory.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



What a Happy, Sensible Daily Rule . . . to give this

Helping Hand

AGAINST COLDS, INFECTIONS AND FLU



Protective Vitamin C is needed every day . . . and canned grapefruit juice supplies it in richly generous portions . . . delicious and ready to serve!

● Colds and flu—wholesale destroyers of time and health—are ready to strike at millions! But today there are countless families prepared to meet the threat of colds before they even get started. These families have found an easy, delightful, *natural* way—to fortify their bodies with protective vitamin C. At the very first hint of a cold, they drink canned Florida grapefruit juice—a GOLD MINE of this vitamin.

So rich in vitamin C is Florida grapefruit juice, that Uncle Sam sends millions of cans to our fighting men—to supply them with this Helping Hand against colds, fatigue, and infections. And this very same juice, with its vitamin C, is right on the shelves of your grocery store a block or two away!

And don't miss this

... deliciously blended Florida
ORANGE-GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

The luscious sweetness of Florida orange juice plus the appetizing tang of grapefruit juice! Try a can today.

Other delicious canned fruits and juices
Florida Canned Orange Juice
Florida Canned Grapefruit Sections



So delicious—refreshing—a wonderful Helping Hand to spark up the family's appetites!



Quick and Convenient
—it is a welcome Helping Hand in preparing the family's daily meals.



The Doctor says
every man, woman, and child needs the Helping Hand of vitamin C every day without fail.



**IT'S THE
COMMANDO FRUIT
FIGHT Colds!
FIGHT Infections!
FIGHT Fatigue!
FIGHT Flu!**

• FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION • Lakeland, Florida

Canned  Florida

GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

A BIG HELPING EVERY DAY!

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LIFE'S PICTURES



Two years ago Virginia-born Bernard Perlin, then only 23, was chosen by the War Department to be a combat artist. In spite of his youth Perlin had already done a mural for the Federal Works Agency in the South Orange, N. J. post office. Last year, as a LIFE artist-correspondent, he had a chance to take part in a raid on Greece, which he reported in LIFE, Sept. 4. What he had seen on his excursion through German-occupied Greece provided him with material for eight pages of gouache paintings which begin on page 47.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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- 2, 4—RALPH MORSE
8—BUPFORD MORRISON—KANSAS CITY STAR
14—RALPH CRANE from B. S.—JOHN E. REED for SUSAN'S STUDIOS
15, 16—RALPH CRANE from B. S.
19—JEAN SNOW
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78—ACME, DR. ERICH SALOMON-FORTUNE, A. P.
79—W. W., DR. ERICH SALOMON-FORTUNE, EUR.
80—INTERNATIONAL
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95—AERONAUTICAL PRODUCTS, INC.—AAF TECHNICAL SERVICE COMMAND—ACME
96, 97, 98, 101—DAVID E. SCHERMAN
102, 103, 104—GORDON COSTER

ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; LT., LEFT; RT., RIGHT; T., TOP; AAF, ARMY AIR FORCES; A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; B. S., BLACK STAR; EUR., EUROPEAN; P. I., PICTURES INC.; W. W., WIDE WORLD



She flies
through the air...

Swoops, laughing, down slopes that glitter diamond-blue in the icy air. Young, gloriously alive as the Yardley English Lavender she wears! Very knowing touch, that Lavender... leading the unwary to believe flowers have bloomed just because you passed by!

YARDLEY
ENGLISH LAVENDER



YARDLEY
ENGLISH LAVENDER,
the lovable fragrance,
\$3.75, \$2.50, \$1.50, \$1.

YARDLEY
ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP,
35c, box of three tablets, \$1.

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Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients.

ADV. BY N. W. AYER

HOW THEY KEEP WARM AT 60 BELOW



The sky road to Tokyo—to Berlin—to Kiel—is a bitter one. The thermometer usually reads minus 60 to 70 degrees F. Consequently, men who fly that road wear "electrically warm" flying suits made by the General Electric Company.



Another new G-E development is a feather-light, "electrically warm" blanket for wounded airmen. These new devices are of special interest to homemakers. After the war they will be adapted to make cold weather easier to take.

HOW YOU'LL KEEP WARM IN BED—AFTER THE WAR

After the war, Americans will be able to enjoy blissful *warmth-without-weight* . . . sleep cosily under new "electrically warm" Automatic Blankets made by the General Electric Company.

The Automatic Blanket will be almost as light as an ordinary blanket but *it can be as warm as three*. Even the most "cold-blooded" Americans will be able to wear gossamer nighties, keep windows open—and be perfectly comfortable.

One of the best things about the Automatic Blanket is that it will *pre-warm* chilly beds, end fear of "cold spots" forever! Plugs in like a lamp. A control

regulates bed temperature to the sleeper's will, adjusts *automatically* to any normal weather change.

The Automatic Blanket has been approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. For further information write: The General Electric Co., Dept. L 2-5, Bridgeport, Conn.

TUNE IN: The "G-E House Party," every afternoon, Mon. thru Fri., 4 p. m., E. W. T., CBS—The "G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sun., 10 p. m., E. W. T., NBC. —"The World Today" news, Mon. thru Fri., 6:45 p. m., E. W. T., CBS.



For a New Kind of Sleeping Comfort:



**Automatic
Blankets**

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Robert Patterson

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

DINO GRANDI EXPLAINS

One of Fascism's original big four tells how Mussolini's Disciples finally turned and threw him out

By COUNT DINO GRANDI

The article that follows is the start of an argument that will continue far into the future. The argument: "Who is to blame?" Many prominent Fascists, Nazis and other strange fish will try to tell their own stories in self-justification and in ways that will absolve themselves and blame others. Dino Grandi is the first to set down his case. This account is fascinating. In part it is undoubtedly true. In great part it is misleading. But accounts like these are the raw material of history, valuable because they are firsthand, eyewitness records of critical events on the main stage of world action. LIFE's editors urge that Count Grandi's Apologia be read with the realization that it is primarily a Fascist's attempt to soften the hard judgment of history—and, perhaps, of an Allied Commission on War Criminals.

In the early days of Fascism in Italy Count Grandi was the leading rival of Mussolini for the party's control. He lost out to Mussolini but still remained one of the party's stalwarts. From 1929 to 1932 he was Mussolini's foreign minister and from 1932 to 1939 he served Mussolini in the key post of ambassador to London. In those years Grandi had access to the highest chancelleries in Europe. He did his work well, for Fascism. He is now in Lisbon where he gave his story to a British reporter. It is published here with a few interpolations (in brackets and italics) by LIFE's editors.

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Mussolini and I were comrades in the early days but never intimates. Mussolini had no intimates. He did not know what friendship was.

I met Mussolini for the first time in 1921 in Milan. A friend asked what I thought of him. I said, "He is a genius, a wizard and a madman. If we can only exploit the genius, withstand the spell of the magician and strait-jacket the madman, then I believe Italy will have found a leader."

From the first his vanity and ambition knew no limits. He would say, "When I obey my animal instinct I am always right. When I follow the judgments of other men I am nearly always wrong."

Mussolini trusted nobody. He hated accepting advice. He could not stand opposition and he could be influenced only by those who sacrificed or subordinated their personalities to his.

He never admitted a mistake and his speeches were loaded with prophecies: those which came true he recalled again and again; those which events falsified ceased to exist. He behaved like a man who had to win a new election every day. He had no plans. He acted on the spur of opportunity. He was jealous, vindictive and, above all, fickle.

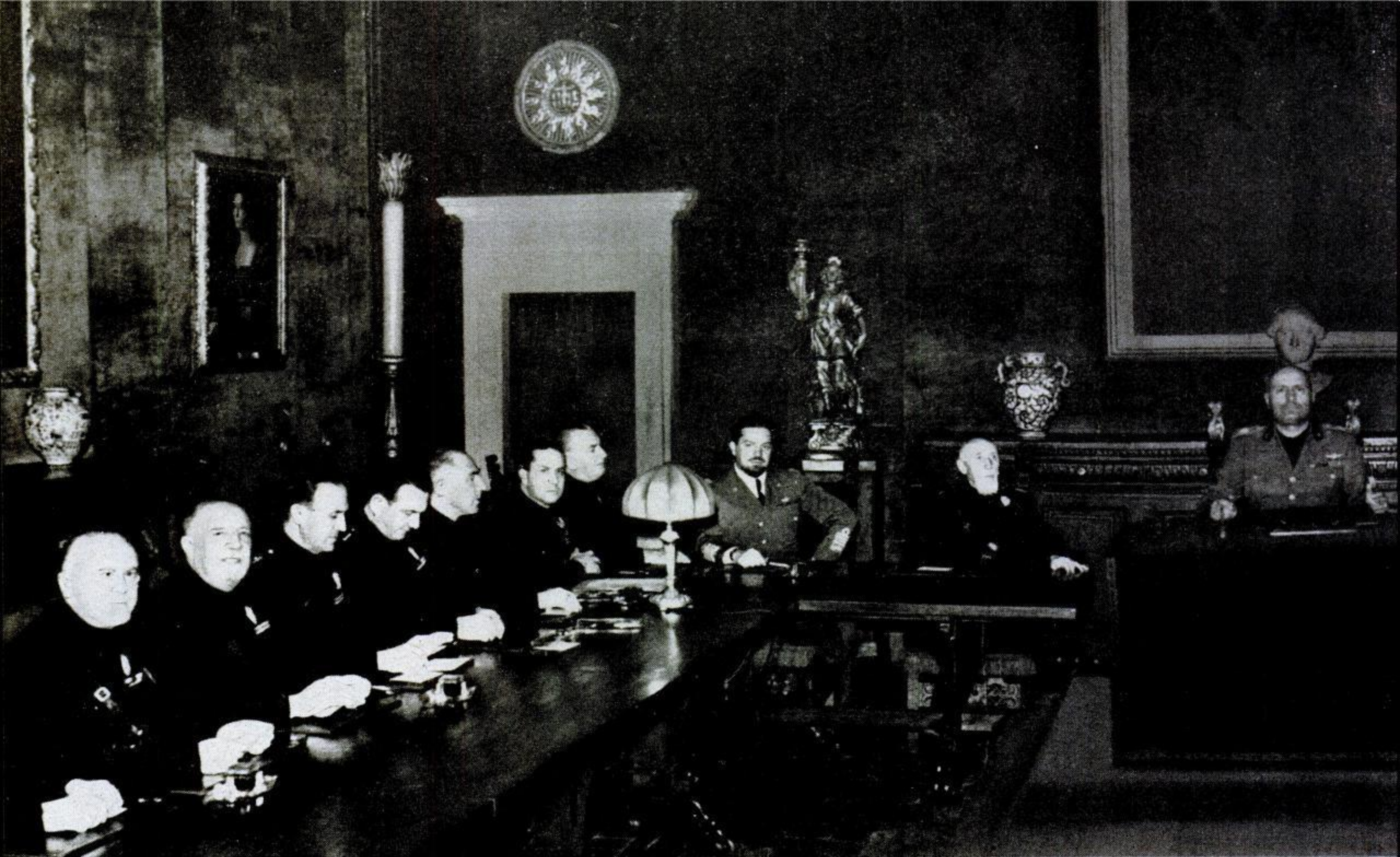
Mussolini's genius was in the handling of great crowds. In discussion around a table he cut a poor figure—that is why in later years he would always have a chair set apart or one that was higher than the rest. His personality was overwhelming.

But there was a demon in the man. For a time he kept it under some control. Then it broke out. It changed a good provincial patriot into a megalomaniac. It fulfilled the vengeance of the German race against the Latin world and it brought ruin and destruction to our land.

Fascism was not born in Italy as Nazism was in Germany with the idea



COUNT DINO GRANDI seemed confident when he posed at the Italian Embassy, London in 1938. Ambassador to England and darling of appeasing Cliveden set, he was about to leave for Italy to assure Mussolini that England did not plan to interfere with designs of Rome-Berlin Axis.



FASCIST GRAND COUNCIL is shown here in session when it voted to quit the League of Nations Dec. 11, 1937. According to Gran-

di, it did not meet from December 1939, when it voted against war, until July 24, 1943, when it got up its nerve to depose Mus-

solini. A gang of Fascist big shots, it was composed of leading members of the Cabinet and of Parliament, plus some presidents

DINO GRANDI EXPLAINS (continued)

of setting up a totalitarian regime. Most of us meant it to be a national movement which would allow other parties of the Left and Right to exist and which would encourage trade unions and democratic practices.

Mussolini wanted to abolish the monarchy and put himself at the peak of a pyramid of power. In 1921 I attacked him publicly and he was forced to resign from the Fascist executive. But no one could keep Mussolini out and when again I opposed him he won and I in turn resigned.

[At the time of the March on Rome, Grandi controlled the most powerful section of the Fascist Party. He was also notoriously anti-Monarchist. Here is his 1945 version of what occurred.]

In October 1922, when I heard that Mussolini was planning an insurrection, I hurried from the International Labor Conference at Geneva to the Fascist Congress in Naples. I spoke against the insurrection. I said we had had the country behind us. There was no need for a revolt when we could win power at the polls. But my appeal failed. That same night, Oct. 24, the Fascist movement was mobilized. I found myself appointed one of the "general staff" chiefs.

Instead of obeying orders I stayed in Rome where, with the ex-Premier Antonio Salandra and other Liberal leaders, I worked for the formation of a new cabinet. The king approved our proposals and I phoned the news to Mussolini in Milan. Mussolini refused to listen.

The king has been accused of betraying the constitution in 1922 by giving Mussolini power when he arrived in Rome. Actually the king averted a revolution by insisting that Mussolini go to Parliament and seek a vote of confidence. There were 600 deputies, only 18 of whom were Fascists, yet the House, in the majority Liberal and Democratic, gave Mussolini his vote with great applause.

The day after he assumed the premiership Mussolini said to me, "You did not believe in my star." I was charged as a traitor working against the revolution and banished from any political activity for almost two years.

That was the March on Rome. It was a fake and an unnecessary fake.

Mussolini takes complete control

[In 1925, after Fascist thugs murdered Giacomo Matteotti, the Socialist leader who was the last political figure to openly oppose the Fascists, Mussolini took over one cabinet portfolio after another. The totalitarian dictatorship was established. A few marshes were drained and the so-called "battle of the wheat" was won. Trains started to run on time and much of the world looked on admiringly. Grandi remained one of the leading Fascists and in 1929 became Italy's foreign minister. He retained this post until after the Italian-inspired attack on the Vienna Socialist workers and the Nazi-inspired assassination of Engelbert Dollfuss.]

I decided I must work from inside the machine if I was to be of any service to my country. And at the Foreign Ministry between 1929 and 1932 I was able to keep Italy close to Britain and democratic ideals of peace and disarmament. Mussolini was against my policy. He had no understanding of diplomacy. There was Mussolini and then there was the world.

Mussolini never liked the League of Nations because he knew that Geneva was not his stage. Geneva meant democracy; it was a parliament, a club; and Mussolini was neither a democrat nor a parliamentarian, and certainly he was not a clubman. He persistently refused to go there.

For instance, when Herbert Hoover sent his disarmament plan to the League I thought, "If I ring Rome for an answer that man will say 'No.'" So instead I told the assembly straightaway that Italy accepted the proposals unconditionally—

even Britain and France had approved only on conditions. Mussolini was furious at my presumption. But everyone was praising Italy's "leadership" and I hastened to give the credit to Mussolini for "leadership" and "wisdom."

Flattery—the technique was so well known that visiting foreign ministers, when they wanted something from Mussolini, always called in the press beforehand for an interview praising Italy and Mussolini.

I also learned to use another of his traits: Mussolini's immense, peasantlike respect for the printed word. When I wanted his approval in advance I would often suggest the idea to a diplomatic correspondent. Next day it would appear in a newspaper on Mussolini's desk and very likely by that afternoon it would come back ringed with blue pencil and the words, "Grandi, you should follow this course."

Other foreign newspapers unfortunately took up the game of playing on Mussolini's credulity. A complimentary reference to "Grandi's brilliant foreign policy" would put an end for the time being to any business for which I needed Mussolini's consent.

Such was the temperament on which the destinies of Europe might depend when in September 1930 the Nazis breached the Reichstag by winning 107 seats. Mussolini now declared that "Fascism is a universal doctrine," and the moment he saw Hitler giving the Fascist salute he felt that the world was his.

But from the first Mussolini hated Hitler personally and as a potential rival to world power. A cutthroat contest set in between the two dictators. Hitler was the cleverer man. He tickled Mussolini's vanity by encouraging him to believe that he was in truth the founder-leader of a universal doctrine that would conquer the world.

Mussolini was dazzled by that vision. He used to say, "We are going to have a religious war in



of Fascist corporations. In this picture Foreign Minister Ciano is sixth from the left. In center on raised platform is Mussolini

himself. Count Grandi, then ambassador to England, is fourth from right. A year and a half later Grandi was removed from his

job, made minister of justice. He says it was because Mussolini thought he had become too pro-British, lost touch with Fascism.

Europe and I am the creator of the conquering religion of Fascism!" It may seem fantastic now but the man was mesmerized into believing that Germany would also fall under control of a great Italian Fascist bloc.

Mussolini's desire to belittle his rival became a mania. He would say, "The fellow has no intelligence, no dynamism, no political flair. The Germans understand me much better than they understand Hitler." Yet Mussolini sent hundreds of spies to Germany to report on the German people.

The first open clash came when the two dictators met at Venice in 1934 and Hitler found himself treated with contemptuous condescension. To challenge Mussolini directly as much as to gain any political advantage, Hitler then ordered the assassination of Dollfuss, Mussolini's protégé in Austria.

The murder of Austria's "pocket chancellor," whose wife and family were at that moment Mussolini's guests, was received by Mussolini as a personal attack on himself by one of his disciples. He mobilized on the Brenner and waited for the support of Britain and France. It did not come.

From that moment of bitter disillusionment with the democracies, the League of Nations, and Hitler, poison was distilled. I soon received a curt note. "Please place your portfolio at my disposal at 10 a. m. tomorrow."

A few days later I was told, "The Duce says you are to leave at once. You must disappear from the Italian scene." A week later I was in London.

[In the seven years during which Count Grandi served as ambassador to England he was extremely useful. He was a key figure in the storm over sanctions during Italy's Abyssinian adventure and during the Spanish Civil War. It was the era of appeasement and of Munich, during which time Grandi was a favorite of Britain's Cliveden set.]

My seven years in London were the happiest of my life in spite of Abyssinia, Spain, Mussolini, Ciano and—Ribbentrop.

I owe a great deal to England where I learned to know the value of real friendship. But to be ambassador in London while Mussolini controlled policy from Rome was no easy task. First he devised against the Geneva system a four-power pact, excluding Russia, which led eventually to Munich. Next, abandoning Austria, he was persuaded by Pierre Laval to turn his energies toward Africa and the conquest of Abyssinia. Then with the Stresa meeting of Britain, France and Italy, which failed to concert measures against German military conscription, Mussolini began to take the fatal steps which led to the creation of the Rome-Berlin Axis.

The partners both start grabbing

The Germans were quick to realize that Mussolini wanted to challenge the League much more than he wanted Abyssinia, and it was then that Hitler marched into the Rhineland.

The League Council met in London. The question was simply, "Does Hitler's Rhineland step constitute aggression?"

Ribbentrop came for the meeting and counted on Italy voting "No" to the resolution. But I felt that my country must hold fast to the Locarno guarantees for peace in Europe. I said "Yes." Ribbentrop looked stupefied.

It was a tragedy for Europe that this wicked fool became German ambassador in London and then Hitler's foreign secretary. He is one of those Germans who divide the world into those who command and those who obey.

Ribbentrop was a spy. He undermined my work in London and reported on my activities to Rome. Behind my public differences with Maisky, the Soviet ambassador, on questions such as Spain, a long silent duel between Ribbentrop and myself went on.

The man was preposterous. Once he came to me

and said that at Buckingham Palace next day he was going to make his most important gesture. "I shall give the king a Nazi salute," he said. "And I expect you as a Fascist diplomat to follow suit."

I replied that I certainly would not, and afterward he complained to Rome about it. But I was helped over this stile by the singular unsuccess of Ribbentrop's salute.

British sanctions against Italy ended with a statement in the House of Commons and my diplomatic career almost ended, too. The *Daily Express* published a picture of me leaving the House and headlined it, "The Winner." Mussolini regarded himself as alone meriting such a title. There was a furious explosion in Rome when the newspaper reached him.

I was recalled at once and it was weeks before the story blew over. Mussolini's pettiness was beyond belief. He even used the fact that I once called on him in English shoes as evidence that I was under British influence.

In July 1936, just as Britain and Italy were being reconciled, Count Galeazzo Ciano, Mussolini's 33-year-old son-in-law, was appointed foreign minister. It was a shock. We all felt humiliated that Italy had to deal with the world through a boy like that and his wife. Edda Ciano was the only person in the world for whom Mussolini had any affection. Hitler knew it; the Germans flattered her outrageously.

As for Ciano, he had no political background, no experience. Instead of trying to educate him, Mussolini let him do all the wrong things. As foreign minister he went to Berlin and Berchtesgaden in October 1936. He was received and feted like a king. The Germans turned his head completely. And with the onset of the war in Spain the Axis started taking shape.

The Spanish war was deliberately used by Hitler as a wedge to force Britain and Italy apart. The Germans worked on Ciano; the deeper Italy was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

AFTER YALTA

SO THE BIG THREE DIDN'T BREAK UP AFTER ALL. NOW WHAT?

When an international conference is acclaimed by such diverse voices as the Moscow press, the *New York Times*, the *New Deal* columnists and Herbert Hoover, there must be something to it. Almost everywhere the Yalta conference was received as very good news. Walter Lippmann said, "There has been no more impressive international conference in our time." The chief exceptions to the general joy were the Vatican, the London Poles and, of course, the Germans, who called it "an unlimited triumph for Stalin." This view was echoed in some U. S. quarters, but on the whole Yalta disarmed the suspicious and reassured the fearful. As conferences go, this one was a success.

Known Results

What, actually, did Yalta decide?

First, Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin declared that they had agreed on terms for Germany and a method of joint occupation. The exact terms were not announced, except that militarism as well as Nazism will be extirpated and reparations imposed. Each of the Big Three, and France if she chooses, will occupy and control a part of Germany, but their policies will be "coordinated . . . through a central control commission . . . in Berlin."

Second, the Polish deadlock was broken. The London government, recognized by Britain and the U. S., was abandoned. The Lublin Government, Moscow's puppet, is to be the nucleus of a new provisional government, broadened to include exiled and underground Poles. The British and American ambassadors to Russia, Clark Kerr and Averell Harriman, will join with Foreign Secretary Molotov to oversee the creation of this new government, which will pledge itself to hold "free and unfettered elections as soon as possible" and which the U. S. and Britain will then recognize. As for boundaries, Russia's claim to the area east of the Curzon Line is upheld and the Big Three also favor compensating Poland with an undefined slice of Germany on the west.

Other points agreed on include the voting procedure in a world security council, a United Nations conference to be held at San Francisco April 25, and a promise "to concert" Big Three policies in all liberated countries in accordance with the Atlantic Charter: i.e., genuine self-determination.

To anyone who took literally and seriously the Big Three declarations of Moscow and Teheran, nothing in the Yalta declaration should have come as a surprise. It was more specific, but not a departure from nor an advance on the line previously laid down. And many of Yalta's specific points had already been agreed on by the European Advisory Commission, which has been meeting in London for more than a year.

Then why all the shouting? Obviously because those previous declarations were not taken at their face value. Events since Teheran had spread a fear that the Big Three, like so many of history's grand alliances, were breaking up as victory approached. Well, they didn't. The shouting, consciously or unconsciously, was a shout of relief. If Yalta was a great constructive act, it was so only in the sense of averting a calamity.

The chief reason for the pre-Yalta fear of a Big Three breakup was Russia's unilateral behavior in eastern Europe. The situation in Poland, where Russia's puppet government has been arresting and deporting many Poles who by our standards are perfectly good democratic patriots, was a very poor augury indeed. Moreover, Russia had a committee of Free Germans, mostly captured officers, who seemed to be grooming themselves for the job of running defeated Germany along lines of militaristic communism.

Germany and Poland

If Stalin was ever serious about his Free Germany committee and not just waging political warfare, then he changed his mind at Yalta. Evidently, for some time to come, there is to be no German government at all. Only if the Allies administer Germany directly can they hope to "disarm and disband all German armed forces," "eliminate or control all German industry that could be used for military production" and "remove all Nazi and militarist influences from public office." It is a very ambitious program the Yalta Allies have set themselves for Germany. (Incidentally, the American zone, which includes the mountains of southern Bavaria, is the place where the Nazi guerrillas are expected to resist longest.)

It can also be a very constructive program—provided the Allied administrators are agreed on long-term goals. Have all three the same picture of what they want Germany to look like 20 years hence? Can all three agree on the long-term purpose of reparations, which may determine the economic future of all Europe? Let us hope so. But Yalta itself did not answer these long-term questions.

In Poland, too, Yalta is a chance for a solution, rather than a solution itself. Since the wording of the agreement does not necessarily rule out "spheres of influence" (nor modify Russia's one-sided arrangements in Rumania and Bulgaria), Poland will be the crucial test of how well the Big Three can combine their policies in practice.

The talk is that former premier Mikolajczyk will be invited to head the new government. He and his peasant party are friendly to Russia though strongly opposed to the collectivization of farming on the Russian model. Mikolajczyk would be neither a Rus-

sian puppet nor a Russophobe. Poles who now resist the Lublin government would accept his authority, so that the current deportations and executions could come to an end. If Harriman and Kerr prove loyal to the trust given them at Yalta, honest elections can then be held and Poland can be genuinely democratic and independent, as Stalin has so often promised it would be.

On the other hand, Harriman and Kerr may prove so fearful of offending Russia as to muffle their assignment. In that case the upshot of Yalta will be merely that America has had a hand in killing Poland. That would be a sad beginning for our new role on the European stage!

The Challenge

Thus Yalta, like all serious attempts to wage peace, does not bring us final solutions, but rather confronts us with new challenges.

The most hopeful thing about the conference was that Roosevelt, insofar as he can act for the U. S. government, made definite commitments for an American policy in Europe. Prodded by the Vandenberg speech (*LIFE*, Jan. 17) and by mounting criticism in the U. S. press, he scuttled the ridiculous policy of "abstention" which Secretary Stettinius had proclaimed only two months before. Having decided to share responsibility for Europe's future, America can now speak with more authority in the councils which will determine that future.

Russia, too, has proved again at Yalta that, while she may have her own plans for Europe, especially on her borders, she would rather promote them within the Big Three framework than through a lone-wolf imperialism. Thus America and Russia have edged a little closer to each other, like partners in a Virginia reel. The steps in this dance, the attractions and repulsions between these two highly magnetized superpowers, will for the next several generations be the most absorbing pattern on the stage of international affairs.

Skill will not come to us from practice alone. We shall need intellectual resolution, too, and a clear grasp of the realities of the situation. For the present Russia's aims in Europe are good aims by our standards—the demilitarization of Germany, self-determination and democracy for the rest of Europe's peoples. We need not be too afraid of differing over the meaning of these words, for Americans will be there to measure any gaps between the words and the practice. The danger is in the chance that Russia's policy, being rooted in a different faith, may change and become as totalitarian abroad as it is at home. Our long-term problem, therefore, is to make freedom and democracy so successful in Europe that they cannot be challenged, but will ultimately spread by good example even through great Russia itself.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

Among the duties of a Vice President is attendance at certain social functions which the President is too busy to attend. Into these obligations Harry

Truman has thrown himself with an enthusiasm amazing to Washington. He has attended teas, lunches, dinners, gone to 14 parties in three days.

Recently he crowned his social career with an appearance at National Press Club Canteen where he played the piano for sultry actress Lauren Bacall.



While Actress Lauren Bacall lounges on piano top, Vice President Truman plays an old-fashioned waltz for servicemen in Washington



Marshal Stalin smiles as Prime Minister Churchill, who is wearing the uniform of a colonel in the Royal Sussex Regiment, takes a cigar from a case. After Crimea Conference Churchill visited Greece with Anthony Eden. Said he, "These are days when darkness rolls away."

THE CRIMEA CONFERENCE

Churchill, Stalin, Roosevelt shape world's future

What should have been history-making pictures of a history-making conference last week turned out to be profound disappointments. As always on world journeys, President Roosevelt took only photographers from the armed forces with him on his trip to Yalta in the Crimea. The best of their pictures, printed here, do not do justice to the drama, suspense and accomplishment in this second meeting between Prime Minister Winston Churchill, Marshal Joseph Stalin and President Franklin D. Roosevelt—a meeting which went far to shape the future of the world.

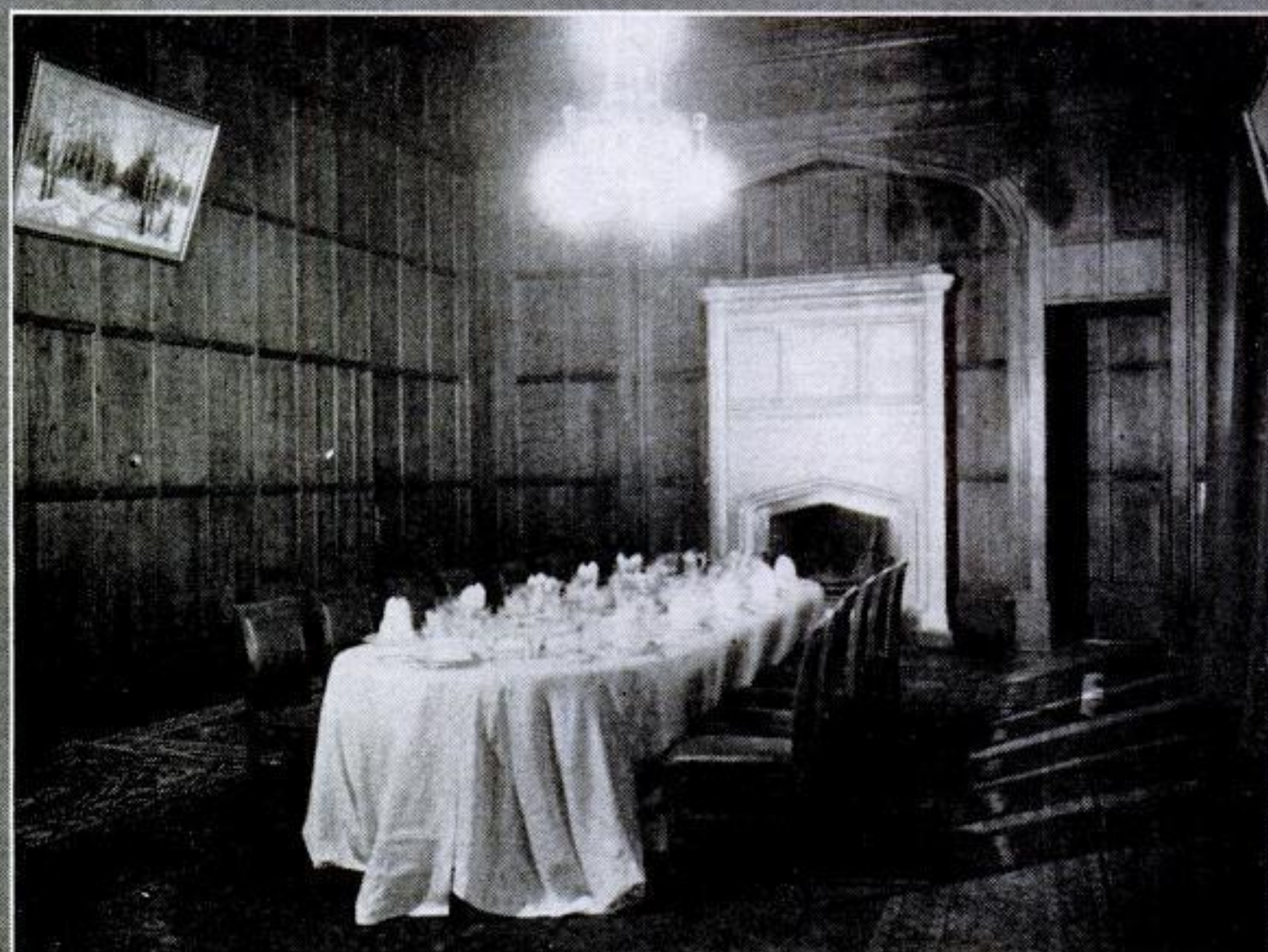
Roosevelt left Washington on a Navy warship soon after his inauguration Jan. 20 (LIFE, Feb. 5). He reached Malta Feb. 2, where Churchill was on hand to greet him. After a day of conferences they boarded planes for the Crimea. Near Yalta, in the summer estate of the czars, they were joined by Stalin. The conference itself, which was actually a collection of conferences, began Monday, Feb. 5. Over-all problems were thrashed out by the big three, international problems by the diplomats, military problems by the soldiers and sailors. With Roosevelt were Secretary of State Stettinius, Harry Hopkins, OWMR Boss James F. Byrnes, Press Secretary Steve Early, daughter Anna Boettiger, as well as a host of government and military leaders including Generals Marshall and Somervell, Admirals King and Leahy.

On Lincoln's birthday the publishable results of the conference were given to the world. Breathless radio announcers sent a wave of optimism throbbing across the U. S. Most newspapers, commentators, politicians said that Yalta was proof that Russia, the U. S. and Great Britain, united in war, could stay united in peace. In particular they hailed the calling of a United Nations Conference at San Francisco April 25 to prepare the charter of a world security organization. For this meeting President Roosevelt promptly appointed a bipartisan American delegation which includes Secretary Stettinius, former Secretary of State Cordell Hull, the veteran Republican senator, Arthur Vandenberg and former Minnesota governor Commander Harold Stassen.

Meanwhile the President had again disappeared from public view. Reports had him visiting Italy and the Pope (who was sick in bed), passing through Marseilles or about to arrive in Paris, where rumors said an international scandal was about to break. Looking at pictures of the conference and noticing how worn and tired the President looked, friends hoped he would not overdo, would come home soon.



Aboard an American warship President Roosevelt, wearing a tweed cap, confers with (left to right) Admiral William Leahy, Admiral E. J. King and General George C. Marshall.



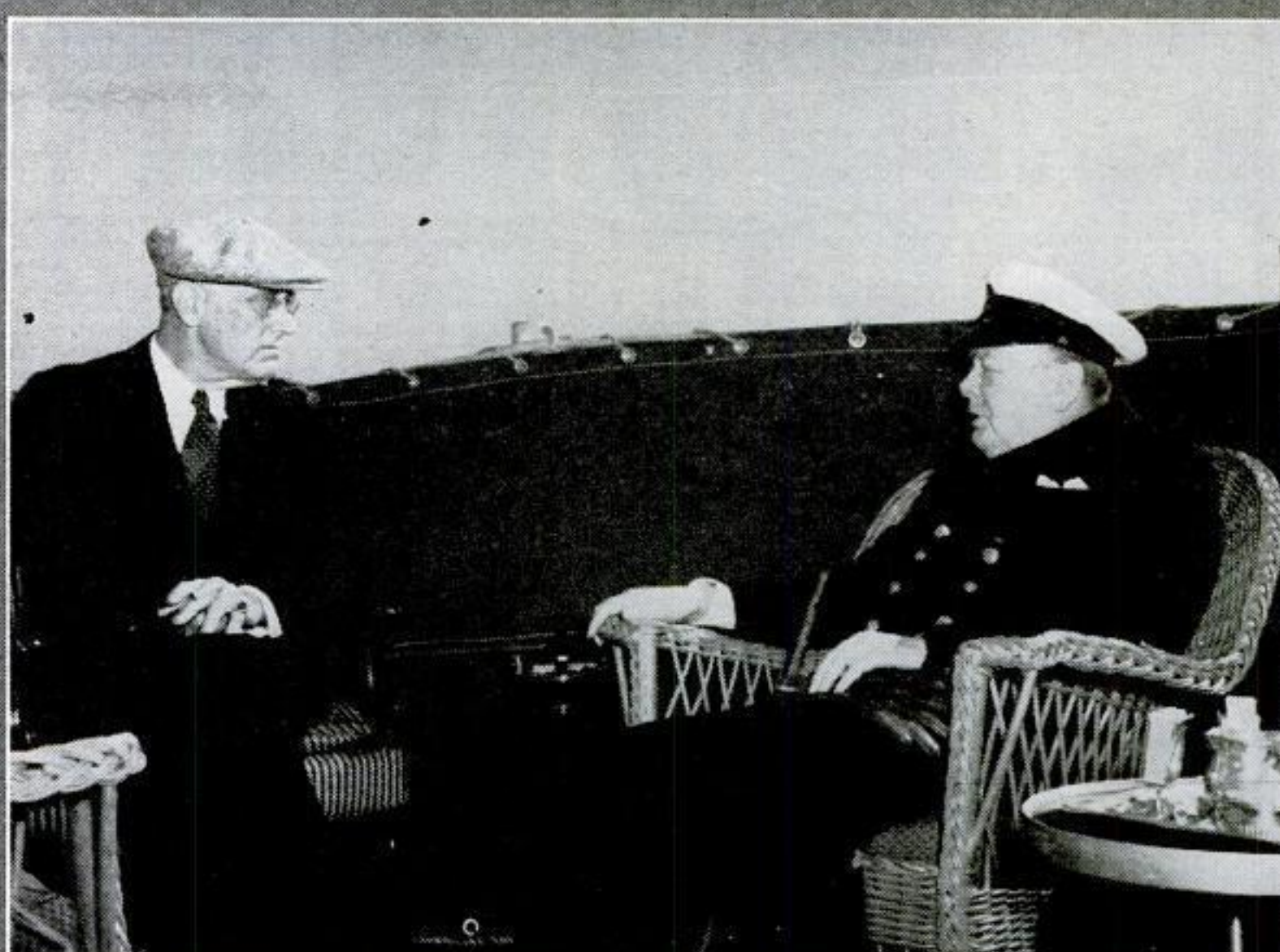
At the palace of Livadia in the Crimea a suite was set aside for Roosevelt. This is the dining room. The palace was damaged by the Germans during the battle for Sevastopol.



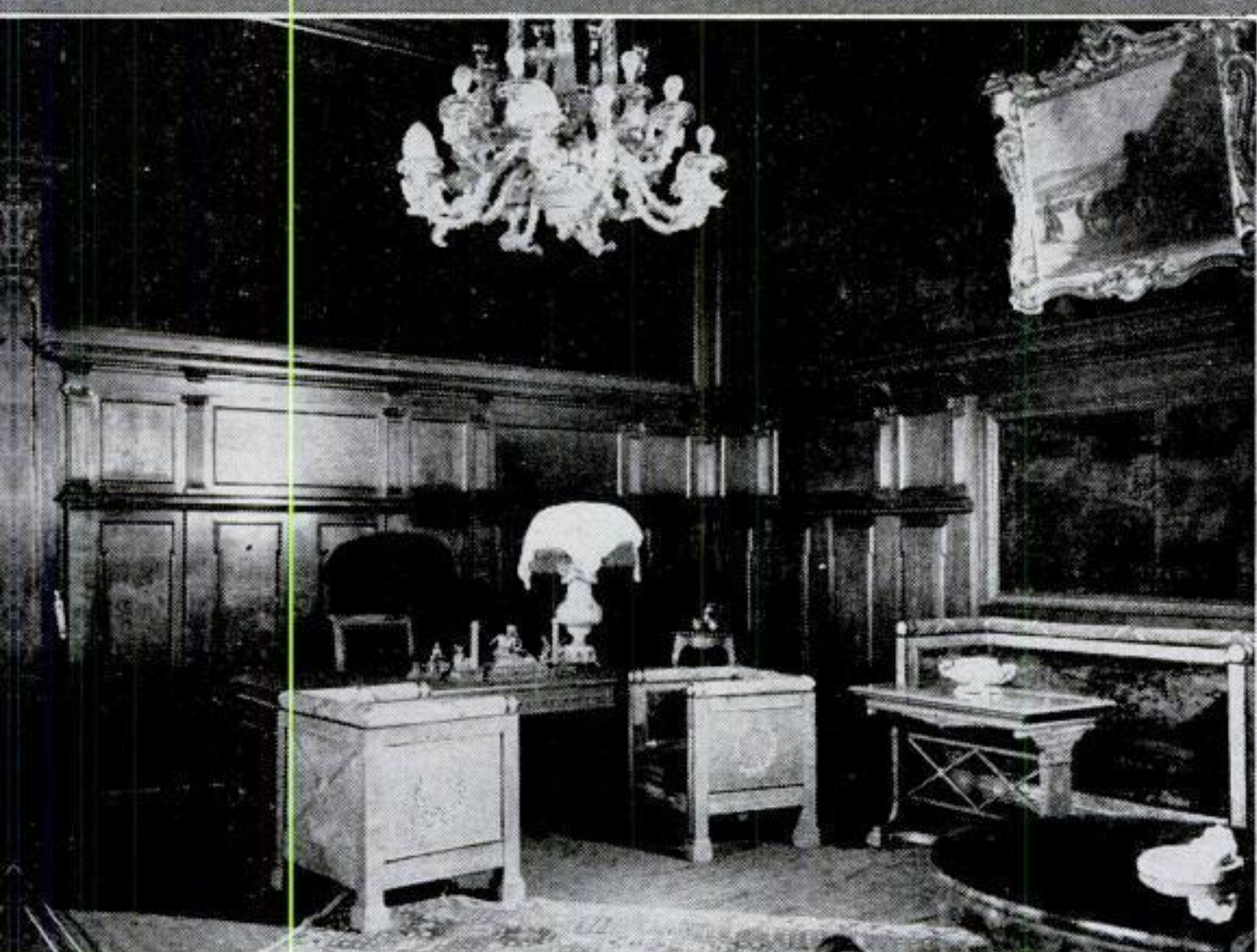
Over coffee at the palace Roosevelt and Churchill confer with Secretary Steve Early over details of simultaneous announcement of conference, in Moscow, London, Washington.



Anna Roosevelt Boettiger talks with father on the warship. She went along apparently as the President's personal companion, social secretary and general supervisor of his health.



Prime Minister Churchill comes aboard at Malta for a talk with the President, slouches down in a wide wicker chair. Before meeting Stalin they discussed progress in the war with Japan.



Roosevelt's own study was elaborately furnished. Built in 1911 for last of the Romanovs, the palace is of white granite, has about 50 rooms, represents many architectural periods.



Roosevelt's bed in the palace is made up by two Russian chambermaids just before his arrival. Yalta is near the scene of a great Russian-British battle in the Crimean War of 1854-1856.



The Big Three pose for a formal picture with their advisers. Churchill lived at Alupka Palace, built in 1830, Stalin at the former estate of Prince Yusupov, who killed Rasputin.



Military and diplomatic leaders of three big nations sit around the circular conference table. At left is Stalin; right of center is Roosevelt. In foreground, his face blurred, is Churchill.



U. S. waters in the Pacific now extend to the shores of Japan. Japanese forces still hold many islands in these waters but U. S. strength has neutralized them. Islands like Iwo, however, are valuable as air bases within fighter and Liberator-bomber range of Japan's industrial cities.

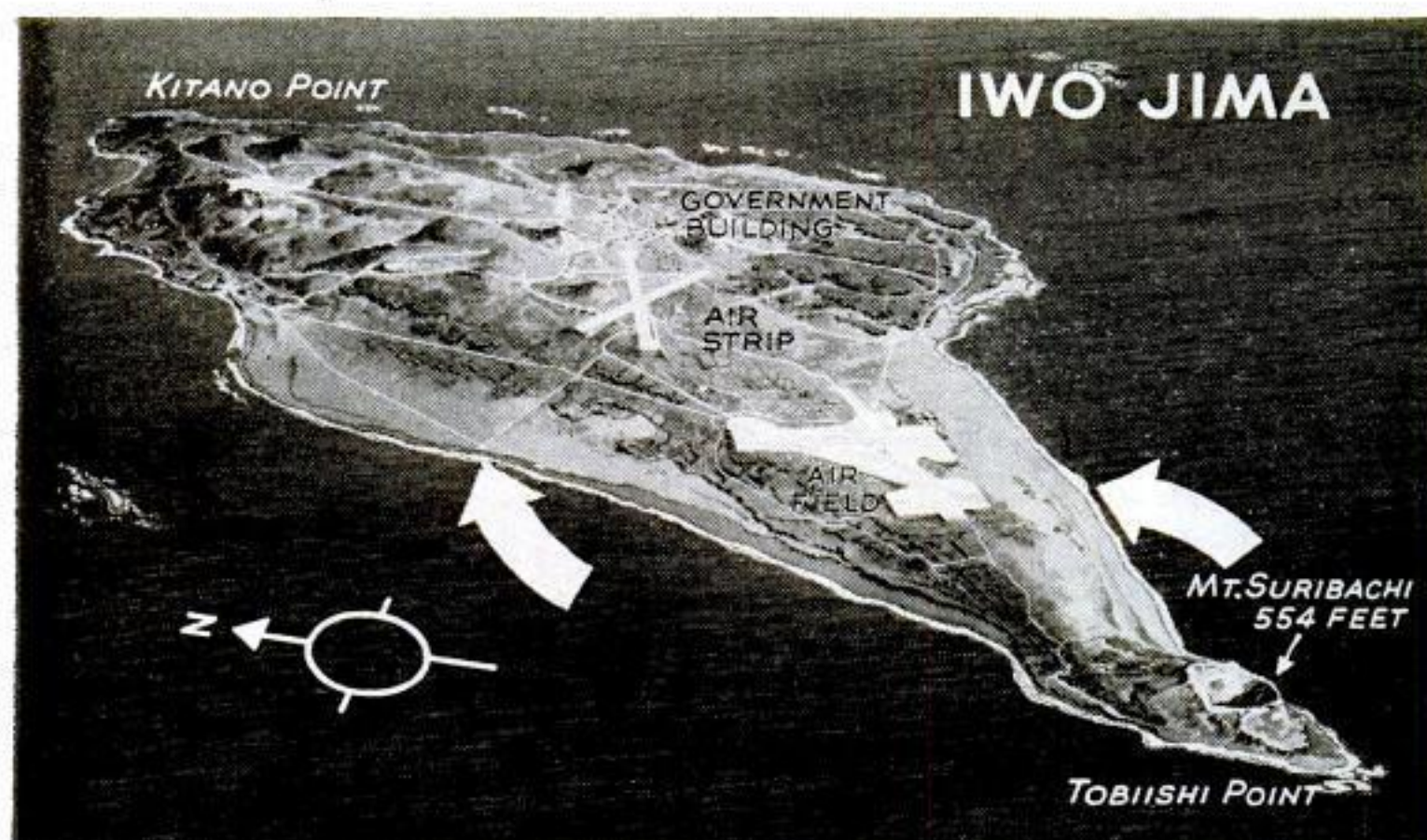
THE NAVY RAIDS TOKYO

Attack covers a new U. S. jump in the Pacific

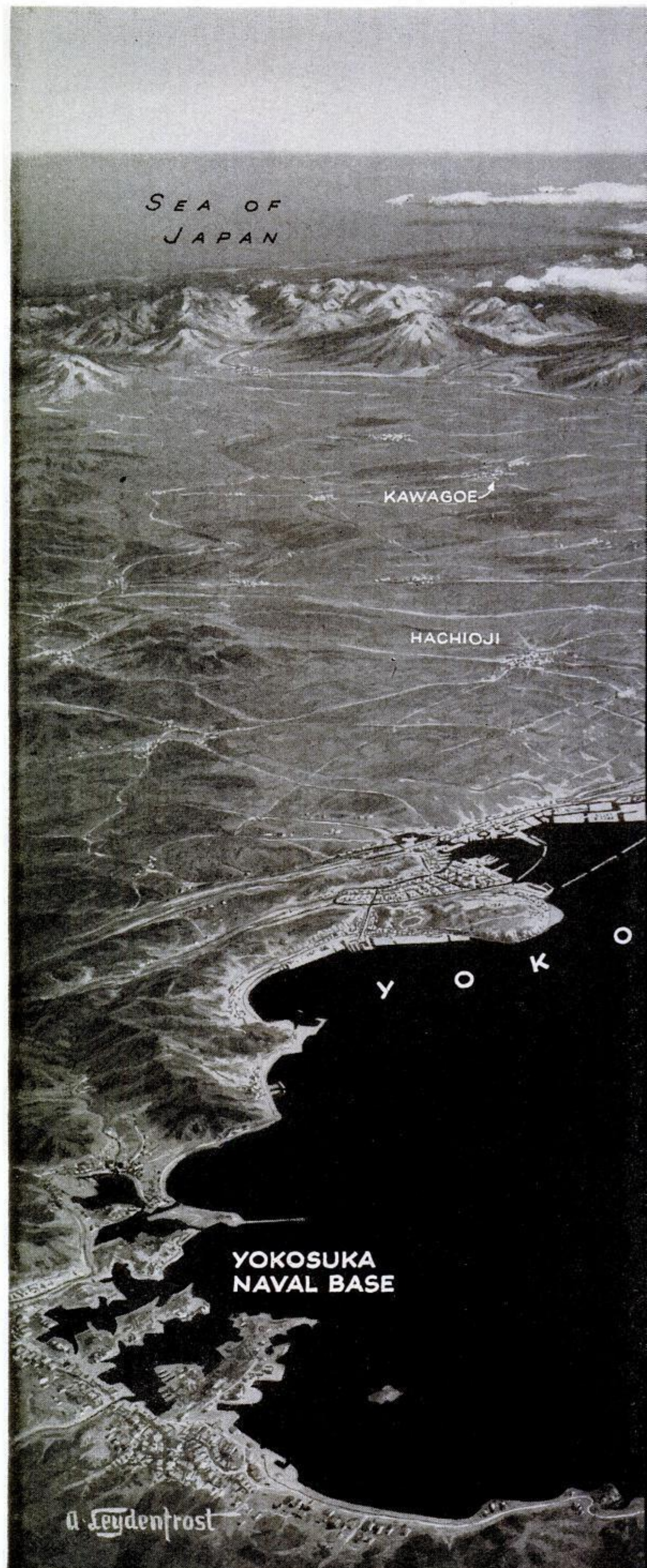
Last week the Navy produced final proof that the Pacific Ocean is now a U. S. ocean. A great fleet of U. S. warships appeared some 300 miles off the coast of Japan and sent more than 1,200 planes over Tokyo Bay (right). Then the ships cruised calmly in a 200-mile long column while the planes shuttled back and forth for more attacks.

Another measure of the Navy's power was the fact that, despite its earlier damage in the Philippines, it could strike in several other places during the raid on Japan. Navy ships and planes, assisted by land-based Army planes, battered the rugged little island of Iwo (below). The pattern of the attacks seemed to confirm the Japanese report that U. S. troops had landed on Iwo. Still the Navy had strength left over to cover new landings 1,350 miles away under the guns of Corregidor.

As in the Philippines last autumn, the Navy took risks in looking for a fight. The fleet off Japan was within range of hundreds of Japanese airfields and was almost certainly under attack. But the Japanese had long since passed the point where their failing forces could reverse the ratio of Japanese weakness and American strength.



U. S. landing, according to the Japanese, was made on Iwo Jima (Sulphur Island) in the Volcano Group. Iwo is tiny, but almost all of its eight square miles is covered by trenches, pill-boxes, gun emplacements. Japanese planes based there raided B-29 airfields in the Marianas.



This is Tokyo Bay as it might appear to a high-flying B-29 on a clear day. When Navy planes flew over it at much lower altitude on the morning of Feb. 16 it was cloudy and overcast. The entrance of the bay, guarded by submarine nets and listening devices, is 33 miles from Tokyo.



PACIFIC
OCEAN

TONE RIVER

IMPERIAL
PALACE

TOKYO

FUNABASHI

CHIBA

KAWASAKI

T O K Y O B A Y

KIZARAZU

FUTTSU

N

The great cities of Tokyo, Kawasaki and Yokohama stretch for 20 miles along the western side. South of Yokohama is Yokosuka, which is probably Japan's biggest naval base. On the eastern side of the bay is a chain of smaller manufacturing towns and ports. The western side

is one of the greatest single concentrations of Japanese population, industry, commerce and wealth. In Tokyo alone there are 6,500,000 people. This area is also the heart of Japanese government and Japanese thinking. Last week a great bank of black smoke rose 7,000 feet over it.



German prisoners bear the stiff, frozen body of an American to a burial place in the snow. At the left another German follows with his hands held out in surrender. Here the dead, frozen

as they fell, have to be gathered quickly before they are lost in the moving snow drifts. The graves, like foxholes, often have to be opened in the hard ground with charges of dynamite.

WINTER SOLDIERS

Tired Americans fight a forgotten battle on Germany's Western Front

The almost forgotten Western Front stirred restlessly as the Allies began to push ahead. In one 40-mile stretch south of Aachen 70,000 Americans began to walk through the snow. The snow was deep and the men wading through it got tired quickly (*see opposite page and cover*). When men were hit, they found the snow soft and warm. Those with slight wounds sometimes froze to death before medics could reach them. The hardened bodies were carried away like statues.

When the men stopped they scooped away the snow and blasted foxholes with half-pound chunks of dynamite or mortar shells. Then they sat in the foxholes and ate K rations. Sometimes they started little fires with the empty ration boxes to keep warm, praying the watchful Germans would not see them. At night the men covered themselves with blankets in the foxholes and tried to sleep. In the morning they got up stiff and dull-eyed and began to push through the snow again.

A wounded American is carried by the prisoners on a stretcher of bedsprings. Behind the prisoners are two white-helmeted American guards. The wounded man is being taken to a med-

ical-aid station only 300 yards away from where he was hit. His wounds were not serious, but when the prisoners brought him into the aid station he was dead from the cold and shock.





AFTER A WEEK IN THE LINE, PFC ALFRED WEKTOR OF HOLYOKE, MASS. SMILES TIREDLY



PFC JOHN WAUTHIER, CARRYING A HEAVY AUTOMATIC RIFLE, IS TOO TIRED TO SMILE



WINCING WITH FATIGUE, PFC GEORGE SPROUSE OF SPARTANBURG, S.C. SITS IN THE SNOW



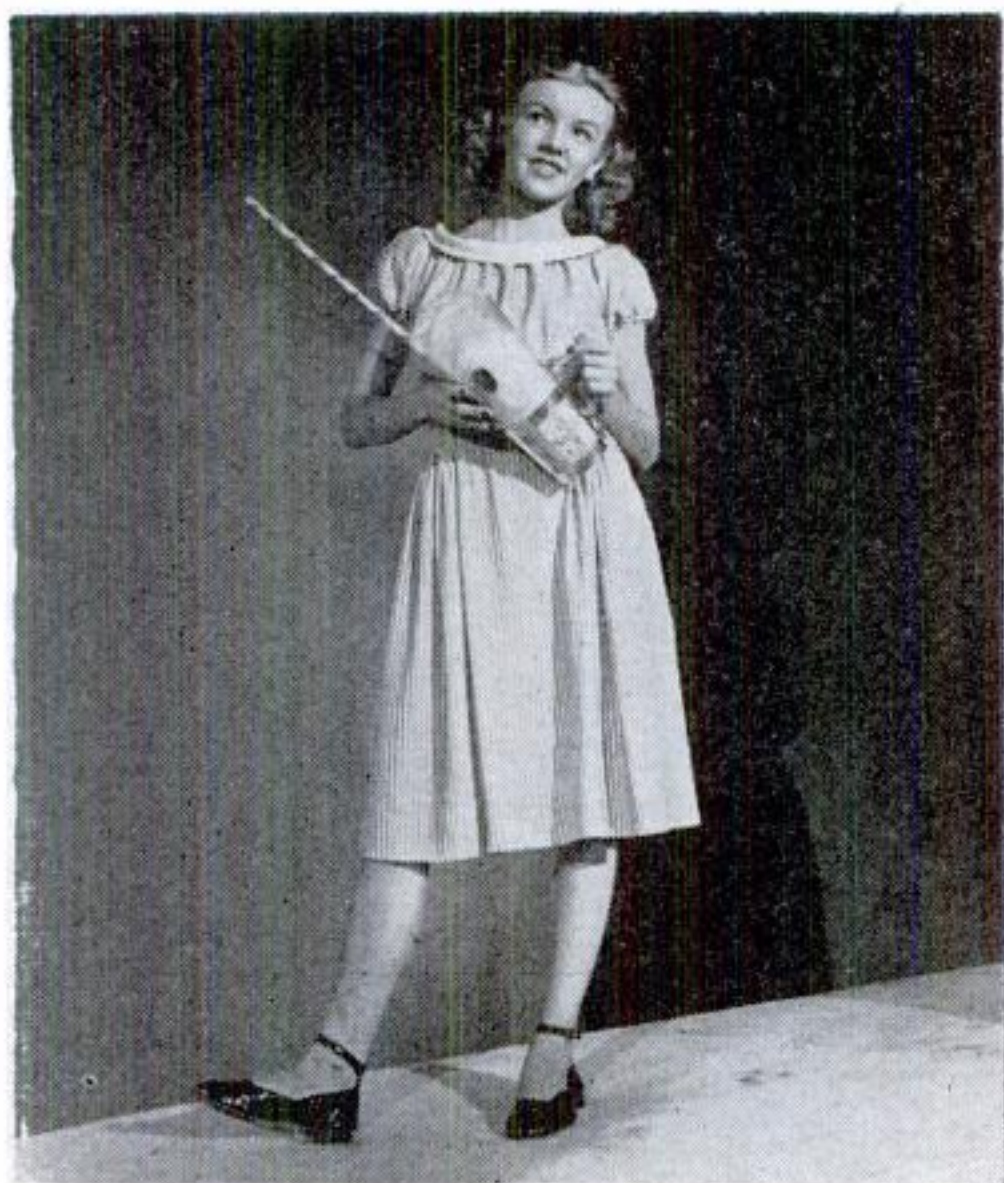
PFC JAMES VARVARO OF BROOKLYN STOOPS UNDER LOAD OF AMMUNITION, EQUIPMENT



FASHION SHOW IN WALDORF'S BALLROOM WAS LAVISHLY STAGED
WITH SPIRAL RUNWAY, SPOTLIGHTS AND 40 BEAUTIFUL MODELS

FASHION AWARDS

Californian wins critics' prize



Emily Wilkens designed teen-age dresses above and at right. This one is of Victorian gray cotton with a white rolled collar.

At the Waldorf-Astoria last week New York's Mayor LaGuardia, who wants his city to be the world's top fashion center, had the mixed pleasure of presenting the American Fashion Critics' \$1,000 first prize to a designer from California, Adrian of Beverly Hills and the movies. Two designers from New York Tina Leser and Emily Wilkens, took second and third prizes.



Eyelet embroidery like that used on underwear 50 years ago is used as trimming on both these dresses, one pink, one blue.

The awards, sponsored by Coty, Inc., are given annually to those designers who, in the opinion of a jury of fashion editors, have made outstanding contributions to American design. Adrian was cited for his broad shoulders, tapered waistlines, prints; Tina Leser for her draped, colorful beach and playclothes; Emily Wilkens for her Victorian-inspired teen-age clothes.



An 1820 miniature inspired this dress made of white ruffled organdy. Fabric limitations make this a design for postwar.



Tina Leser designed the outfits above and to the right. This group combines Polynesian print with bright, plain fabrics.



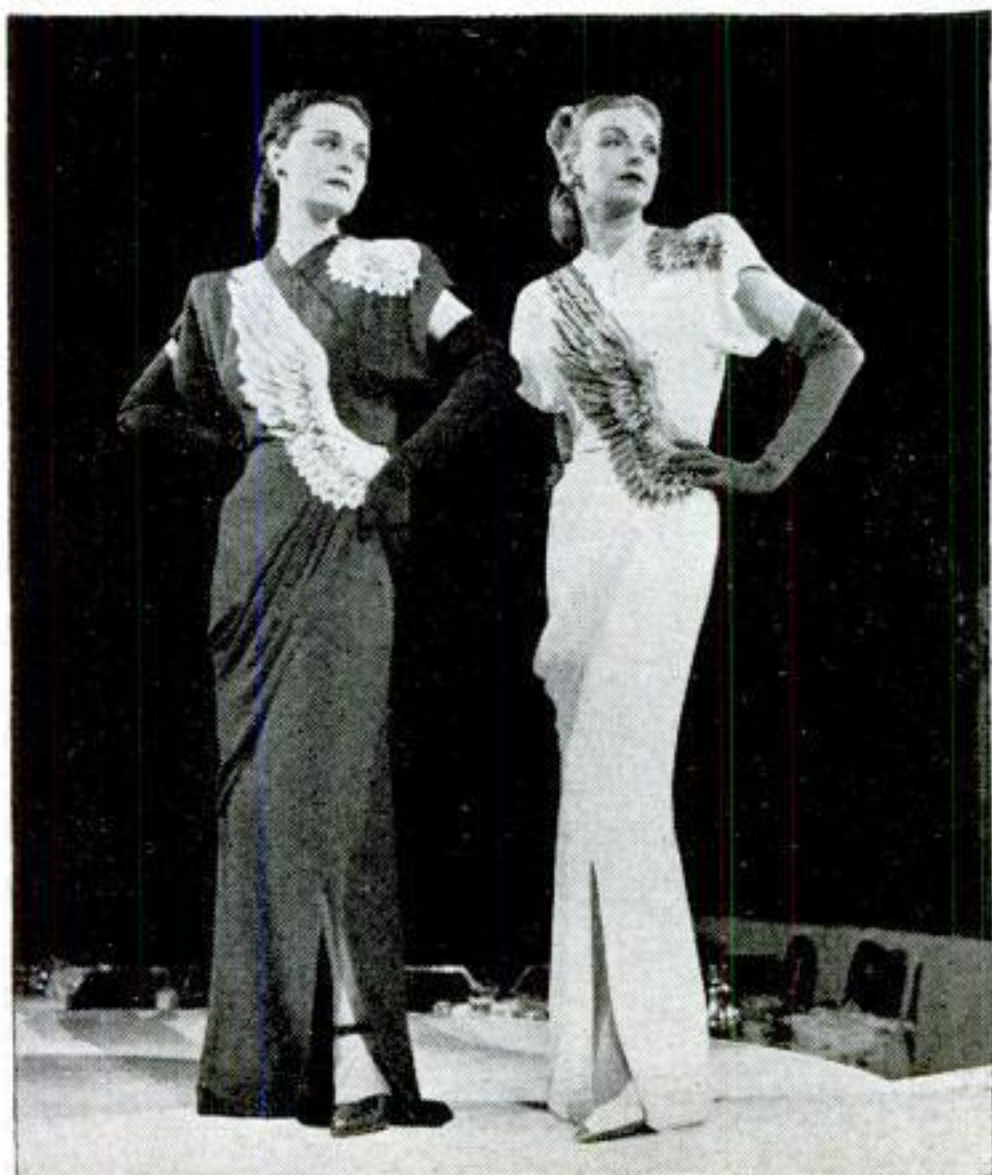
One-strap bathing suit is a Tina Leser innovation. This one is pink-and-peacock-striped cotton with a wrap-around skirt.



Sarong-like dresses, long and short, are made of cotton fabrics printed to resemble batik work of South Sea islanders.



Adrian, winner of the \$1,000 first prize, clutches the trophy, an unclothed female figure by Sculptress Malvina Hoffman.



"Wings for Victory," one black, one white, are bold examples of Adrian's fondness for sculptured silhouettes and prints.



Royal-blue suit has broad Adrian shoulders and rainbow-colored strips across the front to emphasize the wide-top look.



The rescue party of U. S. Rangers and the Filipino guerrillas grin with delight at the success of their mission. Lead man in center is Lieut. John Frank Murphy of Springfield, Mass., who

led the storming of main prison gate. Rangers and guerrillas suffered 30 casualties—27 dead, three wounded. But they and the guerrillas killed about 500 Japs, knocked out 12 Jap tanks.

THE RESCUE AT CABANATUAN

Rangers and guerrillas free survivors of Bataan

by CARL MYDANS

Last month, three years after the infamous Death March to which the Japanese subjected the U. S. Army men they had taken on Bataan and Corregidor, a troop of U. S. Rangers and Philippine guerrillas rescued 486 of the Death March survivors from the prison camp of Cabanatuan, 60 miles from Manila. In these pictures and this story Carl Mydans, who had known many of the rescued men before he himself had been captured at Manila in 1942, tells the stirring story of the Rangers' rescue.

BY WIRELESS FROM MANILA

At dusk on Jan. 30 the 6th U. S. Rangers poured through the main gate of the Japanese prisoner-of-war camp at Cabanatuan. The Rangers had fought their way 25 miles through the Japanese lines and they burst in shouting, "The Yanks are here! Assemble at the main gate!" But there were only a pitiful few of the heroes of Bataan and Corregidor who were still alive to hear them, and even about them there was a strange and ghostly quality.

Human emotions cannot be strained that far without its having an effect. These men had adopted a kind of muteness, for long ago they had seen what happened to those who rebelled or protested or tried to escape. And so they pressed closely into the brown soil of their slit trenches or lay face down on the split bamboo floors of their barracks when the sounds of battle came to them. Even when there was shooting and shouting all about them, only a few moved. Finally they began to understand when strong hands hustled them to their feet.

"Buddy, we're Yanks," they were told. "We're Americans! Up quick and get over to that gate! Here's a pistol. Here's a knife. You're a soldier again!"

Slowly the suspicion born of wasted bodies and slowed-up minds was overcome. The men who lifted them to their feet were dressed as they had never seen American soldiers dressed before. Their hats were strange new Army gear, their uniforms were splotted with jungle green. But they were gentle. Not in three years had these ghosts of Bataan known what



The rescued men, dazed by excitement and weariness when they arrived at last at the American camp, helped each other walk off to a place where they could sit down and be quiet. Their gaunt faces and their thin thighs show the mark of three years of near-starvation in prison.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27



**FILLED WITH THE NOURISHMENT
OF BEEF STOCK AND VEGETABLES**

Let the wind howl! You've got just the answer in piping-hot bowls of this homey vegetable soup. Here is a rich, nourishing beef stock, thick with luscious vegetables—fifteen different kinds. No wonder mothers say it's almost a meal in itself!

Campbell's VEGETABLE SOUP

FOR WINTER-SHARP APPETITES

SOUP IS ONE GOOD ANSWER... DELICIOUS,
NOURISHING AND SO EASY TO FIX

ONE IS TO **OPEN**—YOU CAN'T CALL THAT TOIL—

TWO'S TO **ADD WATER** AND BRING TO A BOIL;

THREE IS TO **SERVE** IT IN CUP, BOWL OR PLATE;

FOUR'S TO **ENJOY** IT COME EARLY, COME LATE!



SMO-O-O-TH AND DELICIOUS

Enjoy a welcome taste of spring! Steaming plates of this smooth, delicately-seasoned soup made of garden asparagus, studded with tender asparagus tips. Fix it with milk sometimes, instead of water, for an extra-nourishing cream of asparagus.

Campbell's ASPARAGUS SOUP

HEARTY-EATING AND "DIFFERENT"

Come the dreariest of winter days, cheer them up with this hearty, "different" soup! It's a delicious purée, filled with selected whole beans, made extra-savory with the tempting taste of fine bacon. Truly a match for the heftiest appetites at your house!

Campbell's BEAN with BACON SOUP

Look for the Red-and-White Label



1 Every woman knows this: once green beans are picked—flavor and tenderness begin to fade! But whenever you have them, Birds Eye Green Beans are only “4-hours-fresh!” How come? They’re Quick-Frozen within 4 hours after picking!



2 They are gathered at peak flavor—washed, cut, and popped into the Quick-Freezers before exposure to air can steal that dewy-farm-freshness! Thus, Birds Eye saves you all that is *best*—and *nutritious*—in these luscious green beans.



3 And there it stays till you open the Birds Eye package! These super-green beans come two ways: cross-cut in 1-inch lengths, or French Style, sliced lengthwise. And NO WORK! No stringing, no cleaning. 1 box serves 4. Try them, tonight!



FOR LENT

—King Cod! Fishermen say: “Cod is the finest of fish—IF it’s ‘ocean-fresh!’” Birds Eye Cod Fillets are ocean-fresh... quick-frozen within 4 hours after the trawlers dock. They’re *marvelous* eating!

so Tender!
so Tasty!
...because they're
“4-hours-fresh!”



Remember! Dinah Shore is singing for you Thursday nights—new time, new station, new program. Listen in!



BIRDS EYE OPEN HOUSE
Starring *Dinah Shore*

8:30 E. W. T.—7:30 C. W. T.
6:30 M. W. T.—9:00 P. W. T.

Thursday night, National Broadcasting Company

GUARANTEE! Each and every Birds Eye Food is guaranteed “best you ever ate”—or MONEY BACK... tomorrow!



4 Warning! Sometimes, other brands of quick-frozen foods get into Birds Eye cases. But there is *only one* brand of Birds Eye Frosted Foods, *only one* quality! Here's how you can get that quality: BE SURE THE PACKAGE BEARS THE BIRDS EYE LABEL! Insist on it!



RESCUE AT CABANATUAN (continued)

gentleness was. And now their shouts were joining those of the soldiers, "They are Americans! They're here! God, they've come! Christ, are we glad to see you!"

It was dark now and the Rangers were moving columns of the released prisoners through the main gate. A final detail combed the camp to see that no one was left behind. The orders were "Bring out every goddamned man. Bring them back if every Ranger has to carry a man on his back."

A few of the prisoners were found still crouching in their fox-holes. The Rangers picked them up bodily, nudged their shoulders gently and led them out, stepping over dead Japs as they went. There wasn't much talk now. Half of the job of rescue was done but the half coming up would be difficult. The prisoners were weak but they had liberty and freedom, which was like a blood transfusion.

Rangers had to carry many of the prisoners pickaback but some of those who were not too weak soon felt the strength of new freedom surging into them. They struggled off the backs of the Rangers and insisted on walking alone and by themselves, as men again.

There was heavy fighting on their left flank now. The Japanese had rushed up 2,000 men from the near-by village. But out from the trees came Filipino guerrillas. This was their job.

Rifle for rifle the Filipinos have shown they are better soldiers than the Japs and they showed it again that night. They had to shoot over piles of dead Japs to repulse other Japs who were attacking. Their orders were to stop the Japs and they did. No Ranger will accept congratulations on a job well done without saying, "Thanks, but don't forget those Filipinos. We broke into the camp but the Filipinos got us through."

A proud story is written

It is now American history and every child of coming generations will know of the 6th Rangers, for a prouder story has not been written. They jumped off Jan. 28 at 1800 hours. Lieut. Colonel Henry A. Mucci commanded, with the American guerrilla leader Major Robert Lapham and two Alamo scouts heading the column. But as Colonel Mucci would like to have it, his "wonderful captain," Robert W. Prince, was in command. The orders were "Do two marches of 25 miles and assemble five miles from the prison camp and strike at 1729 hours."

The Rangers traveled light and fast. They were largely pistol-packing farm boys, hand-picked for just such a job as this. They wore no helmets but each man carried two pistols, a knife, one canteen and two days' streamlined rations. "You're not to eat your rations or drink the water," was the order, "they're for the men you release. There are some 150 Japanese there and you are 121 Rangers. You can do it."

The Rangers picked up their food along the way. "Those Filipinos," said one Ranger, "got a thing called bamboo wireless. Don't know how they work it but they knew we were comin'. Everybody in every barrio was out there to meet us. It was a secret operation and we moved fast. In the first barrio we were given a few bananas. But by the time we reached the third, the whole village was out with roasted chickens wrapped in banana leaves for all of us. They were sure good."

But at H-hour, as the Rangers lay by the road ready to strike, the Japanese moved a full division past them and the operation was delayed 24 hours. Then on the 30th they struck. The signal was the firing of shots at the main gate. Each Ranger had a picked job. Sgt. Theodore R. Richardson of Dallas was the lead man at the gate. His first pistol shot was the signal for another sergeant whose job was a Jap sentry on the tower. One shot and the sentry stood for a split second, then crumpled backward, head over feet, his rifle tossed wide.

Throwing grenades ahead of them and carrying their knives in their hands, the Rangers went in. Their instructions were to "Get inside and do a knifing job. We want no Americans in that camp killed."

The ghosts of Bataan

I met the Rangers and the ghosts of Bataan early on the morning of Jan. 31, five miles inside the Jap lines. Many were on foot, many in Filipino oxcarts. They were an exhausted column, Rangers and prisoners alike, but they were jaunty. They carried little with them. There was nothing from Camp Cabanatuan they wanted but their lives. As they approached our own lines their excitement increased. Some grabbed my arms, tugged them, and all in one way or another

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



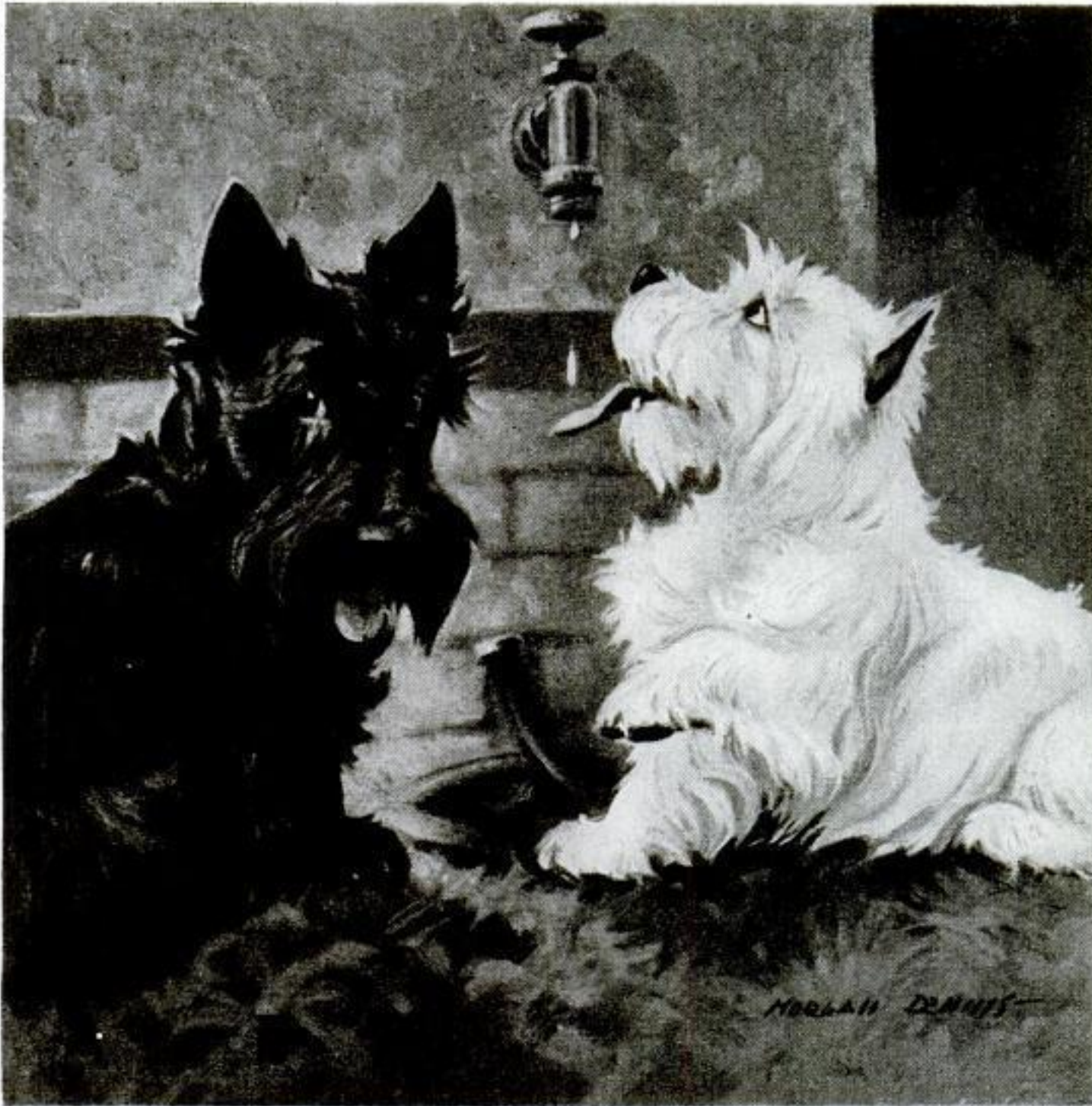
Mission accomplished, the exhausted Rangers fell where they stood. "They're terrific tough guys," reported Mydans, "but they handled the prisoners like frail children, were so moved themselves they kept saying kind words, often patting old men on the shoulder and asking, 'How's it now, Dad?'"



American cigarettes for the first time in three years helped the prisoners realize that their ordeal was over. They also were given hamburgers. Below: the tubercular, the most emaciated and those requiring more than food and freedom to recover were examined and placed under observation in a tent hospital.



A Little, but Oh, My!



Blackie: "What do people think we are,
Whitey—magicians?"

Whitey: "Have patience, Blackie, we're
not going dry."

Nobody likes a shortage—especially of BLACK & WHITE. But these abnormal times can't last forever. Meanwhile it's good to know that the BLACK & WHITE you manage to get is the same fine quality you've always enjoyed.



"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

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Red Cross kits were given all rescued prisoners as soon as their column had reached safety. The kit contained such wonderful luxuries as soap, shaving cream and a toothbrush. Along the way cheering Filipinos handed them nuts and fresh tomatoes to eat.

RESCUE AT CABANATUAN (continued)

said the same thing, "Christ! are we glad to see you!" and "What guys these Rangers are!" and "What an army!"

Ambulances were coming in and trucks were throwing up sprays of dust. Everyone assembled about an old Filipino farmhouse. Fighter planes and Piper Cubs buzzed down over them like happy hornets. The exhausted Rangers dropped where they stood, sleeping over each other, curled up next to straw stacks or lying flat out on the ground. The prisoners sat, still dazed, or seized spasmodically with another grip of emotion they laughed and talked loudly to whoever was near them.

Some of the prisoners were in bad shape. Some were still mute. Some munched tomatoes given them by Filipinos or hamburgers which relief trucks had brought in.

Many of these men were old friends of mine but it was hard to recognize them. They had wasted away and their clothing was patched and weird. Some wore full uniforms and boasted that they had "saved this last one for just this day." Most of the men retained the insignia of their rank. On the sleeves of scraps of Filipino clothing were the stripes of the sergeant, the insignia of the Marines, pins of petty officers, the oak leaves of a major.

There was Colonel James Duckworth, the famous surgeon of Bataan who was the commanding officer at Cabanatuan. His arm was in a sling. He broke it when he fell during the excitement of the rescue. When I made his picture he said, "That's the first time I've had my picture taken since Mel Jacoby made it on Corregidor and then my other arm was broken."

There was Captain Robert E. Roseveare who had changed so much that I did not recognize him. "My God, it's good to see you again," he said, "Remember the way you took my picture at a LIFE Goes to a Party at the Canlubang sugar estate a month before the war?"

Lieut. George W. Green of the Navy had to tell me who he was. He lay in the grass, smiling feebly, wearing tattered long drawers but proudly retaining his naval officer's cap.

"It's been a long time," he said, "a long, long time. I hear that Mel Jacoby got out all right. Made me very happy. I arranged the ship that took them from Cebu to Australia."

I told him that Mel was later killed and he said, "Yes, I know. We had our own method of getting news in there. We're pretty well informed. Sometime I'll tell you about how we knew all these things."

There were the endless other men, a few without an arm or a leg and all with their own stories.

Trucks and ambulances carried them the last five miles out of Jap lines and on to the 92nd Evacuation Hospital where the Army's efficiency and planning amazed them all. They were registered and given showers. Bad cases went into the hospital at once. Others were taken to tents. All received Red Cross kits and, opening them, played with them like children playing with dolls.

The doctors were wonderful. Each doctor's or corpsman's hand that touched a prisoner was one of such feeling that many of the men who had held up so stanchly and proudly until now broke down and wept. When they did the doctors would go right on, giving no indication they had seen the breakdown.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

Why be Irritated?



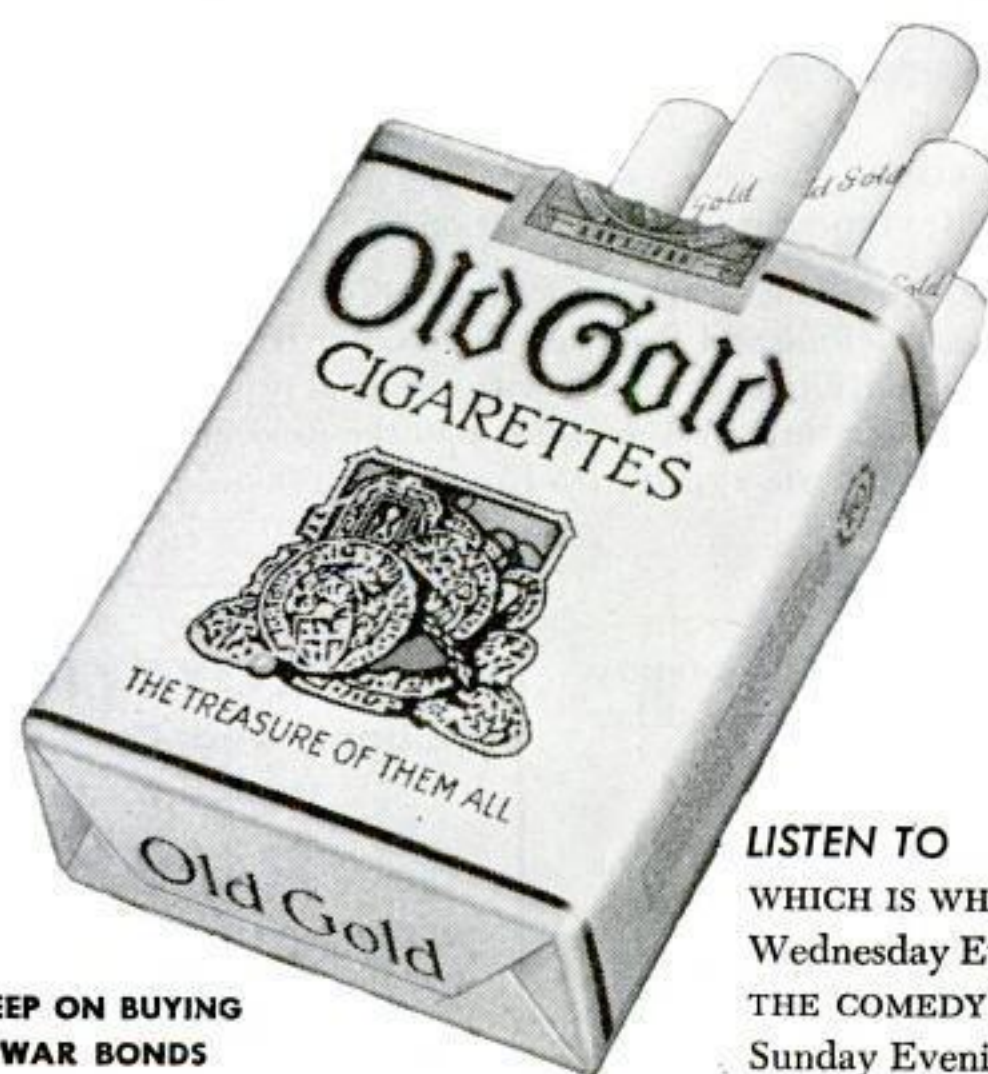
Light an Old Gold!

Apple "Honey" helps guard O.G.s. from Cigarette Dryness

Two's swell company—any time you get together with Old Gold's extra pleasure and its special protection from cigarette dryness!...

You'll discover a grand tasting blend of many choice tobaccos—seasoned with a touch of *extra flavorful* Latakia leaf. Plus the special moisture-protecting agent which we call Apple "Honey", made from the juice of fresh apples. This helps hold in the natural moisture, *helps guard against cigarette dryness*.

Try a pack... and see why three times as many smokers have switched to Old Golds! (If your dealer's supply is short today, just ask again tomorrow. We're doing our best to keep up.)



KEEP ON BUYING
WAR BONDS

LISTEN TO
WHICH IS WHICH?
Wednesday Evenings CBS—and
THE COMEDY THEATRE
Sunday Evenings NBC



"But I don't feel that way
about you, Boss!"



GIRL: "Look, Boss, I don't think you're really *mean* because you want me to retype those letters—but you're certainly short-sighted!"

BOSS: "Let us say I just can't read those carbon copies of yours because they're so grubby and blurred!"

GIRL: "But that's what I *mean*! Now, if you'd buy me some Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper—all your carbons would look like this . . .

It's clear, neat, and easy to read because it's
made with deep-inked *Roytype Park Avenue Carbon
Paper.



GIRL: "And don't think I can't spell 'neat,' either. It's spelled wrong here just to show you how a Roytype copy takes erasures! Watch closely, chief!"

It's clear, and easy to read



BOSS: "You've convinced me of Roytype's magic! So order Roytype Park Avenue Carbon Paper for the office right away!"

GIRL: "Gosh, Boss, if you'd really like to *cement* our office ties, just let me add Roytype Typewriter Ribbons to that order. Roytype Ribbons are made with a special process that permits the ink to flow through the fabric into the used parts. This very reliable original was typed with Roytype Ribbon."

BOSS: "Okay, okay. What's a secretary without the proper attitude toward her boss?"

→ See your Royal Representative or Roytype Dealer today. Buy on the Coupon Plan and save money.

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ROYTYPE
Ribbons and Carbon Paper
made by the
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Famed Bataan surgeon, Colonel James Duckworth, became commanding U. S. officer of the Cabanatuan camp. At the start of the war in 1941 he broke his left arm. In his hurry to get out of Cabanatuan with the Rangers he fell and broke his other arm.

RESCUE AT CABANATUAN (continued)

Some of the men talked of "getting back into it," but most of them talked of going home. "Sure want to see the States again," they said.

A medical officer said: "They've had the war, these fellows. We're going to build them up with the best we've got and then we're going to send them home. They'll all have to be classified 4F and they're going to sit out the rest of this show. And there's not another American who has a better right."

The day was ending, and as I was making a last circuit in one of the tents, I passed an old fellow sitting by himself on a cot. He was dressed in a tattered shirt so patched that it was difficult to see the original fabric. I stopped and put my hand on his shoulder.

"How are you, dad?" I asked. He looked up and then burst into tears. He wept as I have seen no man weep. I sat down beside him and he took my hand and held it. We did not talk. Later I left him without either of us saying anything. As I walked away a young marine sitting a few beds away beckoned to me. Pointing to Old Dad, he said with a catch in his own voice, "That's the first time the old man has cried since he was captured."



Army man, Navy man and marine were among 513 rescued from the camp. Also released were a few British, Dutch and one Norwegian. Last Jan. 7, two days before Lingayen landing, the Japanese took 1,600 prisoners out, transferred them to other camps.

FOR BETTER RESULTS FROM YOUR

Vitamins

TAKE THEM THIS DELICIOUS WAY!

*Authorities agree, they do more good
teamed-up with certain other food elements!*

Today there's a new conception of the best way to take vitamins. A newer idea which authorities endorse and millions are adopting for keener vitality—better health. Discarding earlier methods, they now take their extra vitamins *in food*. In ordinary food, or fortified food.

For authorities agree, vitamins *do not work alone*. They act as a team with certain *other* food elements which are absolutely necessary for best results.

For example, Vitamin D can't do its complete job unless you have calcium and phosphorus, as found in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk. Vitamin A can't function fully unless you also have high-quality protein, such as Ovaltine supplies.

Vitamin B₁ can't spark food into energy unless it has fuel-food to work on.

Unlike mere "vitamin carriers", Ovaltine contains nearly *all* the precious food elements necessary for health and top vitality. Especially those elements needed for vitamin teamwork.

This is probably one of the reasons why Ovaltine so often succeeds where other things fail. Why it brings vigor and freshness to so many tired, run-down adults. Why it turns so many thin, nervous children into robust, hearty youngsters.

So why not change to Ovaltine? If you're eating average-good meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine give you all the extra vitamins and minerals you need.

READ WHAT YOU GET
IN
2 GLASSES OF
OVALTINE!

MORE **NIACIN**
THAN 5 SLICES OF
ENRICHED BREAD

MORE **VITAMIN B₁**
THAN 3 SERVINGS OF
OATMEAL

MORE **VITAMIN D**
THAN 10 OUNCES OF
BUTTER

MORE **FOOD-ENERGY**
THAN 2 DISHES OF
ICE CREAM

MORE **VITAMIN G**
THAN ¾ POUND OF
SIRLOIN STEAK

MORE **VITAMIN A**
THAN 2 SERVINGS OF
PEAS

MORE **IRON**
THAN 3 SERVINGS OF
SPINACH

MORE **PROTEIN**
THAN 3 EGGS

MORE **CALCIUM AND
PHOSPHORUS**
THAN 2½ SERVINGS OF
AMERICAN CHEESE

Ovaltine
PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVORED



3 out of every 4 people
need extra vitamins or minerals—
according to Government reports.

Reasons for this include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also losses in shipping, storing and cooking.

When He Comes Back, It's a

Honeymoon in Mexico

Crisp gingham bolero dress.
Dresses by Samuel Chapman



DuBarry Beauty Preparations at better cosmetic counters



She's chosen this Mexican-inspired dirndl in sultry, muted shades of rayon jersey

The minute her husband wires the word, Peggy Shields is off across the continent. Then it's south of the border for a postponed honeymoon.

"He has built up a regular dream-girl in these months he's been away. I can't disappoint him," says Mrs. Shields. "So I've taken the DuBarry Success Course. It has given me a plan for the professional care of my skin with DuBarry Beauty Preparations and Make-up that has done such wonders for me, I'm following it for life."

More than 175,000 women have used DuBarry Beauty Preparations exclusively in this famous Course. Like Mrs. Shields, they know that DuBarry Preparations contain no ingredients known to cause common skin allergies...know that they are co-related to work together for greater effectiveness...know why they are accepted for advertising in publications of the American Medical Association.

Wouldn't you like to see what DuBarry Beauty Preparations can do for you? Then ask at any good cosmetic counter for the DuBarry Success-O-Plan.

Du BARRY

THE BEAUTY PREPARATIONS
OF THE SUCCESS SCHOOL

BY Richard Hadnutt



THE TREE THAT GROWS IN BROOKLYN PUSHES ITS WAY THROUGH THE CEMENT OF A SLUM BACK YARD AND BECOMES A SYMBOL OF HOPE TO THE NOLANS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn

Best seller makes a fine movie

Since its publication in 1943 Betty Smith's *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* (2,500,000 copies sold) has become one of the best-loved novels of our time. Now 20th Century-Fox has made it into a fine and poignant movie full of honest affection. It tells of the Nolans, who live in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn—of Johnny Nolan who drinks and dreams too much; of his wife Katie who worries over him and their children; and of his daughter Francie whose imagination brightens her drab surroundings. It tells the short and simple annals of the city poor—how they live and what they

feel and how small things can cheer their poverty.

Under Elia Kazan's direction *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* glows with superb performances, notably by Peggy Ann Garner (see pp. 76-77) as Francie, Dorothy McGuire as Katie and James Dunn as Johnny. Brushed aside as a has-been since his days as a star seven years ago, Dunn is marvelous as the likable tosspot of whom Francie writes, "Perhaps many people might have said of him that he was a failure. It is true that he had no gift for making money, but he had a gift for laughter, and for making people love him."



A neighborhood squabble starts when Francie borrows a pair of skates. Officer McShane settles the row. Above in center are (l. to r.) tousle-headed Neeley Nolan (Ted Donaldson), his sister Francie, their Aunt Sissy (Joan Blondell), McShane, Katie Nolan.



Wearing his working clothes, Johnny Nolan leaves for one of his occasional jobs as a singing waiter. Francie swings happily along beside him. Between Francie Nolan and her father, both of whom like to dream of better lives, there is a deep bond of companionship.

LIGHTER MOMENTS with
fresh Eveready Batteries
Dated



"Now does anyone else want to be tucked in before I put out the light!"

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the dough-boy does it!" If you want to bet on a sure thing—buy War Bonds!

IF YOUR DEALER tells you he can't supply you with "Eveready" flashlight batteries—he has the best of reasons. Nearly all the batteries we can make go directly to the Armed Forces and essential war industries. That leaves only a trickle coming through for civilian consumption.

However, we can promise you this: when war ends "Eveready" batteries will be back in force. Yes, and they will be even better batteries than before, improved in every way.



EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (continued)



When Johnny gets drunk Officer McShane (Lloyd Nolan) tells Francie that he will take him home safely. Touched by the courage of Johnny's attractive young wife, McShane begins to take an interest in the Nolans.



The Nolans move upstairs to a cheaper flat. When Johnny comes home, he is upset at the move, realizing it is his fault. Katie, who scrubs floors to earn a little extra money, is the one who watches the family budget.



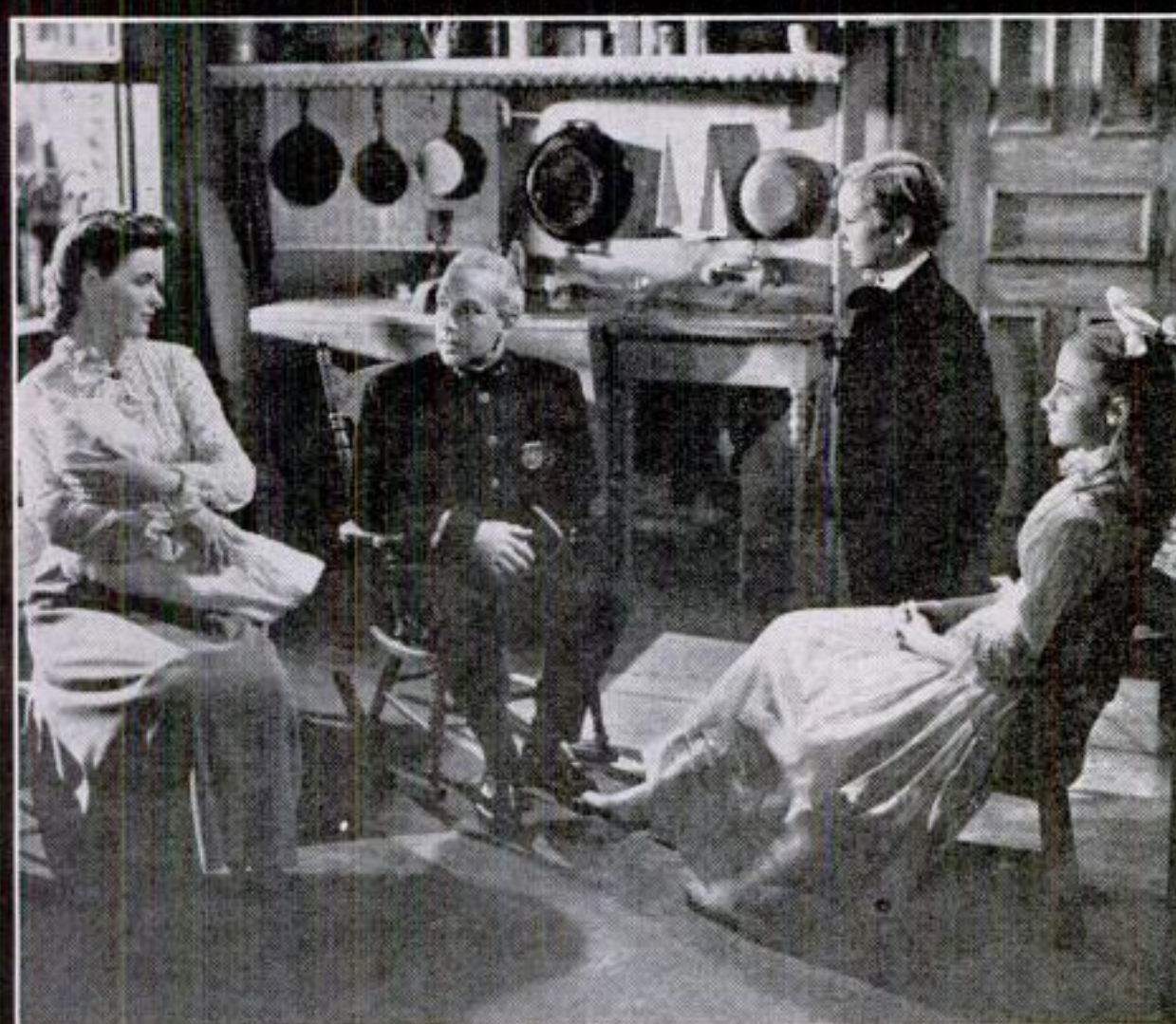
Changing to a school in a better district makes Francie happy. But Katie, who is going to have a baby, feels that Francie should leave school and go to work. Johnny disagrees, goes out to look for steady work as a sand hog.



Death comes when Johnny succumbs to pneumonia caught on job hunt. At the cemetery Katie is astonished at the number of people who mourn his death. Francie is bitter at Katie, feeling she did not appreciate Johnny.



Birth comes after Johnny's death when Francie comes home to find Katie in labor. Katie persuades Francie to read composition about Johnny. As she reads it, Francie realizes that Katie, too, understood and loved Johnny.



Marriage comes when McShane proposes to Katie and is accepted. Francie and Neeley discuss the future. Francie says the baby will "never have the hard times we did." "She'll never have the fun, either," says Neeley.

*Barbasol is first in
war—first in peace*



No Friction!
WHEN YOU GET A BARBASOL FACE

BARBASOL LUBRICATES your shaves! That's one big reason why—at home and overseas—Barbasol is America's favorite shaving cream—favoritism bound to stay with Barbasol in the years of peace to come.

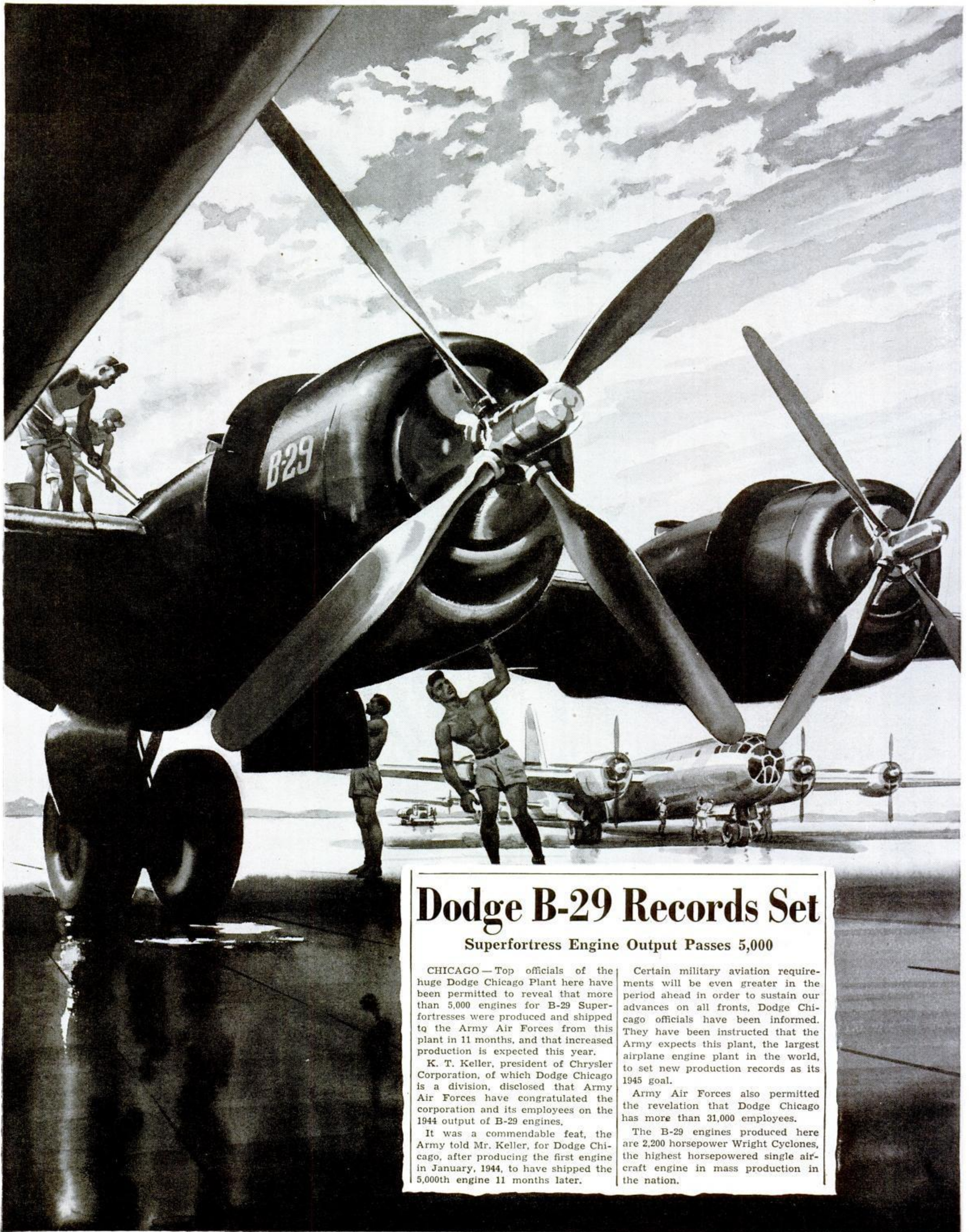
BARBASOL PREVENTS friction between your skin and razor, thanks to those fine ingredients that lubricate your shaves for speed and ease.

SHAVING COMFORT with any kind of

water! Yes, with hot water or cold, hard or soft or salt—you'll be gratified with the greater comfort of a sweeter Barbasol shave.

TRY BARBASOL and get yourself a smoother Barbasol Face. When you do, you'll understand why Barbasol succeeded in changing the shaving methods of the nation. In tubes or jars. Large size, 25¢. Giant size, 50¢. Family size, 75¢.





Dodge B-29 Records Set

Superfortress Engine Output Passes 5,000

CHICAGO—Top officials of the huge Dodge Chicago Plant here have been permitted to reveal that more than 5,000 engines for B-29 Superfortresses were produced and shipped to the Army Air Forces from this plant in 11 months, and that increased production is expected this year.

K. T. Keller, president of Chrysler Corporation, of which Dodge Chicago is a division, disclosed that Army Air Forces have congratulated the corporation and its employees on the 1944 output of B-29 engines.

It was a commendable feat, the Army told Mr. Keller, for Dodge Chicago, after producing the first engine in January, 1944, to have shipped the 5,000th engine 11 months later.

Certain military aviation requirements will be even greater in the period ahead in order to sustain our advances on all fronts, Dodge Chicago officials have been informed. They have been instructed that the Army expects this plant, the largest airplane engine plant in the world, to set new production records as its 1945 goal.

Army Air Forces also permitted the revelation that Dodge Chicago has more than 31,000 employees.

The B-29 engines produced here are 2,200 horsepower Wright Cyclones, the highest horsepower single aircraft engine in mass production in the nation.



PATROL DISEMBARKS from a small British craft into rubber boats in which men paddle to shore

on island of Samos. Here Artist Perlin, who went with patrol, paints the moment of danger and apprehension.

Absolute silence is maintained for fear of shore sentries. The patrol is to destroy German command post.

AEGEAN ACTIONS

LIFE ARTIST PERLIN PAINTS THE WAR IN THE GREEK SEA

Before Greece was liberated, the Aegean Sea was the scene of a lonely, far-scattered war waged against the Germans by little, outnumbered groups of raiders, who struck quickly and faded away before the enemy could strike or see what to strike at. This was the kind of war LIFE Artist-Correspondent Bernard Perlin found when he went to the

Aegean. With the raiders he went on two actions—a patrol on the island of Samos, whose story begins on this page, and a foray on the Greek mainland, whose story begins on page 51.

The unit Perlin joined was the famous Greek Sacred Squadron, which had in its ranks former Greek army officers who operated as part of a Brit-

ish commando force. The raiders call themselves the "Weary Believers," after the refrain of their *Song of the Islands*:

*Send someone to relieve us,
We are weary believers,
Alex, stand by to receive us
When we come staggering through.*

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



BEFORE THE ATTACK patrol rests, weary after night's march. While men eat and sleep, captain learns from friendly islander that Germans have increased defenses around the objective. Attack would be suicidal, so the captain makes new plans on spot.



AFTER THE ATTACK the men celebrate. The patrol had split, one section attacking a fuel dump, another a supply road. Wagonload of food and four prisoners had been captured. Then groups joined, raided Gestapo headquarters, took maps, documents.

THE RAIDERS WERE FEW BUT FIERCE

THE ENEMY LEARNED TO FEAR THEM

by PERCY KNAUTH

Georgis Trillo was a Greek who found his life's profession under the German occupation. He learned to kill. A short, stocky man with brown head and dark, dreamy eyes, he killed Germans as you might hunt squirrels in Connecticut. Georgis did not even have real hatred. He hunted Germans and killed them because they despoiled the land.

I met Georgis when, as *Time* and *LIFE* correspondent, I went on an expedition with the Greek Sacred Squadron, the commando group whose actions Bernard Perlin paints on these pages. In the stealthy war of the Aegean Sea, Georgis had become a famous man. Once he went on to Rhodes when it was held chiefly by Italians. Deep in the night he found the house of a high Italian officer. Next morning the Italian was found dead and the sentries around his house were dead, too.

Georgis went to Rhodes again some time later. This was a private mission. He had heard that his sister was living there with an Italian officer. Georgis found the house. His sister and the Italian died in their beds that night.

By normal standards Georgis was not a bad man. He could not be called a murderer. He fought the war in the Aegean in the only way it could be fought when the Germans and Italians were there—coldly and with death in his hands.

There was another man in the Aegean, a British captain of the Royal Marines. He had a fine black beard that made him look much older than his 22 years. In England there was a girl waiting to marry him. On leave in Cairo he liked to drink and eat good food and spend the evenings in long talk.

In an Aegean harbor once last summer, he and a few of his marines went after German shipping. A little British raiding craft dropped them from its warmth and safety into rubber boats tossing on the dark, stormy sea. They rowed ashore with high explosives between their legs. Then they put on diving suits and went around from ship to ship, on the harbor bottom, fixing explosives to the hulls. Long after they had left, the German ships blew up. The Nazis sent a communiqué back to Berlin about newly arrived British submarines.

That is the kind of thing that brought fear to the Aegean. Since the fall of Greece this had been a German and Italian sea. Then about a year ago it suddenly became alive with terror for the Axis garrisons. Men disappeared, officers were blown up in their beds, roads which had never been mined suddenly exploded beneath the front wheels of cars and supply lorries. Nobody knew what night of the many endless nights beneath the bright, close stars might bring him death. Morale among the Axis troops, who were mostly older men drafted away from their families, dropped below zero.

Raiders with the mark of experts

The Germans knew that this was not the work of ordinary guerrillas. The raids had the mark of experts with first-class equipment. The Axis commanders sent back highly colored reports about large forces of some supercommando outfit, probably operating in preparation for a landing somewhere in Thrace, on the north shore of the Aegean.

These were excuses, but they were closer to the mark than even the Axis commanders realized. In the numbers which they reported, however, they were far off. The truth was that the Aegean Islands, with their garrison of some six German and Italian divisions, were being haunted by a handful of men.

The ghosts of the Aegean came from Africa or from another British base somewhere in the Mediterranean. They were among the most secret troops in the world. Some of them were British, most were Greeks. The British officers and men had served in outfits like the Long Range Desert Group which used to sweep around through the endless North African sands to harry Rommel's long supply lines from the rear. The Greeks were volunteers. Many in the ranks had formerly been officers in their own army.

British and Greek, these men fought in loneliness and danger in an area which, although only a few hours' flight removed from the hotspots of Cairo, was as remote as the moon. Rarely were there more than a dozen pitted against the entire garrison of some Aegean island. Mills bomb and high explosive, rifle and sheath knife were their chief weapons. Sometimes they were weeks away from base. Frequently they came back and found they had been reported missing because they were so long overdue.

When the Germans fled Greece in the fall of 1944, they left some 23,000 men on the Aegean Islands frightened and helpless. These garrisons still do not know that they have been terrorized and subdued by a small company of men whose numbers were merely a fraction of their own but who, like Georgis Trillo, felt that their duty was to hunt and kill invaders who despoiled the land.



the men
are

AFTER AMBUSH injured captain and a British officer crouch in a cave while Perlin destroys papers. Captain had fallen, dislocating arm. Germans search for them, firing
tossing grenades as they pass. Men spent 28 hours in cave before daring to move.

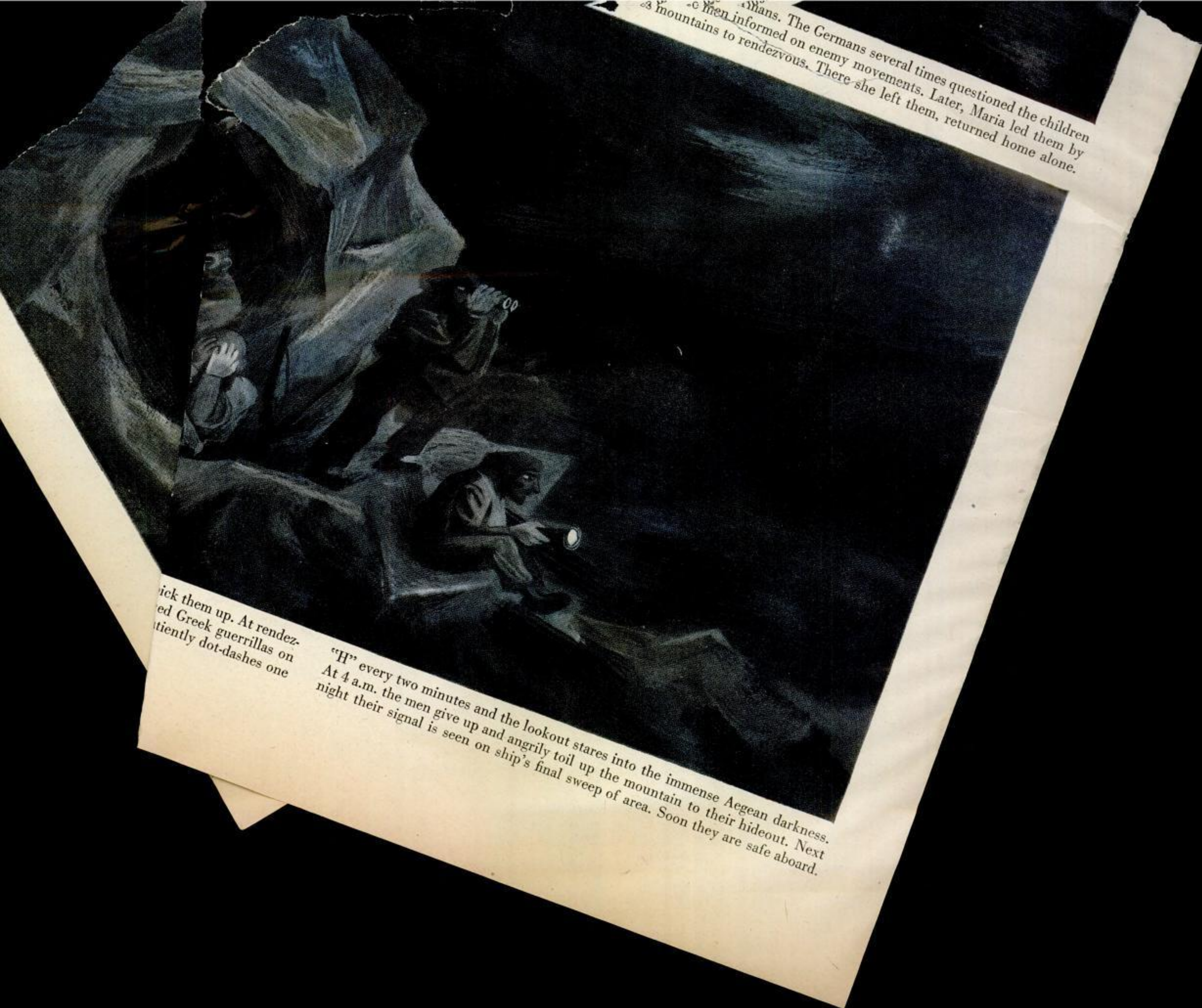


IN MARIA'S HOUSE three men find haven after their escape from the cave. Captain asks 13-year-old Maria to let them in while other two cover him with their guns. Orphaned Maria, with her young brother, sister and cats, cared for them, hid

them from the
who kept the
night across

8P 44
GERMAN AMBUSH surprises the patrol the next day. Outnumbered, they take to the woods with bullets smacking into bare stony hills behind them. None wounded or captured. Prisoners, primed with misinformation, are allowed to escape.

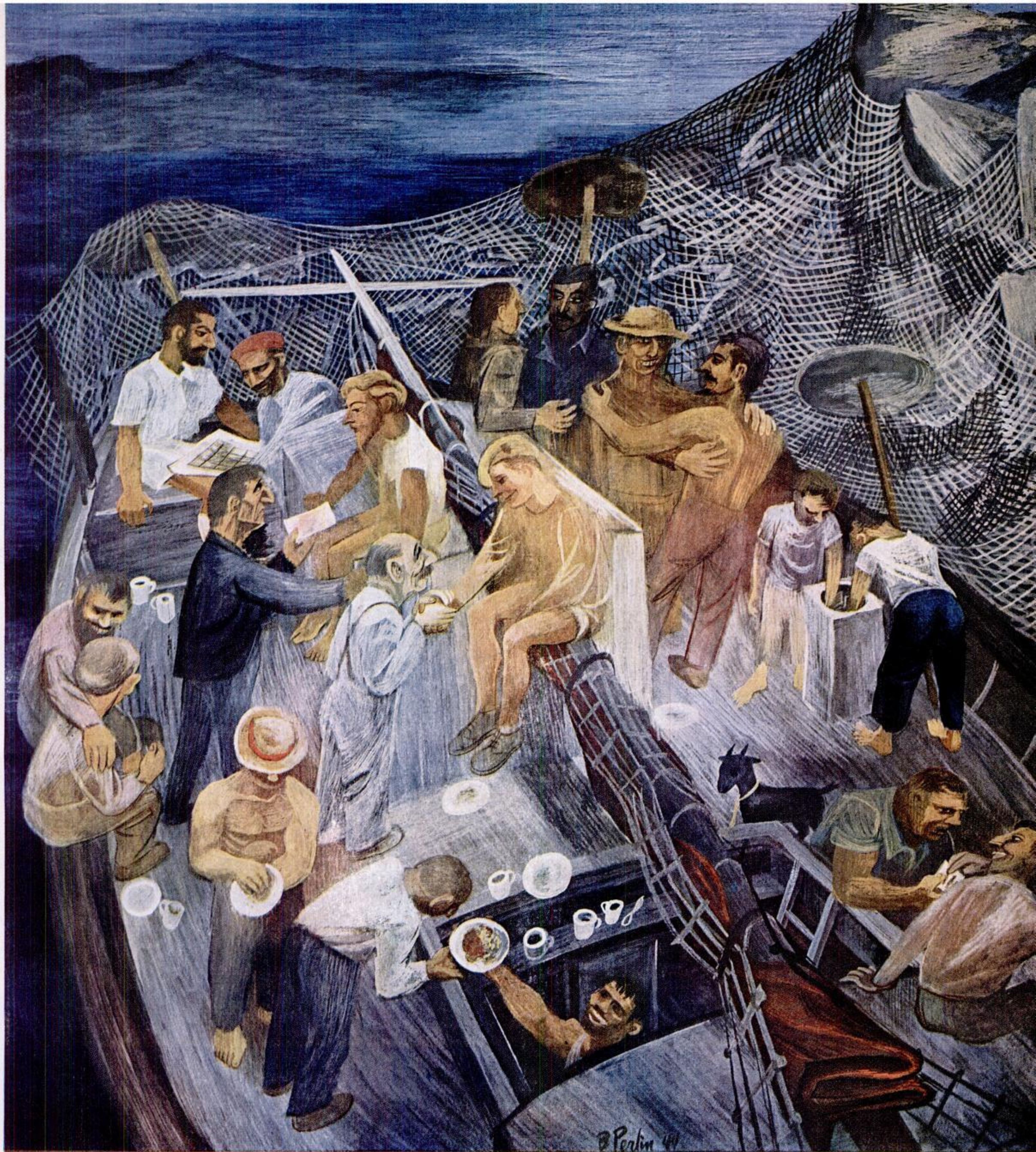




...mans. The Germans several times questioned the children
...men informed on enemy movements. Later, Maria led them by
...mountains to rendezvous. There she left them, returned home alone.

...ick them up. At rendez-
...ed Greek guerrillas on
...tiently dot-dashes one

"H" every two minutes and the lookout stares into the immense Aegean darkness.
At 4 a.m. the men give up and angrily toil up the mountain to their hideout. Next
night their signal is seen on ship's final sweep of area. Soon they are safe aboard.



IN A GREEK HARBOR ship was hidden under camouflage netting while its passengers played host to

Greeks who had not seen anyone from outside world for more than three years. Men drank coffee, chatted

happily while boys dipped into cans of biscuits. From here ELAS caique took the patrol farther up the coast.

ARTIST MADE MISSION TO GREEK MAINLAND

In the paintings on this and the following pages Artist Perlin records a reconnaissance mission into Greece made in July of last summer before the country was liberated. He sailed from a secret base somewhere in the Aegean Sea in a small ship which headed west toward Greece. She was deep-laden and looked like an ordinary Greek fighting caique. But there were important differences.

Her engine was not the usual one-lung put-put diesel but a powerful, gasoline marine engine. Her mast was collapsible so that she could lie under camouflage. Forward she had a German antitank gun, and anti-aircraft machine guns were mounted amidships and in the stern.

Aboard her were 12 men of Britain's Raiding Forces, as the commandos of the Aegean were

known, among them one British officer and a small contingent of Royal Marines and British infantry. They were to spend some 15 days on the Greek mainland, contact ELAS guerrilla forces and find out if they were prepared to fight with regular Greek troops and British forces against the Germans. These paintings show what life was like in Greece when it was under German occupation.

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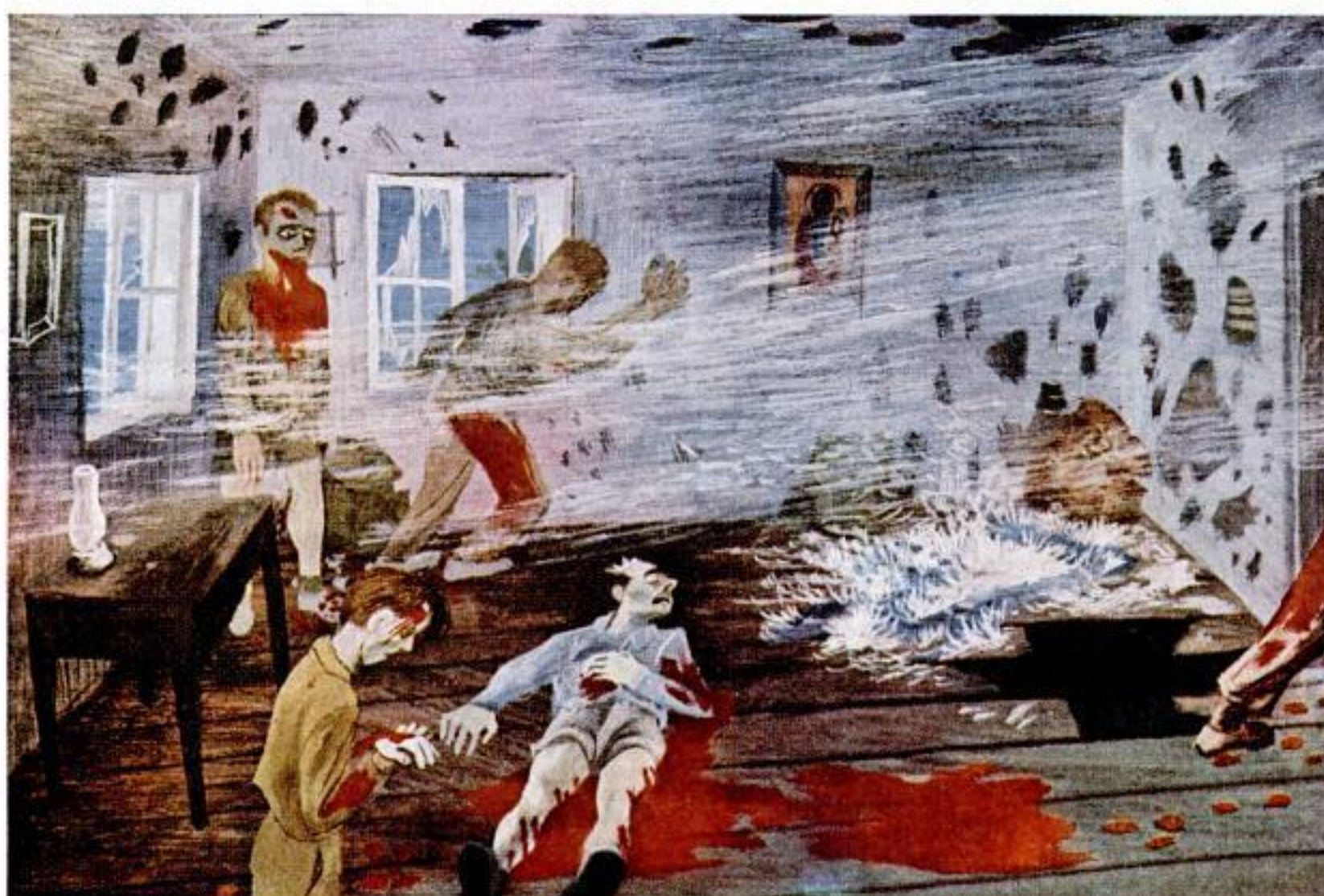
PERLIN IN GREECE CONTINUED



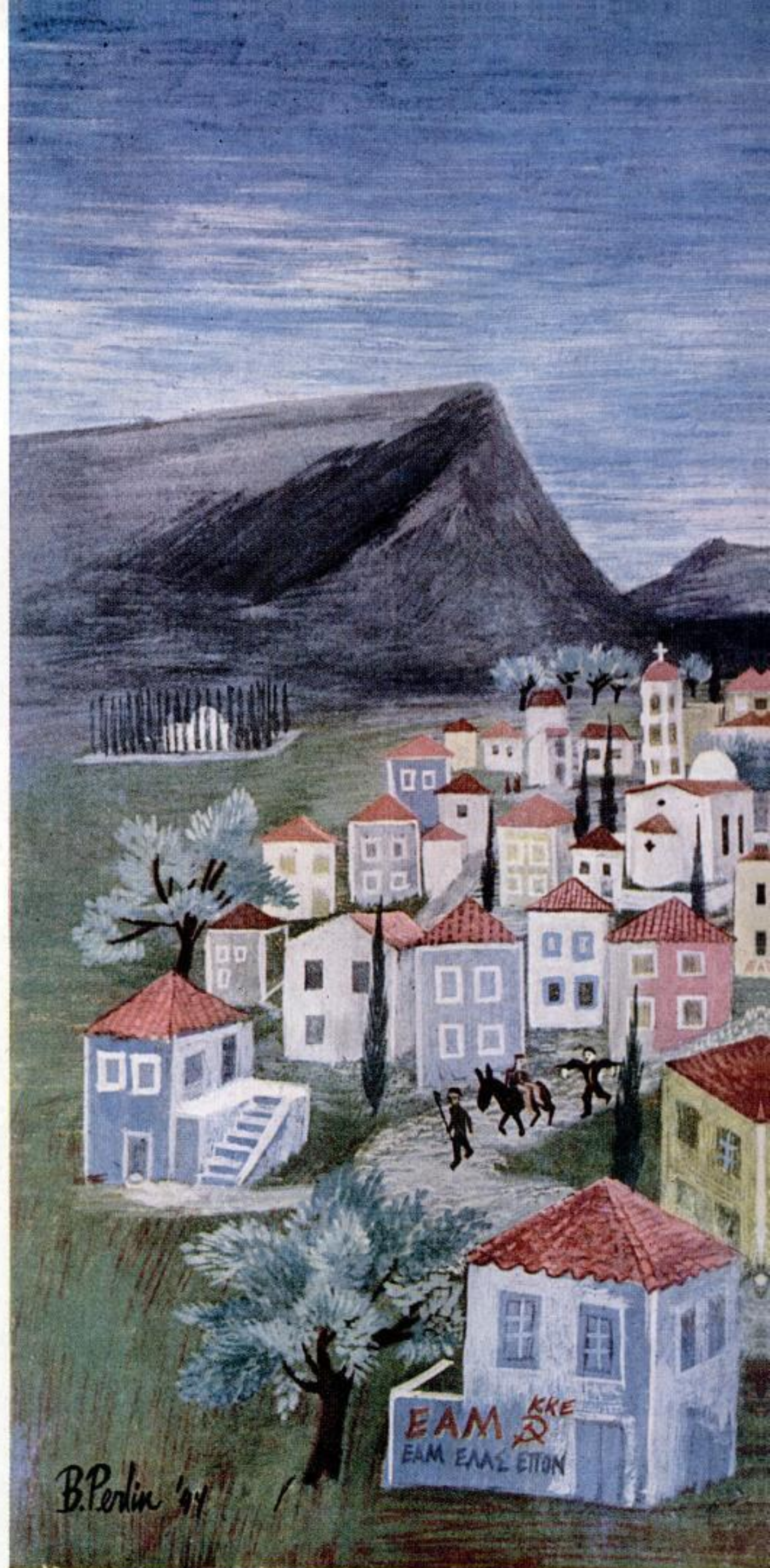
IN MULE CARTS which were gaily painted and tasseled, the men traveled across the plain from the landing place on the coast. Crowds of small boys followed them from village to village, shouting, "The English army is back!" Says Perlin, "To them we were liberators—all 13 of us."



MULEBACK TREK across the mountains was a long, painful ride. They jolted in wooden saddles while partisans walked. After five wearisome hours they reached another village where they were quartered and well fed by the ELAS leaders. The next day the journey continued.



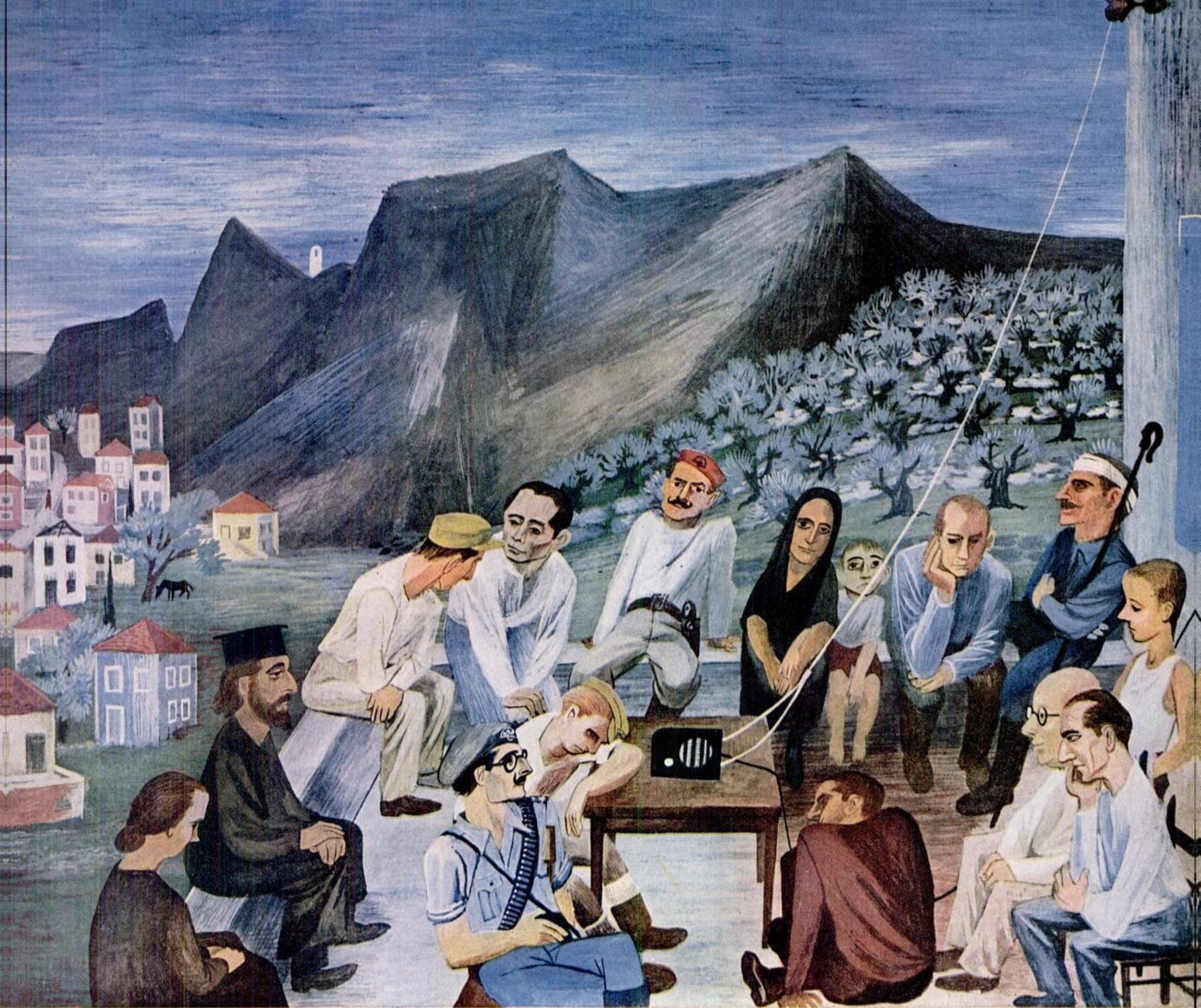
EXPLOSION suddenly shattered silence of the village. At first the men thought that German patrol reported in vicinity had surprised them. Hearing no sounds of fighting, they investigated, found a grenade had blown up in a billet. One man, trying to save others, was seriously wounded.



LISTENING TO THE RADIO was a daily ritual in this village as in all others throughout Greece. Here the people have tuned in the BBC 7 p. m. news on a set taken from a captured Nazi truck. A partisan officer sits in the



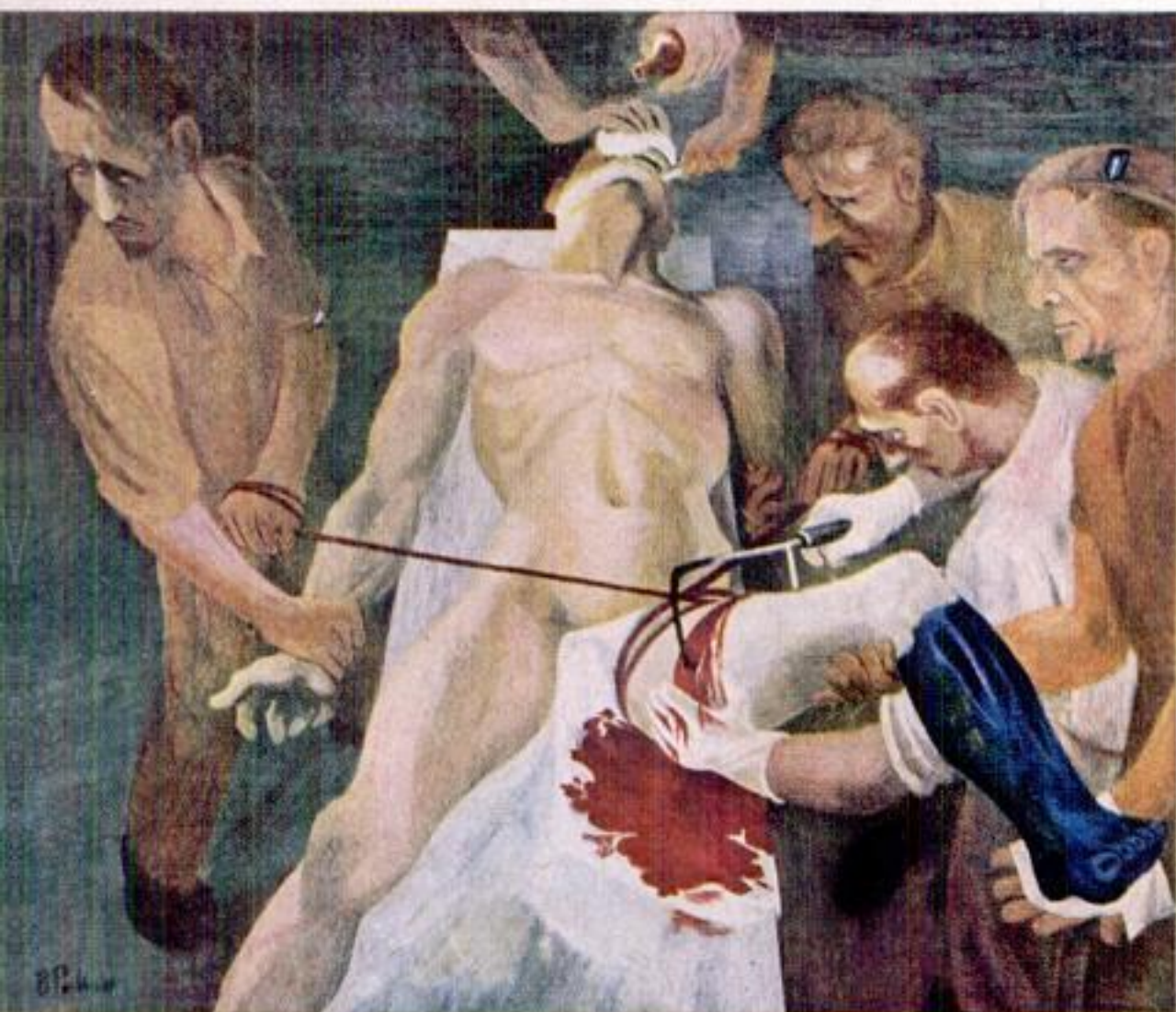
EVACUATION of village was necessary because patrol was in no shape to fight. Grenade had showered room with steel, wounding several men and mangle foot of British marine. He was carried back across mountains to harbor.



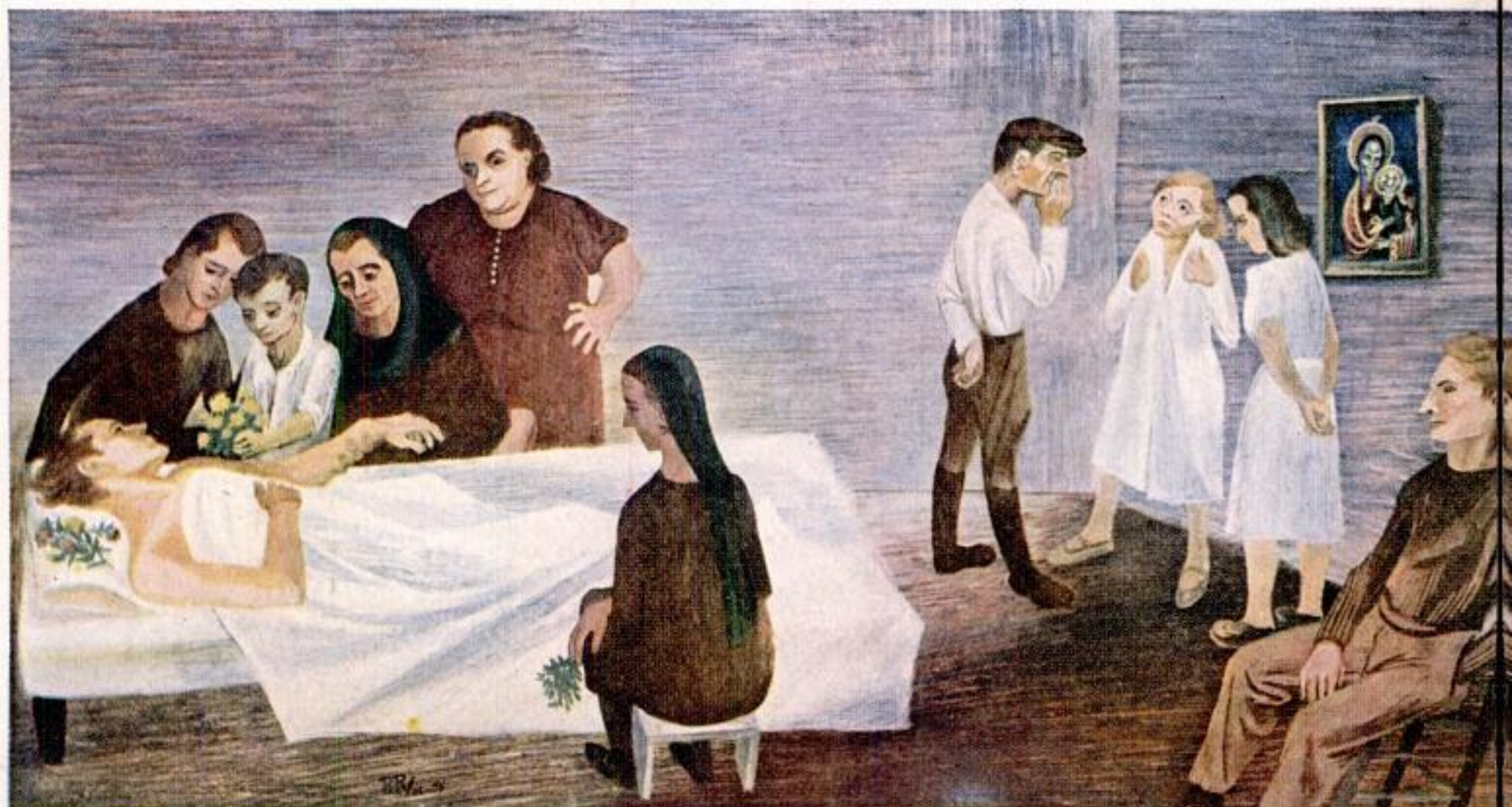
foreground, a young reservist behind him at the table. A priest is there wearing a high black hat. The others are wounded partisans, mothers and children. Although this

is EAM-ELAS village, people listened tolerantly to royalist-hued broadcasts from London or Cairo. Everyone listened to the news and all of the villagers were very

well informed on world events. An EAM weekly summed up the radio news. Some of the buildings in this village bear EAM slogans, others the scars of German torches.



IN HOSPITAL in a seaside town wounded marine's gangrenous leg is taken off. Writes Perlin, "The stink of decayed flesh, thick blood, ether mixed with the heat and the fury of the sawing. . ."



HOPE HAD BEEN ABANDONED for the marine, but after the operation he grew stronger. Only his leg did not heal. To allow drainage no skin flap was drawn over the stump. He lay in hospital where Greek women kept 24-hour watch over him, brought him flowers. Later he was taken to Turkey, then home.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



TWO GERMAN PRISONERS were marched through the streets of the town to the triumphant jeers of the people. They had been captured by the partisans. They were not tied but their shoes had been removed so they could not run. One was

a tall, blond youth who had been drafted into Wehrmacht from a farm. He tried hard to be friendly, to win the confidence of the people. The other, an ex-schoolmaster, was arrogant and unbending. Both were shot later in reprisal for German atrocities.



AFTER LONG WEEKS patrol gave up hope of being picked up by a British ship, prepared to evacuate themselves. In a small boat a few of them planned to sail across Mediterranean to Africa with wounded marine, then return for the others.

The day they were to start on this hazardous journey a small British ship appeared in the harbor just after dawn. That evening after sundown the patrol went aboard while townspeople waved goodbye. To men, the safety of the ship seemed incredible.

Let's give sober thought to the tires we have on our cars today

This is straight talk about *your car* and your tires!

You need your car and your nation needs it... *more than ever!*

Three years ago we sent you a message through the newspapers and magazines of this country with this headline, "Supposing we all laid up our cars for the duration of the war".

The whole nation responded with the overwhelming answer that such a national catastrophe must not happen. Today, with our Armies moving ahead on every battlefield, it is much more important than ever before to keep our war cars rolling.

You need every mile in your tires and your nation needs them... *more than ever!*

No one can promise when you'll get new tires. You know why. They are needed in Europe and in the Pacific. And you wouldn't want it any other way.

Let's give sober thought to the tires we have on our cars today.

Remember the Tire Conservation Program that this company gave the car owners of America in 1942.

Tire Conservation is more important than ever to you today.

If every car owner cuts his mileage in half—he doubles the life of his tires.

Make precious every tire mile.

Guard your tires to every last mile of their tire life.

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN KEEP YOUR CAR ROLLING!

1. Drive to your nearest tire dealer today and have him check over each of your tires including the spare for cuts, bruises or other signs of failure.

2. Ask him to give you an estimate on how much mileage you can reasonably expect from the present treads and whether it will be possible to recap when the tread wears smooth.

3. Do some actual pencil and paper figuring to see how long that mileage will last you. No one knows when the

war will end, but if no new tires could be purchased, do you honestly think your present tires will pull you through at your present driving rate?

4. Cut down your driving to absolute essentials. Apply the same rule to anyone else who drives your car. When your car is in the garage you save rubber and gasoline. Our fighting men need both.

5. Keep speeds down—under 35 miles

an hour and avoid curbs, holes and ruts.

6. Keep air pressure up to 32 pounds all around—including the spare. Check air pressure every week whether you use the car or not.

7. Recap in time—see your tire dealer as soon as your tires wear smooth—don't wait till the fabric shows through.

8. Always remember—your car is a war car now!

SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE



Listen to "Science Looks Forward"—new series of talks by the great scientists of America—on the Philharmonic-Symphony program. CBS network, Sunday afternoon 3:00 to 4:30 E.W.T.

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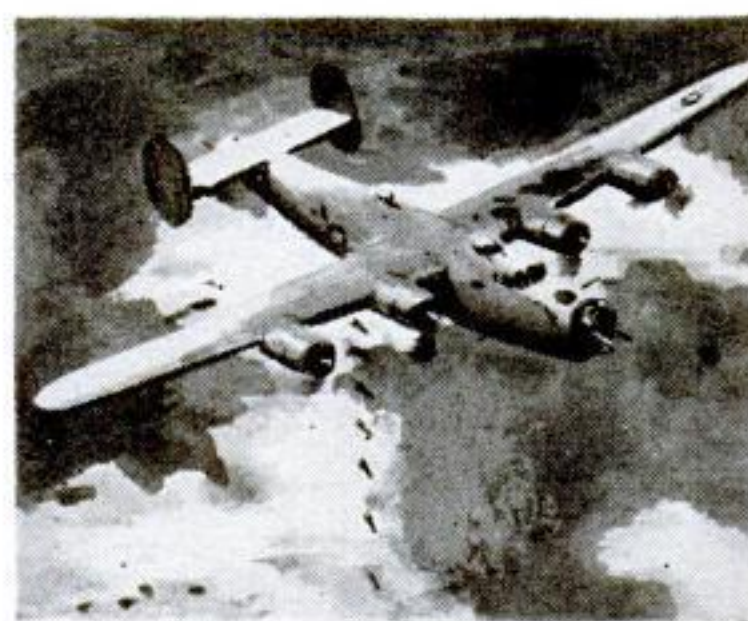
...and then a Black Cat crossed



1. AN UNLUCKY TRIO of Jap warships, lurking off the Philippines, was sighted by a Navy "Black Cat"—a Consolidated Vultee Catalina bomber on night patrol. The "Cat" sank all three, adding still more victims to the impressive toll of enemy ships chalked up—from the Aleutians to the Solomons, from Greenland to Madagascar—by our ever-vigilant Navy air fleet.

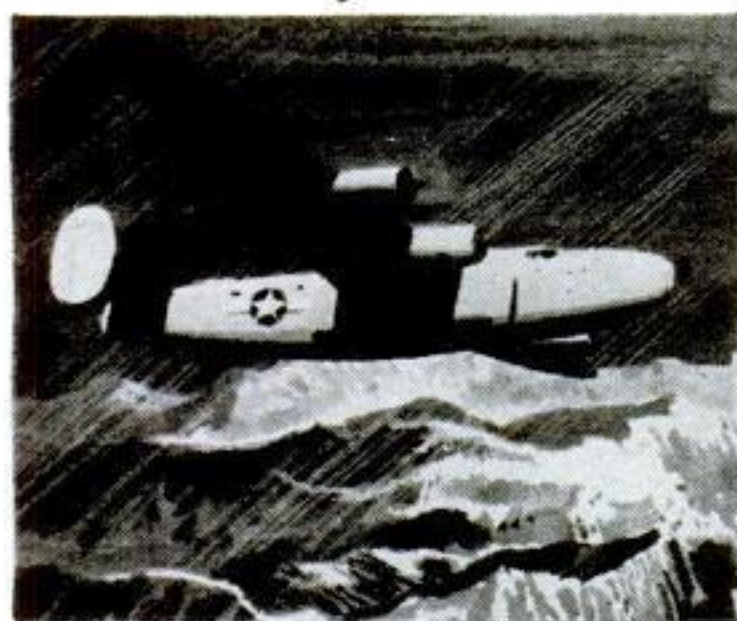


2. NOT ALL Catalinas are known as "Black Cats." "DUMBO" is the Navy's pet name for the gallant Catalinas which have rescued over 1000 U. S. airmen who have bailed out over water. The versatile "Cat," probably the Navy's best-loved plane, has also turned in a magnificent record as an aerial transport, anti-submarine and glide bomber, and even as a fighter!



LIBERATOR . . . 4-engine bomber

The giant Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber, with over 3000 miles flying range, tremendous firepower, speed, and multi-ton bomb load, has been blasting the Axis with devastating effect from Berlin to the South Pacific.



LIBERATOR EXPRESS...4-engine transport

This cargo-passenger version of the famed Liberator bomber can carry many tons of military equipment for thousands of miles, nonstop. It is daily shuttling personnel and supplies across both the Atlantic and the Pacific.



SENTINEL . . . "Flying Jeep"

The Consolidated Vultee "Flying Jeep" is a glowing example of how a peacetime plane went to war. Modified to perform a hundred-and-one combat tasks, it has proven to be one of the AAF's most versatile light planes.

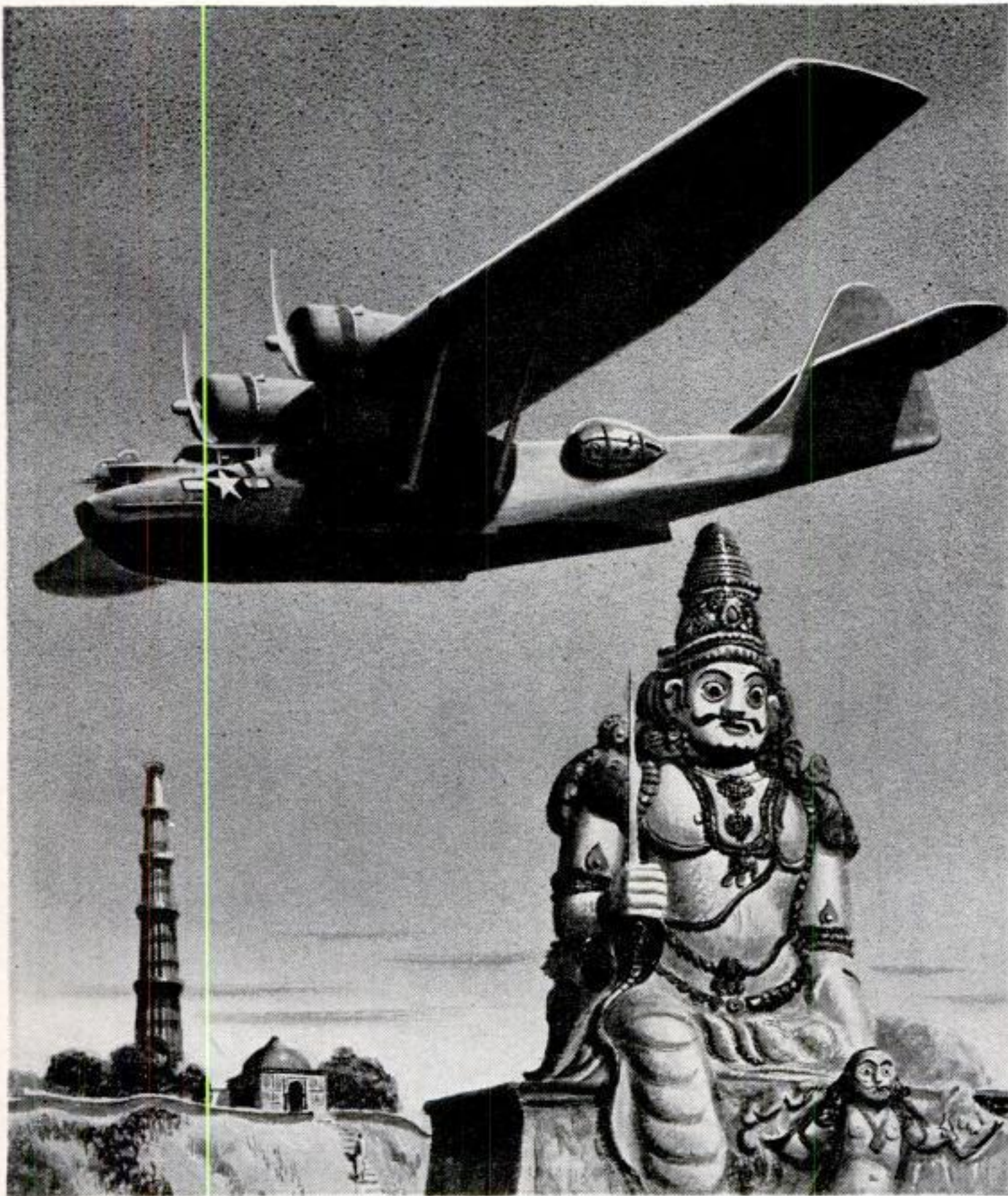


PRIVATEER . . . 4-engine patrol bomber

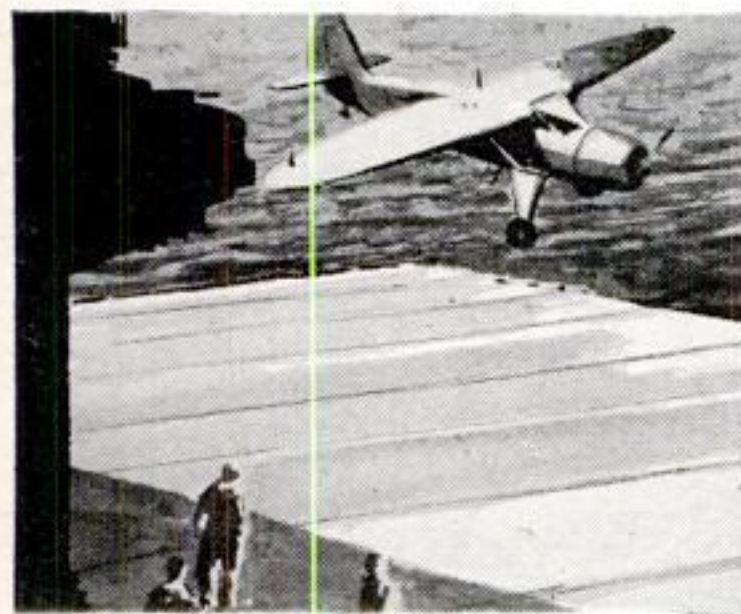
The new Privateer, huge land-based Navy patrol bomber now in action, has a flight range of well over 3000 miles, is used for search, photographic, and anti-submarine patrols, as well as long-range bombing missions.

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

their path

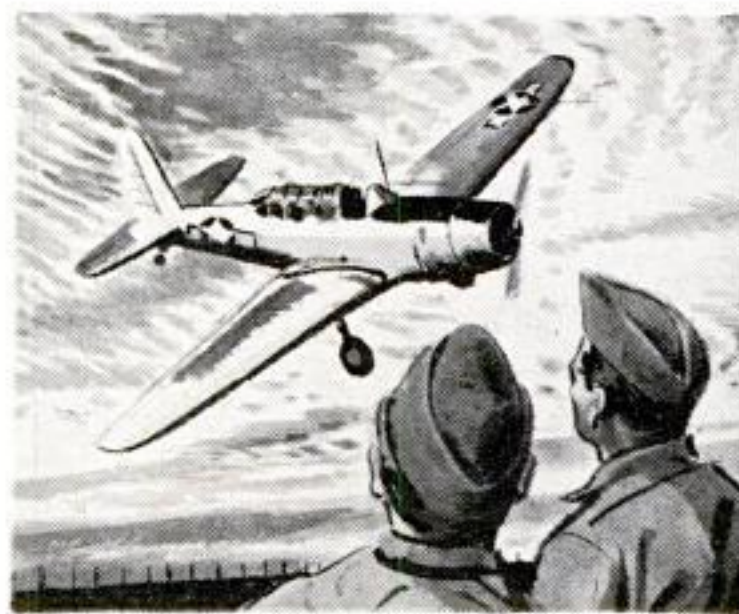


3. CATALINAS now fly the world's longest nonstop air route—3,563 miles—from Australia to northwest India. As a designer and builder of long-range flying boats, and land-based planes like the Liberator, Consolidated Vultee eagerly awaits the day when it can turn its resources to the task of helping to build and maintain America's air supremacy in peace, as in war.



RELIANT . . . navigational trainer

A favorite plane of many private flyers in peacetime, the wartime version of the Reliant is now widely used, especially by Royal Navy pilots, for all-important instrument-flight instruction and navigational training.



VALIANT . . . basic trainer

The Valiant is a swift, rugged two-place basic trainer, in which practically all of the Army and Navy pilots in this war received their basic training. This dependable trainer has a service ceiling of 21,000 feet.

(All the planes shown here were designed and built by Consolidated Vultee)

CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif.
Vultee Field, Calif.
Fairfield, Calif.

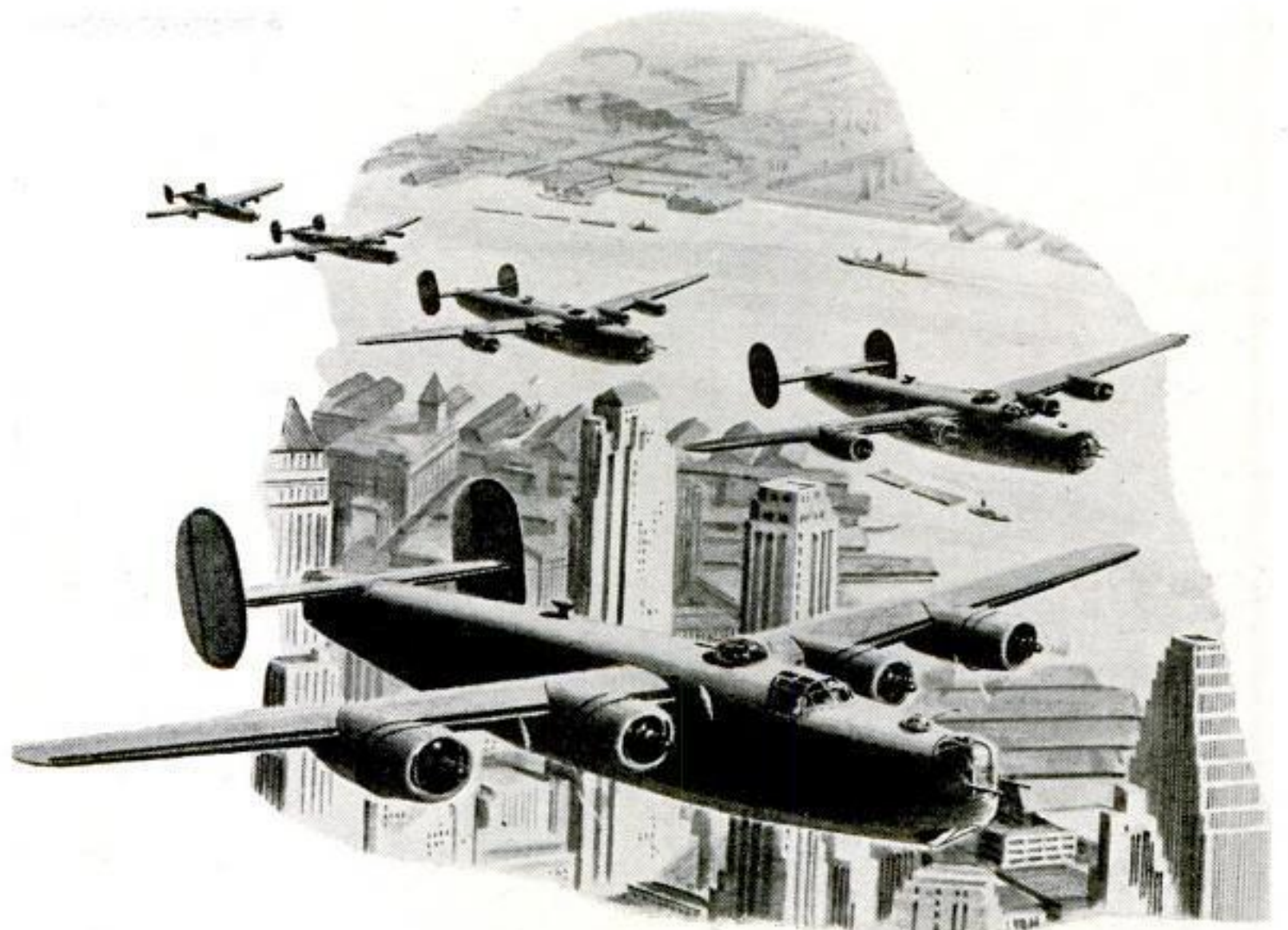
Miami, Fla.

Tucson, Ariz.
Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La.

Nashville, Tenn.
Louisville, Ky.
Wayne, Mich.

Dearborn, Mich.
Allentown, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council



4. LESSON FOR AMERICA—The airplane, as a destructive force, is a hideous weapon. But when peace returns, the plane can be a mighty force for winning world respect and friendship

More and more, America is becoming convinced that the best, and perhaps the cheapest, insurance for a continuing peace is (1) a strong American postwar Air Force, (2) a healthy, progressive American Aircraft Industry, (3) the development of personal flying, and (4) American leadership in global air transport.



No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

Don't miss it!

The screen version of Moss Hart's great stage hit—presented by 20th Century-Fox, in association with the United States Army Air Forces. "Winged Victory" is the name given by the heroes in the film to the Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber used in the picture.

MOSS HART'S Winged Victory

PRODUCED BY DARRYL F. ZANUCK . . . DIRECTED BY GEORGE CUKOR





*"I'll bet my family's wackier than yours!
(But I wouldn't trade)"*



"HERE'S MOM—an old darling! SHE looks a lot better than this, too. But Mom still doesn't think the bank can balance *her* accounts, and she *still* buys house dresses the way she bought them 20 years ago. So hers still shrink—and out the window goes their style! I'm working on her, though—and she'll buy dresses with 'Sanforized' labels yet, or my name isn't 'Nancy'!



"NOW TAKE DAD. He's My Dream Man, but he's kind of peculiar, too. Still thinks it's sissy to wear a wrist watch. But my biggest headache with Dad is *shirts*. He just buys 'shirts.' Result: collars shrink up . . . buttons strain . . . shoulders bust out. I'm giving him 'Sanforized' shirts for his birthday, and that *perfect, permanent* fit'll open his eyes!



"YOUNG BUD—he's at that awful age when he **KNOWS ALL.** He's tone-deaf—but considers himself a red-hot zinger on the horn. And he *will* buy slacks which come from their first washing looking like this! Of course, 'Sanforized' would have held all their original good looks and fit.



"NOW ME—I'M not wacky! I'm the artist of the family. (Ahem!) See these sketches? This wash dress has been washed half a dozen times! But that little ole 'Sanforized' label keeps it thus, original style and all. You wouldn't catch Nancy buying *any* washables without 'Sanforized' labels, either! Sound smug, don't I? But it's so *easy* to keep washables **BOTH** stylish *and* comfortable. I'll bring my wacky, ever-lovin' family around to 'Sanforized' yet!"

•SANFORIZED•
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Fabric Shrinkage less than 1% by the Government's Standard Test

"Sanforized": Checked standard of the trade-mark owner. The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage

are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

*To keep on looking smart
—it's got to keep on FITTING!*



MRS. EATON CALLS THIS GOWN, MODELED BY MARCELLA PATRICK, "BLACK TULIP." MADE OF BLACK RAYON CHIFFON WITH BLACK LACE BOSOM, IT IS BACKLESS. COST: \$69.95

FURLOUGH NIGHTGOWNS

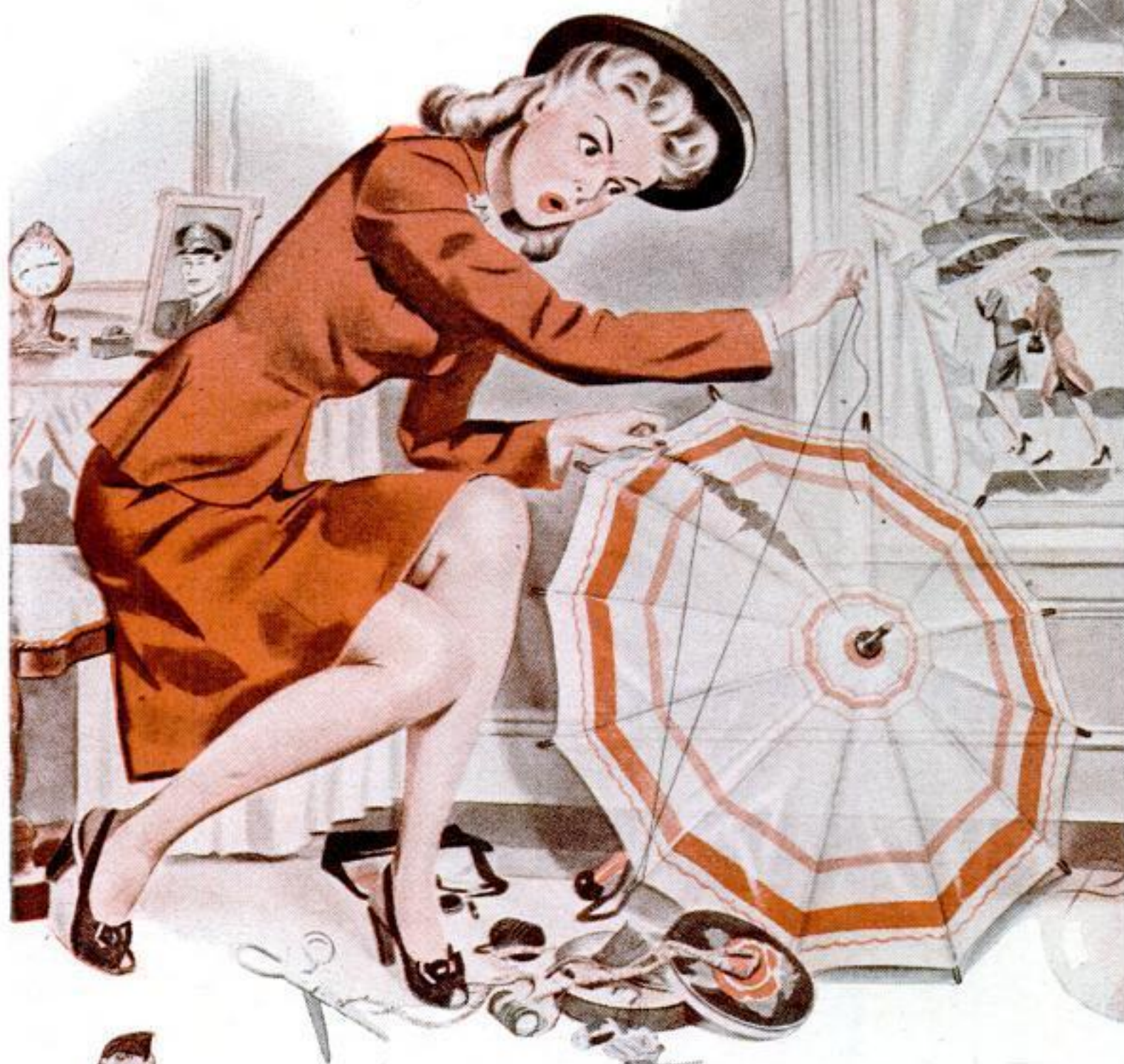
During the long, lonely hours spent in a foxhole or on the decks of an aircraft carrier, men dream of many things—of blue skies at home, or smiles and coffee cups, the voice of a child, and of women. When they dream of a woman, they dream not of one encumbered by woolens and furs but of a girl like the one above.

Evora Bonét Eaton is the wife of a yeoman in the U. S. Navy. To wear on her husband's furloughs she used to make ingeniously designed nightgowns. Last fall she decided to go into the lingerie business, began making gowns

for Bonwit Teller in Philadelphia. Army and Navy officers snapped them up—negligees \$79.95 to \$165, nightgowns \$35 to \$95. Mrs. Eaton worked harder and harder, officers on furlough bought more and more. A fortnight ago, however, Bonwit's was informed that its furlough nightgowns might be violating government order L-116: they may use too much material. It withdrew the gowns from sale, regretfully told disappointed soldiers and sailors on furlough that they may have to get along without what Mrs. Eaton calls her "Boudoir Conversation Pieces."

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

Sure, I could do it better with
"Scotch" Tape!



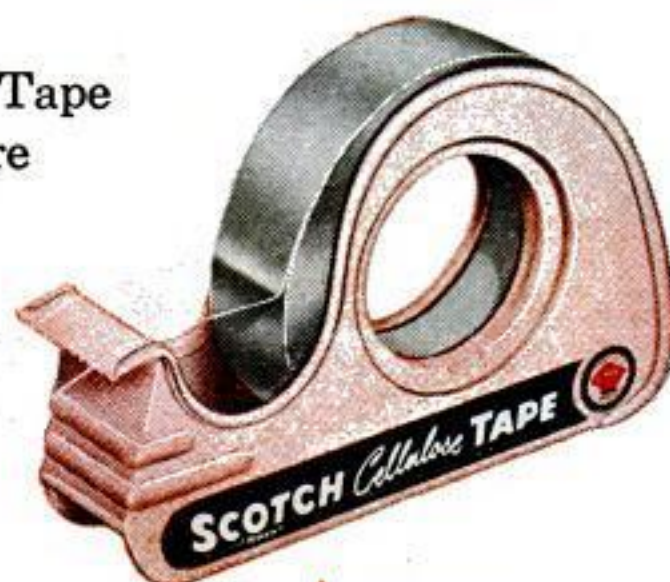
... but right now—our home-front patching jobs must wait. "Scotch" Brand Tapes have more important work...like sealing blood plasma cartons.



Umbrellas to mend (and shower curtains, too) . . . packages to seal (and decorate) . . . snapshots (or Kodachrome slides) to mount . . . how long is *your* list of "Scotch" Tape jobs waiting to be done?

Well, your fighting man has a "Scotch" Tape list, too...twice as long and plenty more important. And as long as *he* needs "Scotch" Tape he gets *all* he needs.

So save up all the "Scotch" Tape chores on *your* list . . . after the war is over you'll be doing them the *easy* way again . . . with a "Scotch" Cellulose Tape that's better and more useful than ever!



FOR ↑ QUALITY... look for the "SCOTCH" trademark.

It identifies the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U. S. A. by Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., Saint Paul 6, Minnesota.

SCOTCH Cellulose **TAPE**
 BRAND

© 1945 M. M. & M. CO.

Furlough Nightgowns (continued)



Pink panel down the front is revealed when Marcella Patrick stands up in the nightgown shown on page 59. Every one of the black chiffon nightgowns was sold to a man.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



Of all the De Soto cars ever built, 7 out of 10 are still running

HOWARD SCOTT

A lot of snow has fallen since Dad and Sonny first shoveled this faithful De Soto out of the garage. And much more since the day... 17 years ago... when we first set out to build cars. Through the years we developed the famous De Soto floating power, fluid drive, superfinished parts,

safety-steel bodies. Today, De Soto ruggedness is going into bomber sections, airplane wings, guns, and other war goods. But look forward to the time when we'll again be making De Soto cars for you... cars designed to endure.

DE SOTO DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tune in on Major Bowes, Thursdays, 9:00 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern War Time.

BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

DeSoto

DESIGNED TO ENDURE

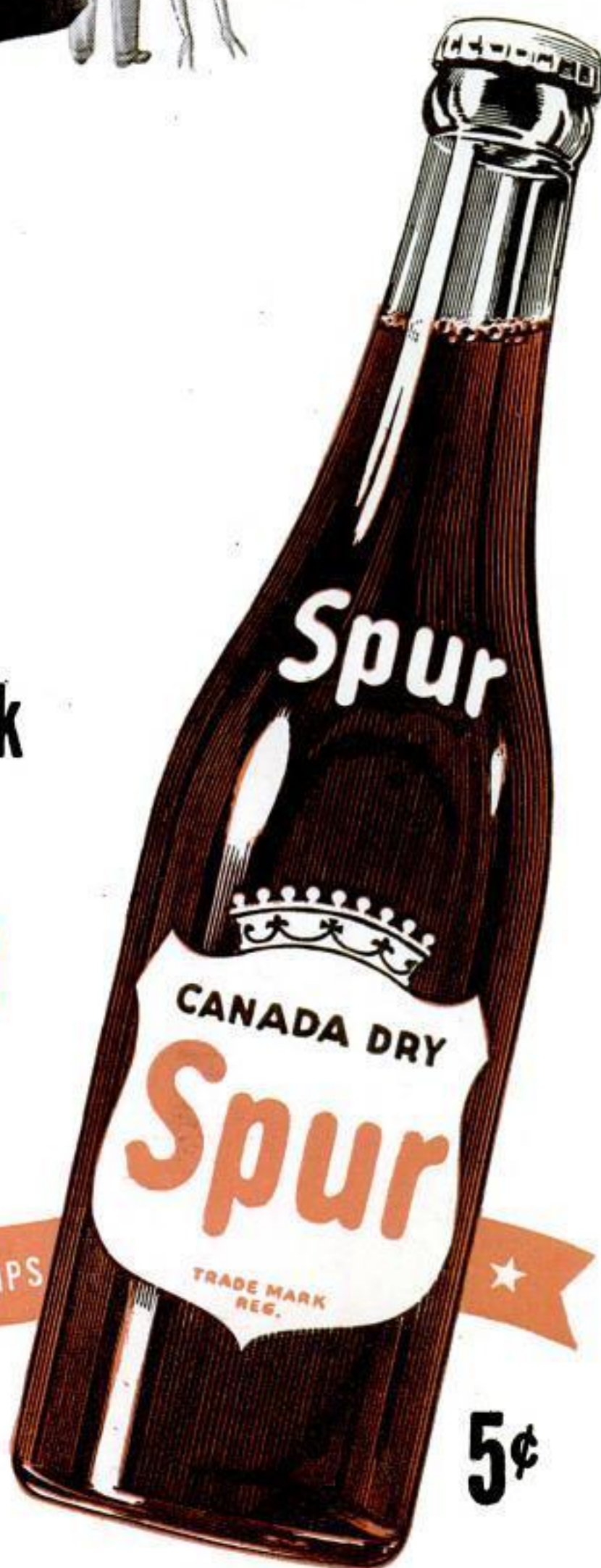


Head of the
COLA CLASS
every time!



The **Cola** drink
with
CANADA DRY
quality

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



5¢

Bottled and Distributed by Licensees
of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.,
New York, N. Y.

Furlough Nightgowns (continued)



"Harem gown" of pink rayon chiffon has a black lace midriff. Sales of sheer nightgowns and negligees in the nation's stores reached all-time peak at Christmastime.



TOGETHER AGAIN!

Horowitz AND Toscanini

... in a magnificent recording of Brahms' Second Piano Concerto ... equalling even their history-making Tchaikovsky performance!

At Carnegie Hall ... one of the world's most critical musical audiences actually stood up and cheered when they heard Vladimir Horowitz play Brahms' Second Piano Concerto, with Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra. A few days later, it was recorded exclusively by Victor, for you to enjoy in your own home.

If you are one of the thousands who has thrilled to the sensational Horowitz-Toscanini recording of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto ... you will agree that here is an even greater performance!

Your heart will open to Brahms' lovely melodies; the whole concerto sings with them! You will be thrilled by its mighty moods of storm, fire and passionate energy ... by its contrasts of shadowed brooding, serene tranquility and light-hearted grace.

Your Victor dealer now has a limited supply of these magnificent albums. Reserve *yours* today!

Ask for Victor Album M/DM 740.
List price, exclusive of tax, \$6.50.

Listen to *The Music America Loves Best*,
Sundays, 4:30 p.m.,
EWT, NBC Network
Buy More War Bonds



THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON



VICTOR

RED SEAL RECORDS



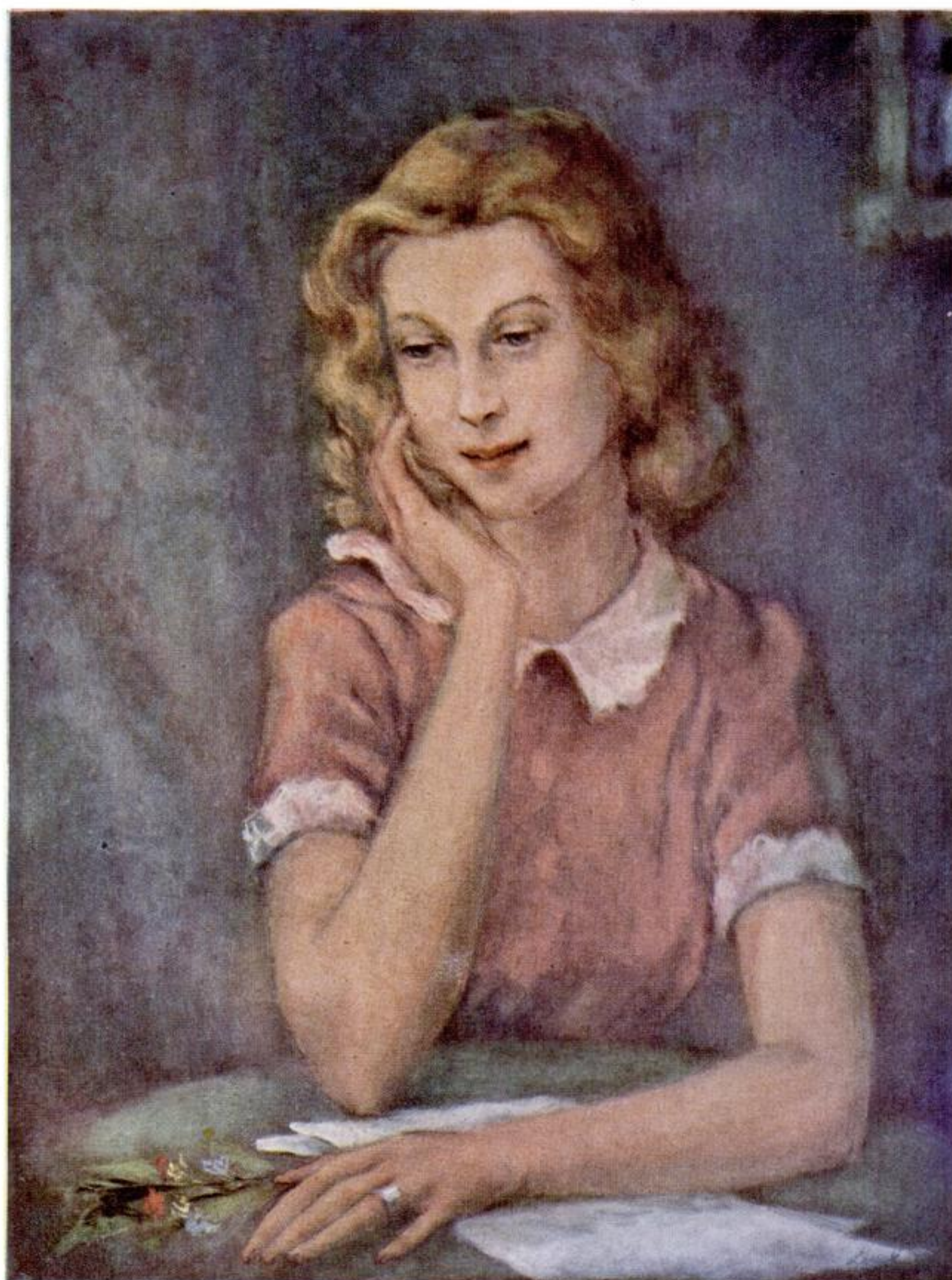
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA, RCA VICTOR DIVISION, CAMDEN, N. J.

Heart to Heart It is the ring upon her finger
 whispering the language of the heart that brings her parted
 loved one near—in mirrored memories of moments past—in
 dancing dreams of days soon to be.

ONE-QUARTER CARAT		\$85 to \$150
ONE-HALF CARAT		\$190 to \$375
ONE CARAT		\$540 to \$835
TWO CARATS		\$1375 to \$2300

Facts About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds. Add 20% for federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds—a key priority for high-speed war production—come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Thus, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.



"LOUISE," PAINTED BY PETER LAUCK FOR THE DE BEERS COLLECTION

And always after, the engagement diamond, precious liaison
 of love-across-the-miles, will be especially cherished in their
 faith's fulfilment. In its enchanted fire they'll ever see new
 hopes and goals along the way they go together.

DE BEERS CONSOLIDATED MINES, LIMITED, AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES



SHIELING'S SIGNATURE GAZES HAPPILY ON HIS NEWLY WON 20-IN. HIGH CUP. HAND BELONGS TO HIS OWNER, T. H. SNETHEN OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHO HANDLED HIM IN THE RING



Doberman, Champion Dictator von Glenhugel, was a sentimental favorite, got up to the finals before being beaten

by Alex. He had been bought through the mail three years ago by a Marine officer as a Christmas present for his wife.

SCOTTIE IS BEST DOG IN THE U.S.

"Alex" wins Westminster Show

Last week Madison Square Garden in New York City literally howled with dogs. More than 2,500 of them, from dachshunds to barkless Basenjis, jammed into the Garden to compete in the 69th annual Westminster Dog Show. After two days of posing dogs, looking at their teeth and feeling their chests, the judges finally picked a short-coupled, bushy-browed Scottie named Shieling's Signature as the best of them all.

Nicknamed "Alex," he will be 3 years old next May 19 and is the first of his breed to win the coveted Westminster Best in Show Award since 1911 when it was won by a Scottie named Champion Tickle Em Jock. Alex won because of his broad, deep chest, his magnificent head and his harsh, weather-resistant coat, important points in a Scottie.

Another reason was Alex's showmanship. He demonstrated that, contrary to a common conception that they are dour animals, Scotties can be very happy dogs. Only two days before Alex had lost in the Scottish Terrier Show and his Westminster victory was a surprise. His personality made the difference this time. Said a judge, "He kept asking for it every minute."

PIPE TYPES ... By T. W. E. B.



THE PHILOSOPHER. Never seen without a corn cob between his teeth. Listens to your opinion on any subject except pipe tobacco. Can't see why *every* pipe smoker doesn't

smoke Briggs. Has his reasons too: Briggs is aged in oaken casks for YEARS—*extra-aged* for extra flavor, for mild, good mellowness. Try Briggs—*yourself*!



A LUXURY
TOBACCO AT A
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BRIGGS
CASK-MELLOWED
*Extra Long for
Extra Flavor*

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD CO.

The **NEW** Fashioned
made with Don Q



86 PROOF

For a real treat—flavorful and delicious, try the NEW FASHIONED. It's made with Don Q Rum and a spoonful of Dry Vermouth.

Distilled with utmost skill from superb ingredients, there's no finer Rum than Don Q.

NEW FASHIONED

Sugar — ½ Cube
Dry Vermouth — Bar Spoonful
Soda — 1 Dash • Ice Cube
Don Q Rum — 1½ oz.
Garnish — with Cherry,
Sliced Lemon and Orange



DON Q RUM

PUERTO RICO'S FAVORITE QUALITY RUM

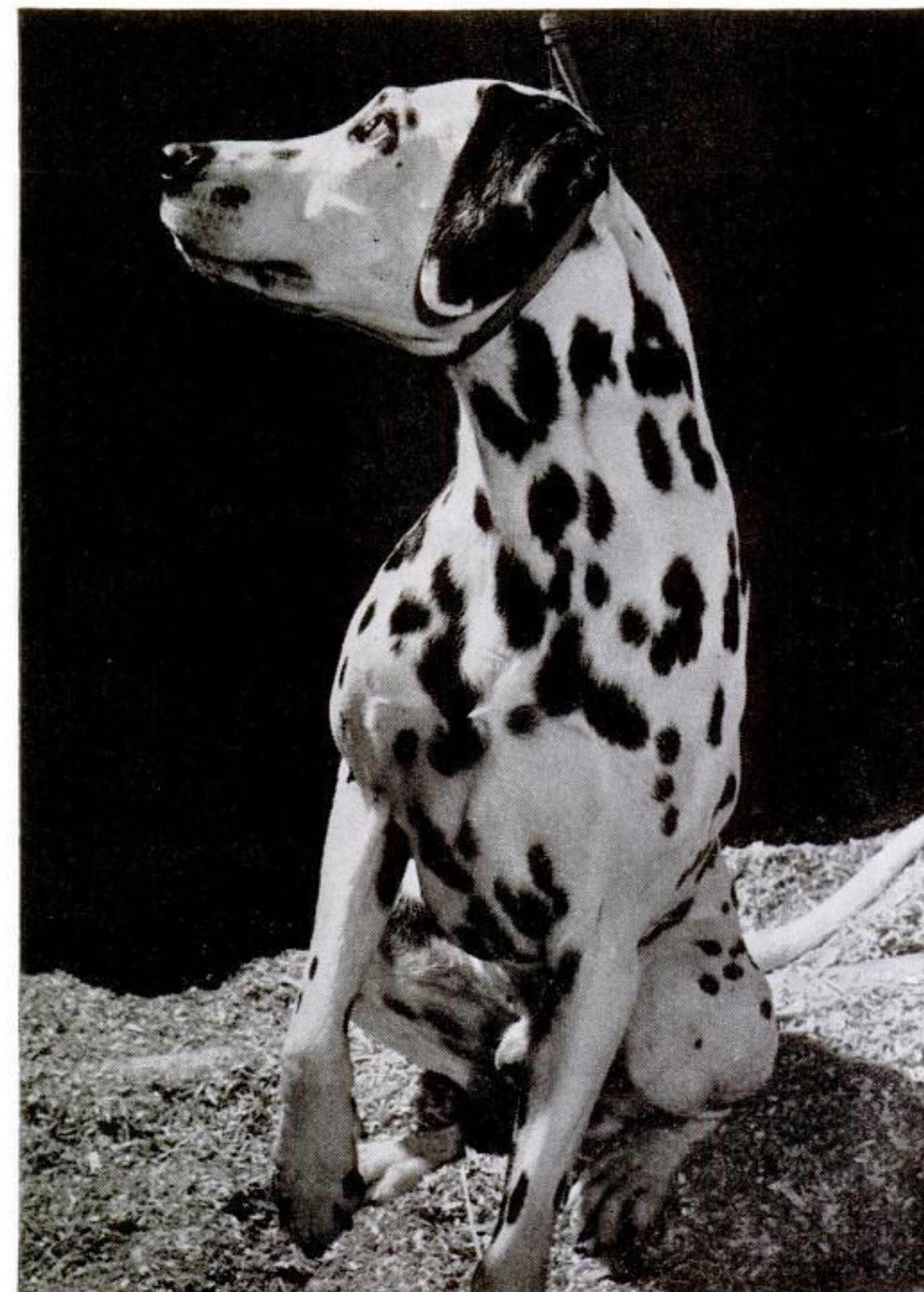
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Westminster Show (continued)



Afghan team lost to long-haired dachshunds in the Hound Group. Teams are usually shown by two or four handlers; one-armed Owner Walter Weese showed these alone.



Dalmatian Sawyers Captain Bang won blue ribbon as best in his class. Dalmatians are nicknamed "firehouse dog," "coach dog," "plum pudding dog," "spotted Dick."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

"Unstinted praise is due..."

Congressional Committee pays tribute to the performance of the Petroleum Industry in War Emergency

HOW WELL the petroleum industry has served our country in meeting military and civilian needs is brought out by a special report submitted January 2nd, 1945 by a sub-committee of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce of the House of Representatives.

We quote excerpts from the report:—

SUPPLY: "The industry, our many governmental agencies involved in this program, and the Nation as a whole have achieved remarkable results, especially when measured by the difficulties involved.

"The production of crude oil, the basic supply of its products, though handicapped by a shortage of production materials, of labor supply, overloaded transportation, and without any rise in price comparable to other industries, has reached the greatest volume in our history."

AVIATION FUEL: "The United Nations entered the war with a very small production of 100-octane fuel. The United States has achieved the almost impossible by stepping up its daily production from 45,000 barrels in December 1941, to more than 500,000 barrels."

VALUE: "Oil, from the standpoint of its inherent value, is one of the cheapest products that money can buy."

CONCLUSION: "For this magnificent accomplishment, unstinted praise is due to the genius and productive capacity of the American petroleum industry, production and refinement; to all the transportation agencies concerned; to competent military planning, for supplies, for the right kind at the right time, and at the right place."

IN BEHALF of the Petroleum Industry we are proud to bring the above facts to the attention of the American public.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.



"'Twas a hand, **White, Delicate**..."*

—"Lucile," *Owen Meredith*



* "'Twas" till it
became
Red, Coarse
from housework

...but even working hands can be **YOUNG LOOKING!**

IT'S A SHAME to let your hands get older looking than you are... and so needless!

You can be a good housekeeper, and *still* have hands that fill a man with pride and tenderness... Soft to the touch, smooth to the eye...

Use Pacquins Hand Cream regularly... day in, day out... before and after every household job.

Watch how this fragrant snowy-white cream helps protect your skin against dryness, chapping, redness. So effective... it works. Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, who have to scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day! Start using Pacquins today... to help your hands look dreamy-smooth... romantic-soft... young as you are!

Pacquins Hand Cream



Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbing a day.



AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

Westminster Show (continued)



Schnauzer, Champion Jeff of Wanango, was nosed out in his Specials Class. He has cropped ears, regulation in Germany but against the law in some states in the U. S.



Pug Tracy Air Chief Roxy was shown in the puppy class, won second prize. Pugs are of doubtful but probably Chinese origin. They had their day in the era of hoop skirts.



Miniature pinschers are Theodor, Tessie and Theodora of Gretelheim. Tessie won first prize in her class, but Theodor and Theodora didn't get anything better than thirds.



Good Taste-**AMERICAN STYLE**

WHEN a man's hungry, he wants something to stick to his ribs. And he gets it in a savory beef stew like this one...especially when he's just enjoyed a superb Seagram's 5 Crown highball!

Such good food and drink naturally go together...for each is the result of quality ingredients skillfully combined. To give you the glorious, light flavor of Seagram's 5 Crown, only selected whiskies and pedigreed grain neutral spirits—both distilled to match each

other's perfection—are blended by craftsmen with Seagram's 88 years' experience behind them. Every bottle measures up to the high Seagram standard...true pre-war quality!

Today, as always, good taste says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please"...because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases!

**SEAGRAM TAKES THE
TOUGHNESS OUT...BLENDS
EXTRA PLEASURE IN**

Seagram's 5 Crown

Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality





Dinah Shore, radio artist and star of "Belle of the Yukon"

"The wish I wish the most"...

says

Dinah Shore

"It's what every girl wants, I guess. Happiness! And somehow, that's all wrapped up with a home. Choosing the house you've dreamed about . . . filling it with treasures. Colors that sing. Sparkling crystal. Your own lovely, shining silverware!"

WHAT MORE wonderful daydream could any girl have? A home that really says *you*!

And some day, 1847 Rogers Bros. will be proud to have a part in helping *your* dream come true.

Today, the time and skills of our craftsmen are taken up with war demands. So none of the lovely, longed-for 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns can now be made.

But be patient . . . they'll be back! And whether you've chosen "First Love," the slender feminine charmer shown here, or one of the other distinctive 1847 Rogers Bros. designs, you'll have a unique silverplate service! Made with a *higher, deeper ornamentation*, a look of sterling craftsmanship that's truly beautiful, really fine! *International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.*

1847 ROGERS BROS.

*America's
Finest
Silverplate*



First Love



FRECKLED, PIG-TAILED MARGARET O'BRIEN'S DISARMING SMILE, WHISPERY VOICE, IMPETUOUS PERSONALITY EARN HER MORE THAN \$1,000 A WEEK AS HOLLYWOOD'S TOP CHILD STAR

THREE LITTLE MOVIE GIRLS

TODAY'S CHILD ACTRESSES SET NEW TREND TOWARD REALISM

Children are likable people but they are also complicated beings. Their problems and struggles can be made into powerful and appealing drama. In the past the movies' leading child stars have relied more heavily on their talent for being likable than on their ability to portray complex character. Most popular of them has been curly-haired, doll-like Shirley Temple, who at one time drew more box-office money than any adult star on the screen. Today her record and style of acting are being challenged by three

gifted children who have brought to child roles a new touch of human complexity and earthy realism.

These three little movie girls are Margaret O'Brien, 8, Elizabeth Taylor, 13, and Peggy Ann Garner, 13. They are not exceptionally pretty—Peggy Ann, in fact, is a severely plain little girl. They are not accomplished specialists in song-and-dance routines. They are primarily dramatic actresses, able to portray with insight the fresh emotions and unquestioning loyalties of childhood. Each has a remarkable faculty of

appearing perfectly natural before the camera. Each has pronounced traits of character and individuality.

The most experienced actress of the three is also the youngest, Margaret O'Brien (*above*), whose pert, pixyish face, breathless way of talking and amazing ability to switch rapidly from laughter to tears made her an overnight sensation three years ago as the little war orphan in *Journey for Margaret*. Before they achieved star roles, all three children once had roles in the same picture, 20th Century-Fox's *Jane Eyre*.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 71



BETWEEN TAKES on the studio lot Margaret spends half her time running around out-of-doors, the other half resting in her dressing room. Running around the whole time would wear her out.

Margaret O'Brien

SHE IS A PERFECTIONIST

Eight-year-old Margaret O'Brien will act at the drop of a hat, as she is doing below, even when there isn't a movie camera around. She seems to have a perfect understanding of emotions that she has never experienced. Older actors were astonished by the intensity and sensitivity of her emotional scenes in *Meet Me in St. Louis*. On the lot Margaret is a perfectionist with enormous professional pride. Once when Director Roy Rowland caught her fluffing lines and suggested a rest, she burst into tears, pulled herself together and begged to continue though she was trembling with nerves. Often when not called she shows up at the studio and asks to be put to work. Margaret's grandmother was Spanish, the rest of her family Irish. Margaret is a devout Catholic. Her real name is Maxine. She likes her new name so much that she always ends her bedtime prayers with, "And thank you for Margaret."



AS MARIE ANTOINETTE, Margaret puts on a white wig, one of her favorite possessions.



AS JENNIFER JONES in *The Song of Bernadette* Margaret gravely ties a towel around her face.



JOE E. BROWN mostly requires special, elaborate use of Margaret's mobile facial muscles.



MARLENE DIETRICH in O'Brien version is disdainful, but not without subtle come-hither.



TIRED OF IMPERSONATING adult stars, Margaret decides to try some faces of her own.



UTMOST IN HORROR that Margaret can provide for the camera is this unfrightening face.



WHILE PERCHED on scales, Margaret brushes her teeth. She wears a charm bracelet which was given her by her coach, Lillian Burns, as a reward for her acting in *Journey for Margaret*. Since

Journey for Margaret she has played in seven pictures and Coach Burns has given her a charm for each one. Her next part will be with Edward G. Robinson in *Our Vines Have Tender Grapes*.



IN HER BEDROOM IN BEVERLY HILLS, ELIZABETH TAYLOR PLAYS WITH FAVORITE CHIPMUNK, NIBBLES. SHE CAUGHT HIM IN A TRAP MADE WITH AN APPLE BOX AND A LONG STRING

Elizabeth Taylor

SHE LOVES ANIMALS AND OUT-OF-DOORS

Thirteen-year-old Elizabeth Taylor's wistful, sensitive face and instinctively delicate manner make her the most romantically appealing of Hollywood's child actresses. But her most successful job so far has been in the strenuous, out-of-door picture *National Velvet*. She played her first role with the collie dog Lassie in *Lassie Come Home*. Secret of this paradox is Elizabeth's quiet, affectionate personality, which has an almost hypnotic effect on dogs and horses. Elizabeth has been riding horses since she was 3½ years old. When she

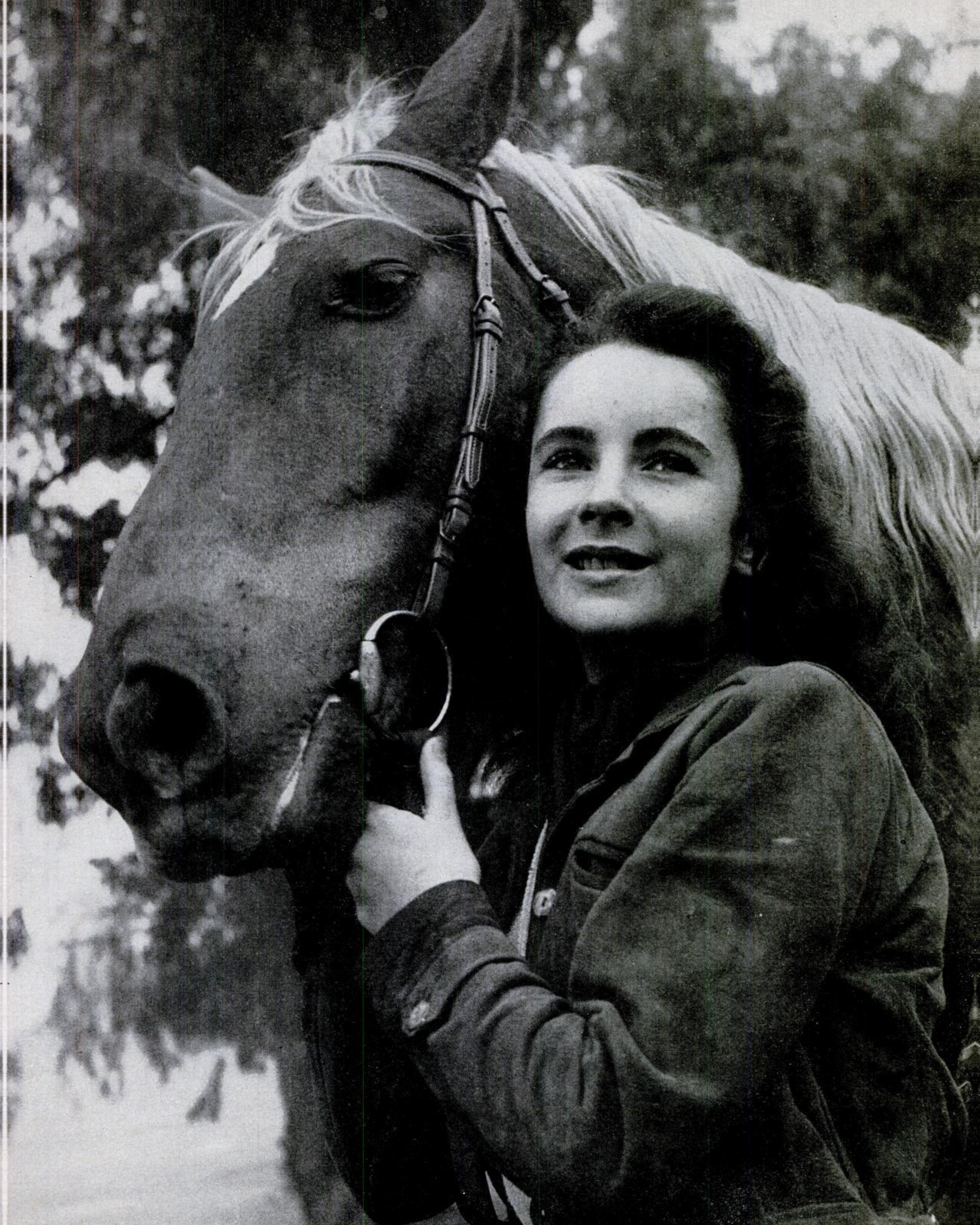
heard that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was going to produce *National Velvet*, its story about a horse (LIFE, Jan. 1), she begged for the lead role but was told she was too small. By eating steaks and by going riding and rollerskating every day she managed to grow three inches in four months and was given the part. In it she handled a spirited thoroughbred horse, the film's hero, with an ease that astounded his trainers. British-born Elizabeth was brought to the U. S. just before the war by her father, who now runs a Beverly Hills art shop.



BLACK CAT NAMED JILL is one of a whole household of Elizabeth's pets. Others include three dogs, seven chipmunks, a bowl of fish. She often lets the chipmunks sleep in a cage in her room.



ELIZABETH'S THREE DOGS are a cocker, a golden retriever, a springer spaniel. Before she became an actress, Elizabeth seldom went to movies, preferred to play out-of-doors with her pets.



FAVORITE PET is her horse, Peanuts, which Elizabeth rides practically every day. When she was a very small child living on an estate in England, she had a wild-tempered horse named Betty.

Betty allowed nobody but Elizabeth to come near her. Once on a visit to the estate Anthony Eden decided that he would like to ride Betty across the fields. Betty threw him off four times.

THREE LITTLE MOVIE GIRLS CONTINUED



PEGGY ANN, who has hazel eyes, is 5 feet tall, weighs 85 pounds, rides bicycles, goes to school on the movie lot and is in the seventh grade.



SKATING is her favorite hobby. She also rides and plays boogie-woogie by ear on the piano.



WITH A MOUTHFUL OF WATER Peggy Ann climbs out of pool. After working on the studio lot, she often plays with neighborhood kids.

Peggy Ann Garner

SHE IS A PLAIN AND SENSITIVE ACTRESS

The most perfect example of today's trend toward realism in child acting is 13-year-old Peggy Ann Garner. A plain little girl with a rather large mouth, a ski-jump nose and straight blonde hair, she has left her looks severely alone. She symbolizes perfectly and poignantly the average American's devoted, baffled but eager, ornery-looking daughter or kid sister. Until recently Peggy Ann's roles (in *Jane Eyre*, *Keys of the Kingdom*) have been small ones. In the big role of Francie Nolan in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* (see pp.

43-45) she turns in one of the most sensitive and moving child performances ever screened.

Peggy Ann was born in Canton, Ohio, got her first job in Manhattan as a child model. Her parents attribute her wonderful naturalness before the camera to the fact that they have kept her away from drama schools. She writes stories on a portable typewriter and is star reporter of the 20th Century-Fox school-children's publication, *Fox Fun*. She gets a weekly allowance of \$1.50, spends most of it on mystery books.



PEGGY ANN'S COLLECTION OF DOLLS is large and varied. She lives with her mother in a small apartment. Caught this year by the housing shortage, they were living in a one-room tourist

cabin when Peggy Ann started work in *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. On opposite page Peggy Ann poses for camera in party dress, which she wore to the premiere of 20th Century-Fox's *Wilson*.





FASCISTS MARCH ON ROME Oct. 27, 1922. Mussolini is wearing civilian clothes. Stage manager of the march and chief of staff for Quadrumvirs, the four Fascist leaders, was Grandi.



AS FOREIGN MINISTER Grandi (right) sat in on the meeting in August 1931, when Benito Mussolini (left) entertained German Chancellor Heinrich Brüning (facing camera) and German Foreign Minister Julius Curtius (back to camera) in Rome.



WITH VON RIBBENTROP, German Ambassador to England, Grandi called on Anthony Eden at the Foreign Office to discuss the Spanish Civil War.

DINO GRANDI EXPLAINS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

in Spain the more we were committed to the Axis.

That is how it was that under cover of the heated exchanges between both Italian and Soviet representatives on the nonintervention committee, a far bigger game was being played with Ribbentrop and myself as opponents. The stake was Anglo-Italian agreement.

In November 1937 Italy joined in the anti-Comintern pact with Germany. In March 1938 Austria was conquered. In May Hitler visited Italy and the first Italian anti-Jewish decrees were enacted. In September came the Czechoslovak crisis and then Munich.

Ribbentrop was persevering. Suddenly in March 1939 I was summoned to Rome. Mussolini told me I could consider my London mission over because I had lost touch with Italy and Fascism. He wanted a man in London who would forward Axis policy. He reproved me for not wearing the new Fascist uniform he had designed.

It was not until the announcement of the British guarantee to fight if Poland were invaded that I was again sent for. Mussolini was in a curious state of excitement. He jumped up when I approached and said, "You must go back at once and explain to the English how foolish they are. They have put into the hands of the Poles a fuse which they can light at any time to cause the great explosion. That is, unless it's all an English bluff."

I warned Mussolini of my conviction that a new phase in British history was opening, that in London people were saying, "We got Napoleon down, we got the Kaiser down and we will get Mussolini and Hitler down as well."

Mussolini burst out, "You are absolutely wrong, I don't believe the British will make war." And then with an odd smile he added these words, "Even if they do go to war, even if they defeat us, there will still be glory for me. Napoleon was beaten at last, but he brought France glory and the greatest of his glories was St. Helena."

I reminded him, "It meant the ruin of France at Waterloo."

But Mussolini insisted: "Napoleon's glory was the crown of France, and Waterloo could not rob him of that."

I never hated Mussolini; on the contrary one of my gravest mistakes was to believe it possible that in the end I could make good of him. The Axis

triumph at Munich gave him a world ovation. The king went to the station to meet him when he returned to Rome.

In his guise as a peacemaker he received a reception from the people more tremendous than any that had greeted his warlike triumphs and he was disappointed. His words, "I have brought peace. Is not peace what you wanted?" were flung disdainfully at the crowd below his balcony.

[Suddenly, on May 22, 1939, was signed the "Pact of Steel," the military alliance between Hitler and Mussolini. And in the Italian Embassy Count Grandi made a speech scoffing at the democracies' "furious impotence" and declaring that for the two Fascist nations a new cycle of greater and more dazzling victories was opening. Here is his explanation.]

My position in London had become painful. French newspapers weakened it further by taking me as a rallying point for opposition to Mussolini and the Axis pact. London reported a Rome rumor that I was somehow to replace Ciano at the Foreign Ministry and break the alliance with Germany. Ciano telephoned me angrily. He conveyed to me orders from Mussolini to make a public speech uncompromisingly justifying his policy. I refused to do so.

Grandi scorns a Sforza role

Next day the text of a speech arrived from Rome with a warning that if I did not deliver it I should become "Count Sforza No. 2," that is, an outlawed exile. I sent a second refusal. Finally, I resolved that I must set my own feelings aside. Next day when Mussolini's order was repeated I said yes.

Only the Italian and German Embassy staffs were present when I spoke and I hoped perhaps it would not be reported. But I had underrated Ciano; the speech was published in the Rome newspapers even before I spoke it. It went around the world.

Next day I called on Lord Halifax, the foreign secretary. He said, "Dear Grandi, don't take it to heart. Everyone understands. All that matters is that you should stay to work with us for peace."

There was another reason for my submission, of which I can now speak. I knew that the Pact of Steel contained a secret clause by which Hitler

pledged himself to do nothing which might endanger European peace for at least three years.

In three years much might be done and, knowing Mussolini's character, I hoped that the German alliance would not be a permanent policy for Italy and that if only I could remain in London I could work to change it. But it was all for nothing. I got a cable ordering me to leave London.

In Rome Mussolini refused to see me. I declined to accept any post except London and retired to the country.

One morning in Bologna I picked up a newspaper and read that I had been appointed minister of justice—that is the way things were done. I went to Rome and asked to see Mussolini at once. He said, "The Germans have asked for your head but I have my reasons for not giving them the whole of it. On the other hand, I need a lawyer in my government." I said I could not accept.

The king persuaded me. He said, "There is stormy weather ahead. We must save the constitution. You must be the keeper of the seal."

Early in August 1939, on the sands of Ostia, the seaside playground outside Rome, I came across Count Ciano and asked him, "What's happening these days? What's going on between Warsaw and Berlin? Will there be war?"

Ciano laughed. He said, "We shall have a new Munich very soon. Ribbentrop has asked me to go to Salzburg the day after tomorrow, no doubt because the time is ripe for a new four-power meeting to settle the Danzig dispute."

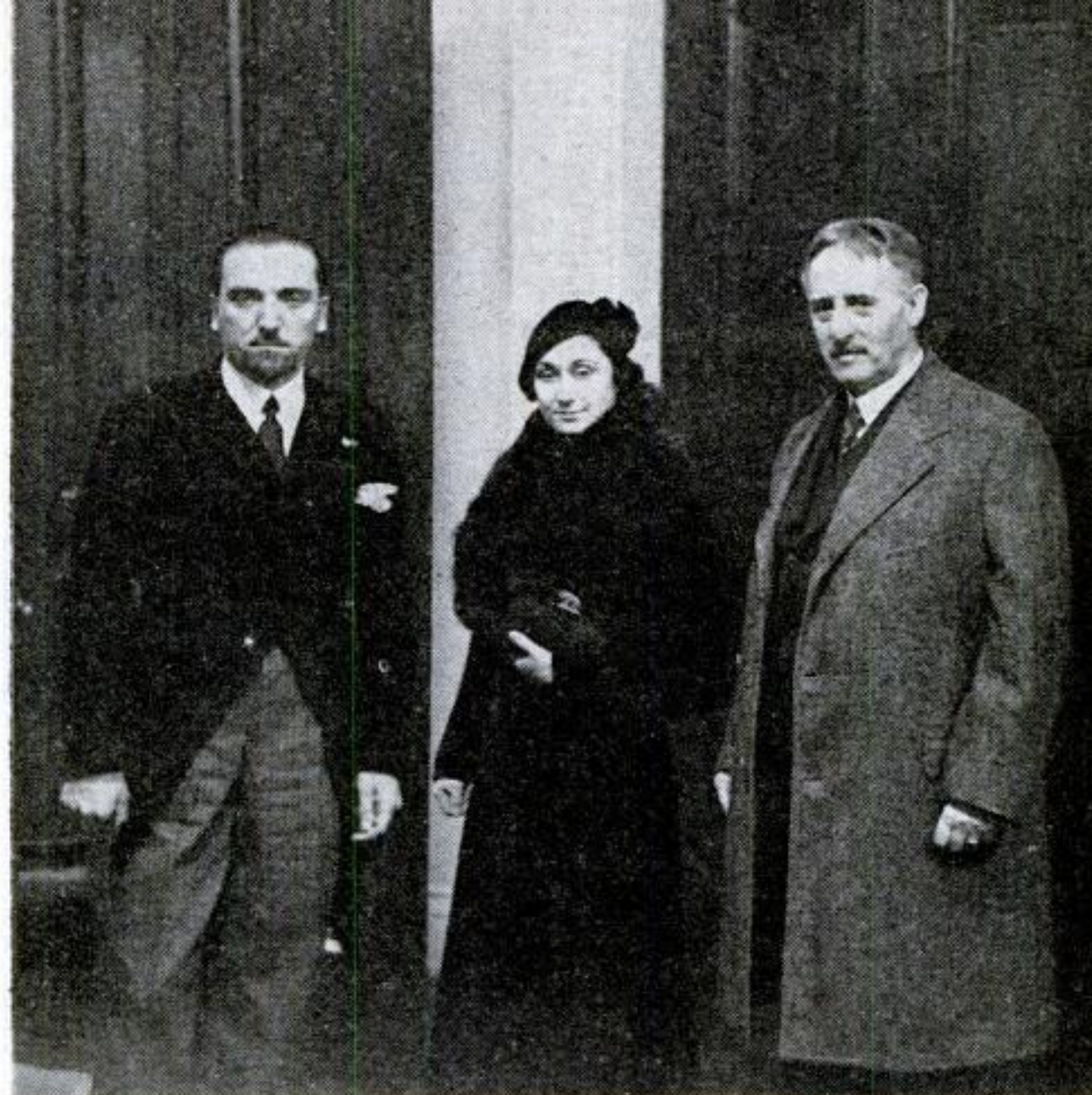
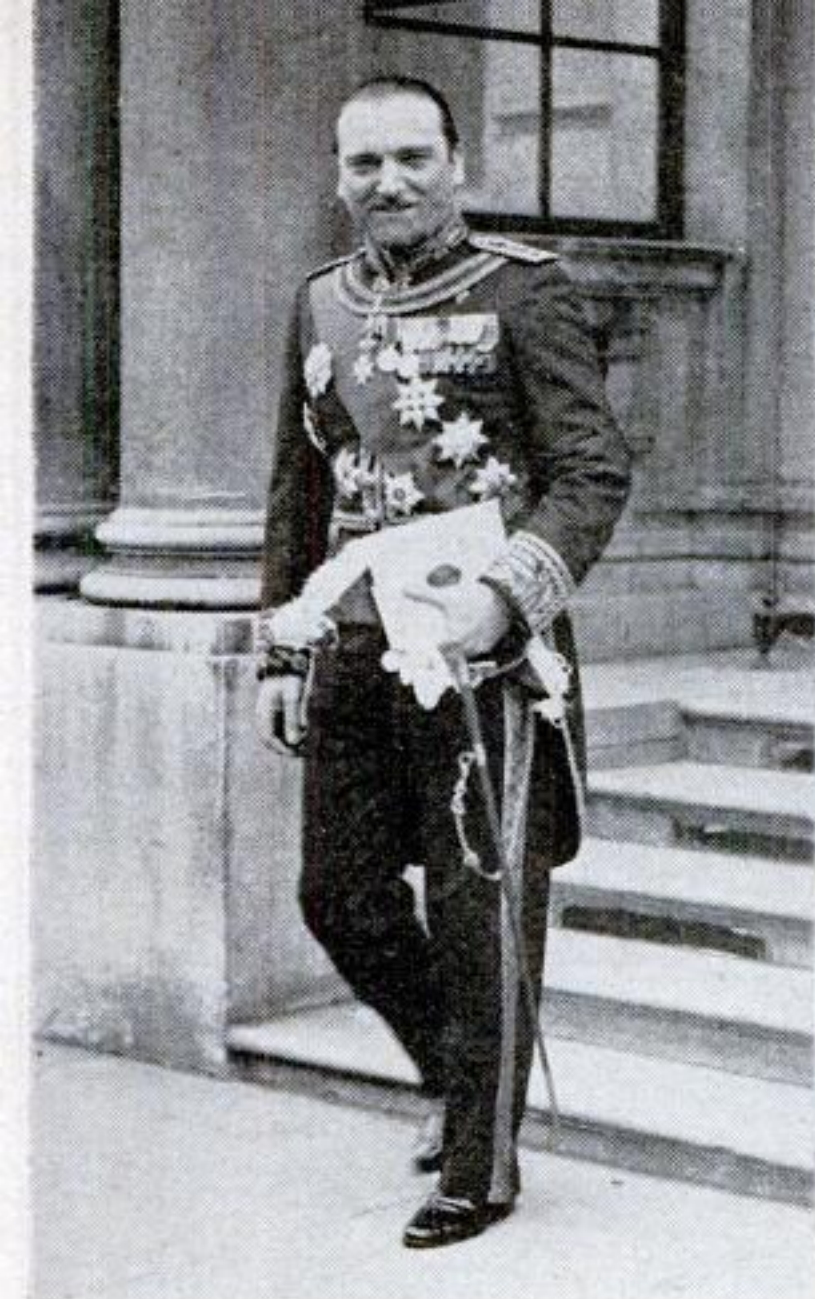
A few days later he telephoned me urgently. He had gone to Salzburg pro-German; he came back anti-German.

No feting, no flattery. Ribbentrop said coldly, "The Führer asks me to tell you that in two weeks' time we shall go to war with Poland. I am to remind you of your duty as our military ally."

Ciano was affronted and this time he reacted well. He said, "These are not the rules of the game. Firstly, you engaged yourselves for at least three years' peace in Europe. Secondly, the treaty of alliance says expressly there must be consultations before any decision. Thirdly, there is the British guarantee to Poland which you cannot overlook."

Ribbentrop brushed Ciano's protests aside. He said, "We must finish it once and for all. Britain and France will not seriously intervene. What if they do? It means only that we shall march to Paris and London after Warsaw."

For the first time Ciano turned to me for help and we acted together. My idea was to take advantage of Germany's violation of agreement and to denounce the alliance. Meanwhile, we



AFTER THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD, Grandi went to Buckingham Palace in London, to present his new letters of accreditation from Mussolini.

DURING A GOODWILL VISIT to the U. S. in 1931 Grandi chatted amiably with Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson and Mrs. Stimson. He was then Mussolini's foreign minister and his job was to assure the world of Italy's peaceful intentions.

WITH GOEBBELS in Berlin in 1940 Grandi wore the Fascist party uniform designed by Mussolini. Grandi says that he had once been reprimanded by Mussolini for not having worn it.

did everything we could to keep Italy out of war.

Ciano had received from the Italian War Ministry for transmission to Berlin a list of military supplies that Italy must have from Germany if she were to join in the war. Ciano and I doubled some of the items on the list and trebled the rest before sending it on. Ciano further told the Italian ambassador in Berlin to insist that Italy must have these supplies at once and all at once.

Our scheme was to place Italy's minimum requirements beyond the bounds of possibility for Germany to fulfill.

Hitler called Mussolini to the phone—there was a private line between the chancellery in Berlin and the Palazzo Venezia—and protested against such extravagant demands. Mussolini was astonished and demanded an explanation of Ciano.

But the deception, however brief, served its purpose. Mussolini would not lose face before Hitler by admitting he had been double-crossed by his own people.

Italy's next shock was the nonaggression pact signed between Ribbentrop and Molotov on Aug. 23, 1939. The pact had already been agreed upon when Ciano went to Salzburg a fortnight earlier, but Ribbentrop did not give him an inkling of Germany's intention.

Still Mussolini hesitated. On Aug. 31 the Germans marched into Poland. Mussolini took measures for immediate mobilization. Two days later there was a cabinet meeting. Mussolini looked pale and anguished. Reluctantly he picked out from among his papers a telegram from Hitler and read it. Observe the emphasis, "I thank you, Duce, for your *political and diplomatic* help. I am convinced that the *military power* of Germany will be able to fulfill what I have decided. I think in these circumstances, Duce, I need no *military help* from Italy. I thank you, Duce, for everything you have done."

Only one man could have framed a message so exquisitely designed to complete Mussolini's discomfiture. Yes, Ribbentrop.

But the Cabinet was relieved as from a nightmare when Mussolini formally proposed Italy's "abstention" from the war. I asked leave to speak. I protested that Germany had broken all her promises and the "abstention" formula was not enough. I asked for a denunciation of our military alliance and for a "white paper" explaining how Germany's pledges to us had been violated.

Mussolini harshly refused to hear me further and dismissed the meeting. He did not want it known that he had been betrayed by Hitler.

But the decision for peace brought Mussolini

tremendous popularity. The word "Axis" vanished from the press. And the Grand Fascist Council, called for the last time until the fateful meeting of July 1943, reaffirmed Italy's freedom of action.

In addition Mussolini took secret measures against Germany. He interrupted all defense works on the French frontier. He switched thousands of men to the north to build an "Alpine Wall." Trainfuls of cement went to the German frontier and were poured into the "Wall." He talked about it privately as "Our Maginot."

Ribbentrop speaks harsh, blunt words

Such was the tension with Germany when Ribbentrop visited Rome on March 9, 1940. Bluntly he said to Ciano, "I have not come this time to recall Italy to her duty as an ally. I have merely come to prevent Italy from going over to the enemies of Germany."

The Germans had invaded Denmark and Norway; Hitler was about to march west. In discussing a speech, Mussolini told me, "I am not going to war, but I must keep the Germans quiet. Hitler thinks he will breach the Maginot Line and although I don't believe it for a moment I mean to see that London and Paris pay a high price for my neutrality."

At about that time, too, Marshal Balbo hurried back to Rome to say that his defenses in Libya were not strong enough. He told me Mussolini had said, "Don't worry about that. There will be no war for us."

But Mussolini's dreams of easy blackmail faded as the month of May ran on. With the invasion of the Low Countries and the thrust through the Maginot Line his seesaw position became precarious.

One day I found him facing a huge map of France. He was terrified by the magnitude of Hitler's triumph.

"What is Gamelin doing?" he demanded. "Why does he not resist?" He strode up and down. Then he said, "But the Germans shall not pass after all. There will be a second Marne."

There was no second Marne and the weeks of Dunkirk and the collapse of France were a time of mourning for Italy, too. Mourning and fear: the fear of German punishment for Italy's "treason" in not declaring war alongside Hitler in September 1939.

I saw Mussolini again. I said, "If you go to war now you will be despised by your enemies and spurned by your allies." He said, "I believe you

are minister of justice. To what point in the civil code does this advice of yours apply?"

He sat in his study, inscrutable. Still we felt that as long as the Cabinet was not summoned and no meeting was called of the Grand Council, from which Mussolini was bound to ask authority on the question involving the nation's destiny, there was hope.

But Mussolini stood above both law and custom. On June 10 at 6 p. m. he appeared on his balcony to tell the people and such members of the cabinet who, like myself, were gathered in the crowd below that the die was cast. War had already been declared. By Mussolini. By one man alone.

Mussolini went to war believing he would not have to fire a single shot. He thought Britain was "out" and he expected that his declaration would be received with rapture in Berlin.

Marshal Badoglio was ordered to attack France immediately. Badoglio told me, "The man is mad. He has no war plan. He has never asked for a war plan. I told him our deployment on the French frontier was purely defensive. He would not listen. He shouted excitedly, 'Don't you understand that I need immediately at least a thousand dead, otherwise Hitler will not even let me sit at the peace conference!'"

Mussolini was terrified that the Germans would swing round through southern France and outflank our Brenner line. Thus Italy would be lost. He therefore meant to drive up to the Rhône Valley between Marseilles and Lyons. He had no thought of annexation. He simply wanted to hold the Germans on the Rhône.

The armistice to which Mussolini was not invited left Southern France to Pétain, so Italy was spared. But when Mussolini, recovering courage, asked whether he could occupy Corsica, Tunis, Savoy and Nice, Hitler contemptuously refused.

The French campaign aroused only shame in Italy and Mussolini felt the need for a military success, perhaps by attacking Yugoslavia. The selection was unimportant as long as he could have a victory. Hitler vetoed any such project.

So Mussolini resolved to put before Hitler an accomplished fact. The two dictators met in Florence in late October 1940 and parted without Mussolini's mentioning that he was going to send an ultimatum the next day to Greece.

This attack on a country with which Italy had never had a quarrel led to the worst tragedy of all.

General Gelozi, his commander in Albania who estimated that Italy would need 20 divisions, was replaced by a commander who undertook, in con-

First in the Fashion Picture

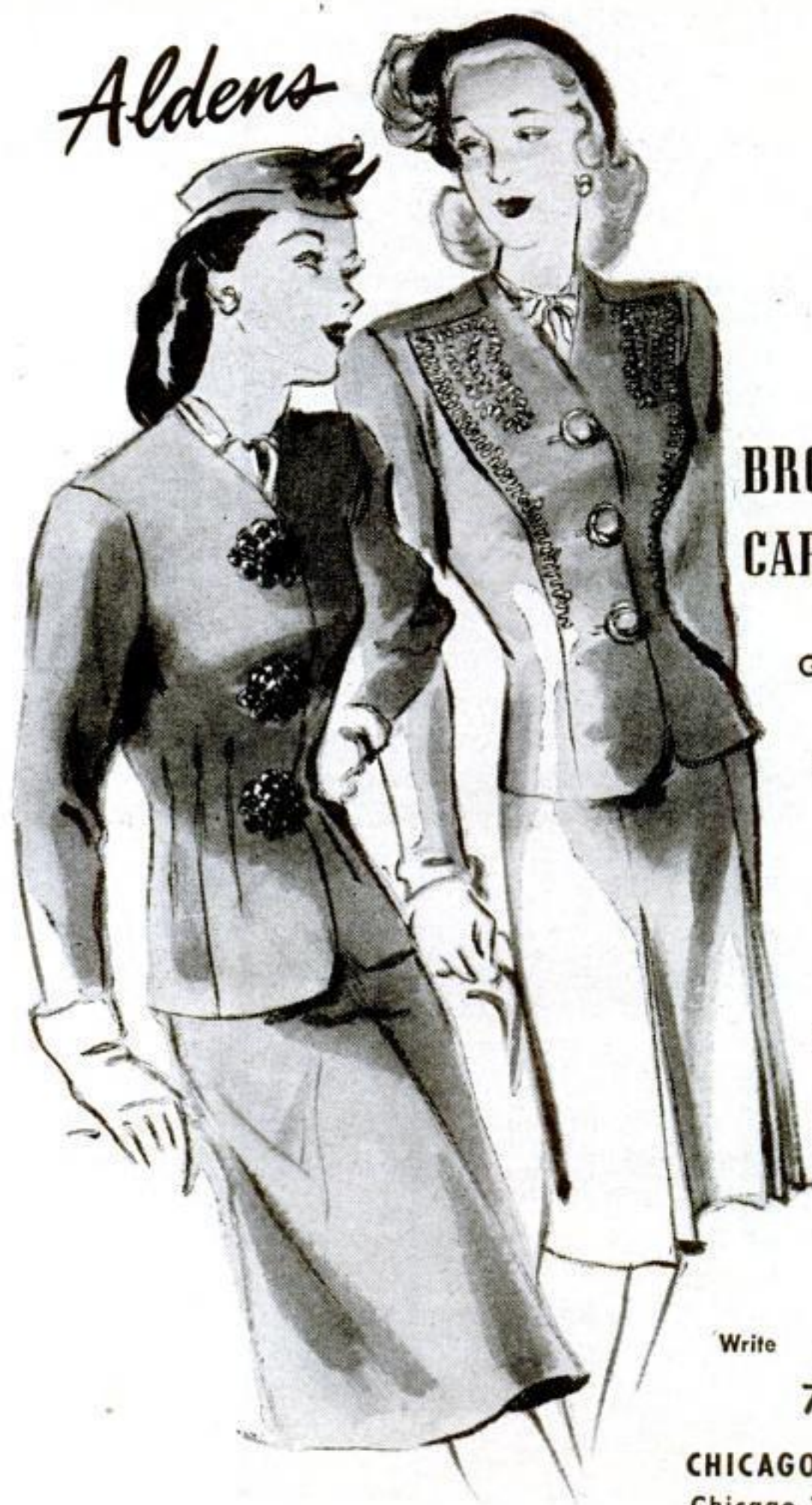


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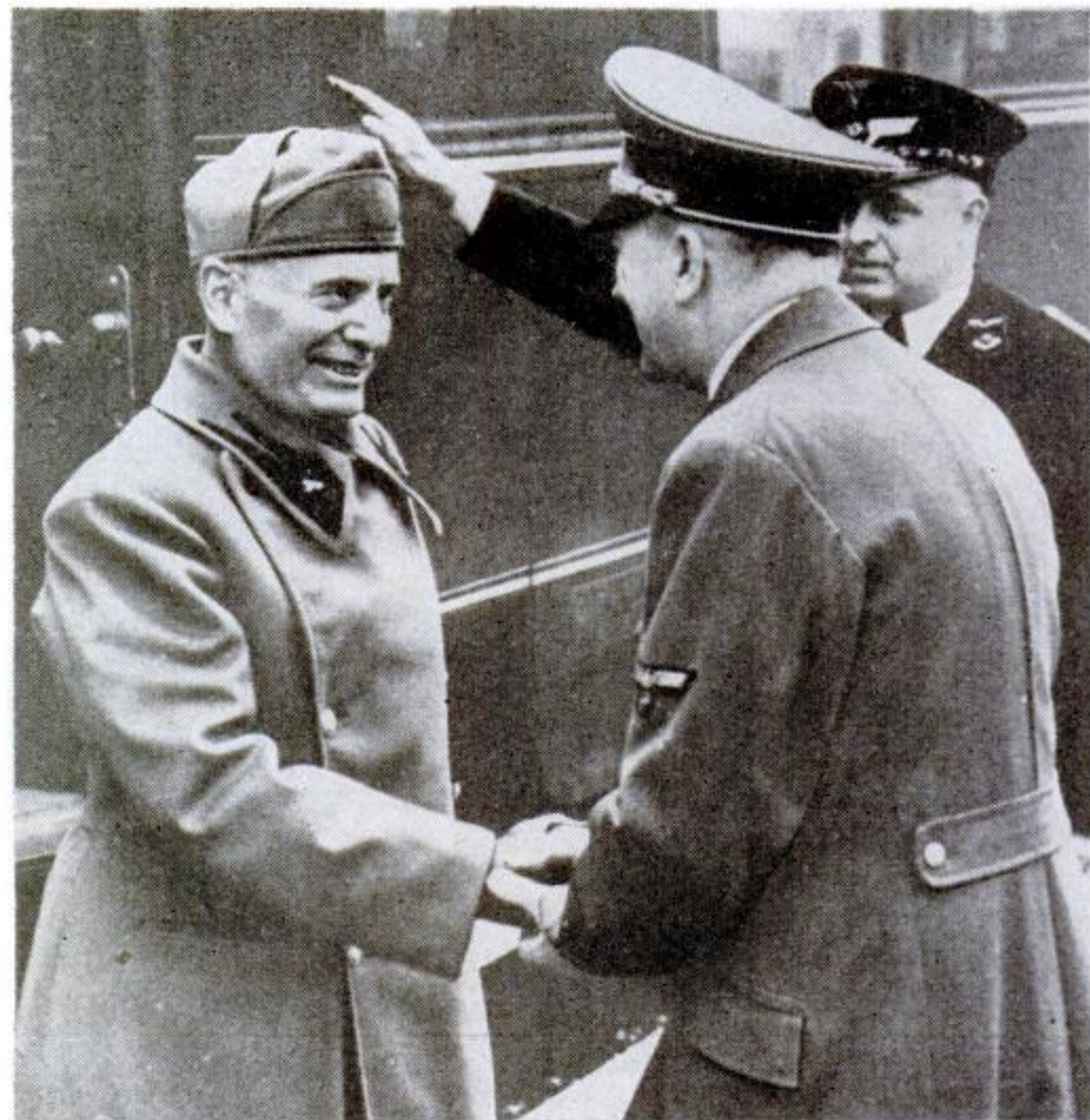


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MUSSOLINI GREETES HITLER after Mussolini fell. Grandi says that in July 1943, at Feltre in northern Italy, Mussolini had asked Hitler for military help. Hitler answered it would be forthcoming if the command of the Italian army were turned over to the Germans. When Mussolini tried to do this, the Grand Council revolted and deposed him.

DINO GRANDI EXPLAINS (continued)

junction with a "guaranteed revolt" in the Greek frontier region paid for in gold, to conquer the whole country with seven divisions.

In a fortnight setbacks began. In a panic Mussolini swept the country clear of possible opponents and sent them to the front. Thus Parliament was virtually dissolved.

I received orders to join my old regiment at the front within 48 hours. There was complete disorganization, unbelievable lack of military preparation for a campaign in the worst season of the year, soldiers deeply ashamed of the task they had to do and officers sickened by the orders they had to give.

Officers and men talked freely of how they hated Mussolini. There was trouble, especially among the Alpine divisions whose loyalty was always to the king. Mussolini acted against them with murderous hate, sending the best of Italy's mountain troops to die in the marshes of the Don for Hitler's war in Russia.

I said to myself, "This is the moment. We must get out of the war as quickly as possible." I contacted my friends and drafted there in the Greek trenches the resolution that later on was to mean the end of Mussolini.

The Italian troops came back from the Greek war resolved on Mussolini's downfall, confident that Italy was ripe for revolution and they found that the Germans were in. Rommel's men were pouring across Italy to stop Wavell at Benghazi. The Gestapo were everywhere.

I was spied on and harassed. But I was determined to do something. In November 1942, when the Allies landed in North Africa, I actually succeeded in organizing a trip to Madrid with the aim of contacting the British ambassador, Sir Samuel Hoare.

Mussolini first allowed the trip and then Ciano came to me to say, "The Duce feels your presence in Spain might displease our German allies. Your trip is adjourned to the end of the war." In fact, Mussolini had suspicions about what I might do or say in Madrid. He forbade me to leave Italy.

On Feb. 4, 1943 Mussolini dismissed the whole cabinet and started a wholesale purge of "malcontents." I lost the Ministry. Ciano was sacked from the Foreign Ministry. His arrival at the Vatican as minister to the Holy See started conjecture that the Pope's mediation was being sought.

The fact is that an hour after the Vatican's approval of the Ciano appointment had been received, Mussolini telephoned—he had decided that Ciano should go to Berlin or Madrid—but found it was too late to change his mind. He simply wanted Ciano out of the way.

Military disasters were piling up. The Allies fought their way across North Africa and linked up with Montgomery. Tunis fell and Bizerte. On July 9 the Allies landed in Sicily on Italian soil.

I received an order from Mussolini to leave Rome at once and speak

in my town, Bologna, for war resistance. I refused to go. Other members of the Cabinet and Grand Council were given similar orders which would have taken them out of Rome. They decided to support my attitude, so we all requested a meeting of the Grand Council.

Only Mussolini could convoke such a meeting and he went off to meet Hitler at Feltre in northern Italy for another of the famous Hitler-Mussolini meetings which were always a farce. Hitler speaks no Italian and Mussolini understands German much less than he likes people to believe. The result was another monolog from Hitler which Mussolini, with an eye on the rest of the company, affected intelligently to follow.

No minutes were kept of these meetings; none were needed since everything of importance was settled before or after they were held. But at Feltre this time there were no stage effects. Mussolini urgently wanted German reinforcements. Hitler said they would be forthcoming if, and only if, the defense of Italy and the command of the Italian army were handed to the German General Staff. Hitler also warned Mussolini that he must take immediate measures against a possible upheaval inside the Fascist regime.

Mussolini returned to Rome on July 20 and called a meeting of the Grand Council. The council consisted of eight leading members of the Cabinet, the leaders of both houses of Parliament, the presidents of Fascist corporations, and a few others appointed by Mussolini, making a total of roughly 27.

This was our chance, though a desperate one. We had to take the Grand Council, a weapon shaped by Mussolini for his own purpose, and turn its point against the breast of the dictator.

Mussolini wanted firstly to make us responsible for the Feltre decision to hand Italy to the Germans and secondly to force those like myself out into the open so that he could destroy us. He had no doubt of his ability to do so.

What could we do? To overthrow a dictator and prove it could be done by constitutional means, that was our duty. Only the king could do it, and only a resolution from the Grand Council asking for a change could empower the monarchy to act.

Such was our dilemma: we could not seek in advance the king's support—it was not constitutional to do so—and we could not compromise the crown in case of failure. Nor could we seek the army's aid; the constitution could not be restored by a military plot. We had to take the risks alone.

From my home at Bologna where I had kept it since it was drawn up in the trenches in Greece two years before, I brought to Rome the text of my resolution calling for the revival of Parliament and our constitutional liberties and demanding that Mussolini should hand back to the king both command of the armed forces and "the supreme initiative of decision as head of the state."

There was no time to lose. I went first to Luigi Federzoni—he was my best friend in Rome. He thought our chances scanty but he said, "I will stand by you to the end." He sent for Bottai, Albinì and Bastianini.

Scorza prepares a betrayal

All agreed on the resolution and undertook to win over other members of the council if they could. I went myself to Scorza, the Fascist Party secretary, gave him a copy of the resolution and told him openly of our plan. Next day he gave his approval in advance, but only to betray us. Altogether we sounded out 14 members of the council; 12 agreed.

Then I took another decision. I rebelled at the idea that our action should be regarded later as a secret conspiracy. The game had to be played out in the open. So I called at the Palazzo Venezia and asked to see Mussolini.

It was July 22 at 4 p. m. As I entered the balcony room I passed Marshal Kesselring, the German general who was there to discuss means of taking the Italian high command into his hands according to the terms of Feltre.

Mussolini has been pictured as a broken man in July 1943. He was not. He was vigorous as ever, physically strong, a shrewd fighter with his political and military machine inside Italy intact. He still had two armored divisions of Fascist militia a few miles north of Rome, 10,000 Gestapo agents inside the capital, Kesselring's crack troops on the Alban hills 15 miles away, a complete German panzer division encamped farther out.

I talked to Mussolini for a long time. I tried to persuade him that his duty as a patriot was to quit, to give up the dictatorship voluntarily and to let the nation express its will.

My words were no surprise to him; I learned later that Scorza had carried to him his copy of my resolution.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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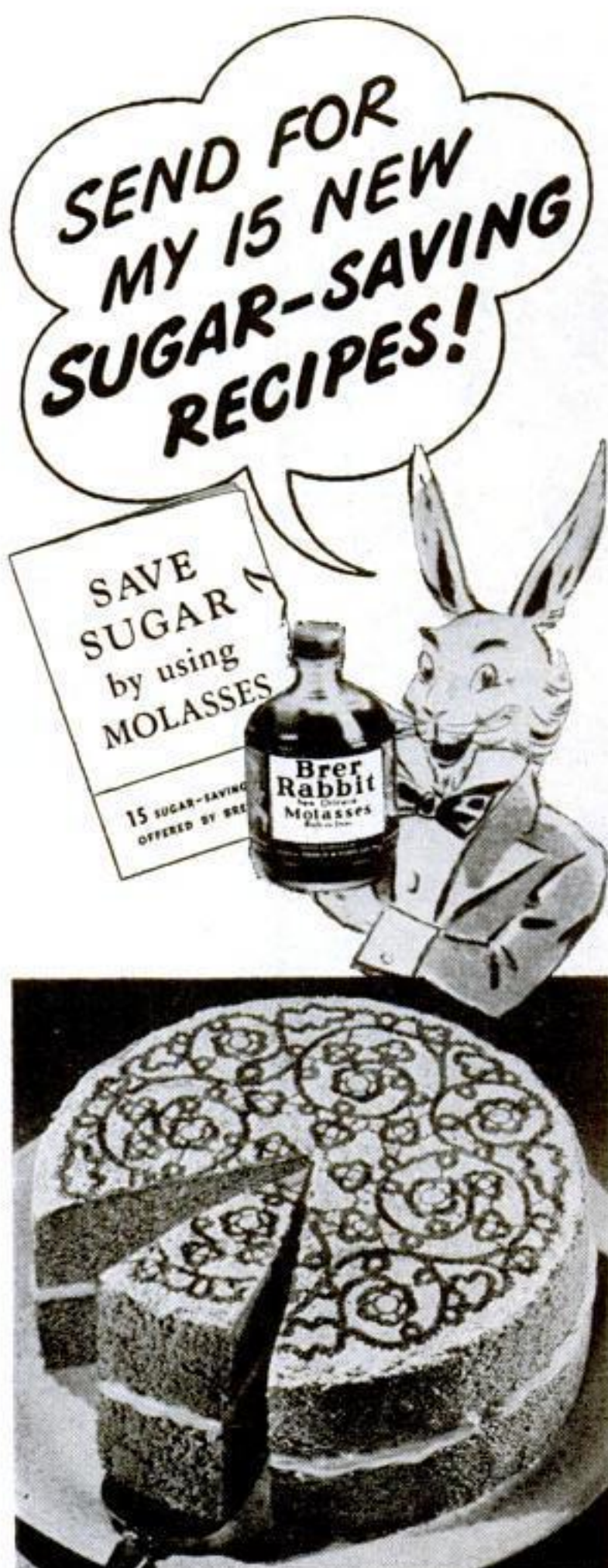
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DINO GRANDI EXPLAINS (continued)

I said, "You must let Parliament express its views, give back to the king the command of the army." I warned him that if necessary I would repeat all I had said before the Grand Council.

He said, "We shall see." It was a challenge.

Before going to the Grand Council I made my will and wrote to my wife and children. I arranged that the king should be informed of the resolution, but only after the meeting had begun. My last thought was that the king would act and save our country in that supreme hour.

An unpleasant surprise awaited us when we drove into the Palazzo Venezia for the Grand Council meeting at 5 p. m. on Saturday July 24, 1943. Armed Fascist militia in full war kit filled the courtyard. They swarmed in the galleries.

Mussolini was ready for us. I said to myself, "This is the end." And Bottai, who was beside me, muttered, "So much for your interview with the Duce."

When the doors of the antechamber were closed behind us by guards with fixed bayonets it seemed we stood little chance of leaving the building alive.

We took our seats at the horseshoe table—a row of silent men in Fascist uniform. Mussolini walked in. Looking at none of us he marched from his study door and round the table straight to his "throne," set on a dais draped with crimson plush with laurel wreath and fasces in gold. He had chosen the uniform of supreme commander of the Fascist militia, a reminder of the armed power that stood behind him and outside the chamber doors.

Mussolini still thinks he's boss

He began to speak the moment the roll had been called, saying that he had summoned the meeting not to discuss the general situation in Italy but solely to inform us of the events in Sicily and to make military decisions. He was cold, arrogant, sure of himself, obviously confident of his power to master the assembly as he had always mastered it. He was the boss.

If there was a trace of pain or anxiety behind that mask it had no concern with what the Grand Council might say or do; it simply reflected his humiliation in having to confess the terms he had agreed to at the Feltre meeting with Hitler.

Leading up to this statement, Mussolini began a rapid condemnation of the Sicilians for welcoming the Allies as liberators and of the Italian troops for refusing to fight the British, then hurried on to praise the bravery of the German units on the island and accuse our generals of handing Sicily to the enemy.

While this was going on I slipped to Giacomo Acerbo on my right a copy of my resolution—the first he had seen of it. He read it through and whispered, "But this means—" I nodded. He looked aghast. Then he said, "What about the king?" I said, "I don't know, but that man must go. Do you agree?" Acerbo was brave. He signed the paper and handed it back to me.

By this time Mussolini was saying that anyone who wanted to speak on Sicily might do so. As if to emphasize the absence of other matters on the agenda, himself he added, "I shall wind up the discussion and point out in an order of the day what measures should be taken."

That was the custom. The Grand Council opened always with a statement by Mussolini, a discussion, then an order of the day. There was never a vote.

Old DeBono, our veteran marshal, spoke next, courageously defending the Italian army in Sicily, and DeVecchio supported him. From far down the table Farinacci broke in. He was a creature of the Germans (within an hour of the meeting's end he was en route in a plane to Germany). He charged our generals with treason, demanding that Ambrosio, who was chief of the Italian General Staff, should answer for it.

This seemed to be my moment. I intervened. First, to embolden the weaker spirits I said that I would repeat what I had said to Mussolini when I saw him privately 48 hours before. My calculation was that it would hearten them to know that a man could say such things to Mussolini and two days later be still alive!

I then read the text of my resolution claiming back the powers of the Grand Council and the constitution. To most members it was new.

With Mussolini sitting there, dark and menacing on his throne, I told the council that it was the dictatorship and not the army's weakness that was responsible for Italy's disasters. I continued, "The Italian people were betrayed by Mussolini on the day when he first began to Germanize Italy. That is the man who drove us into



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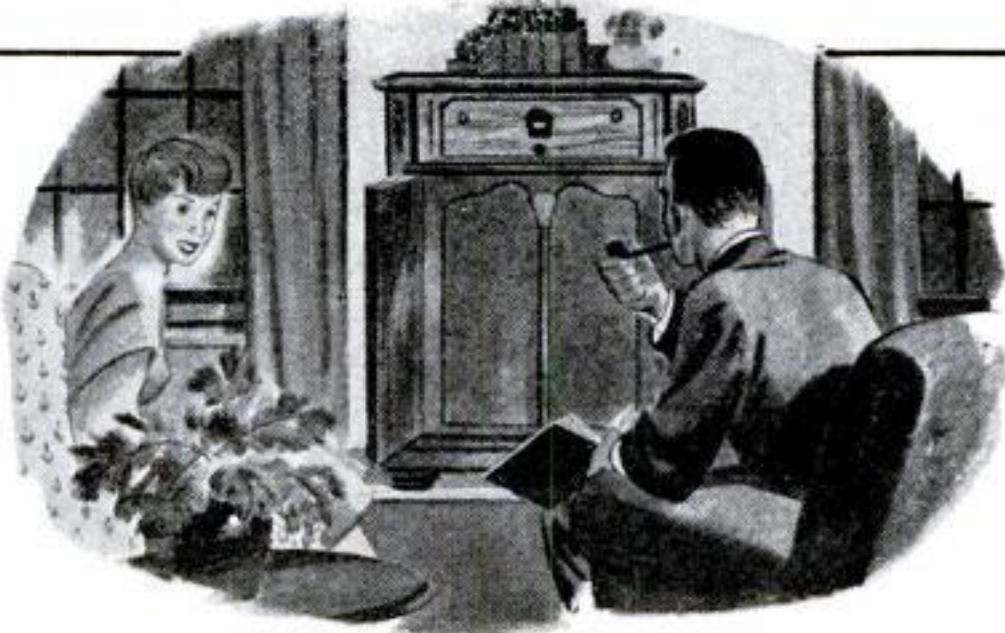
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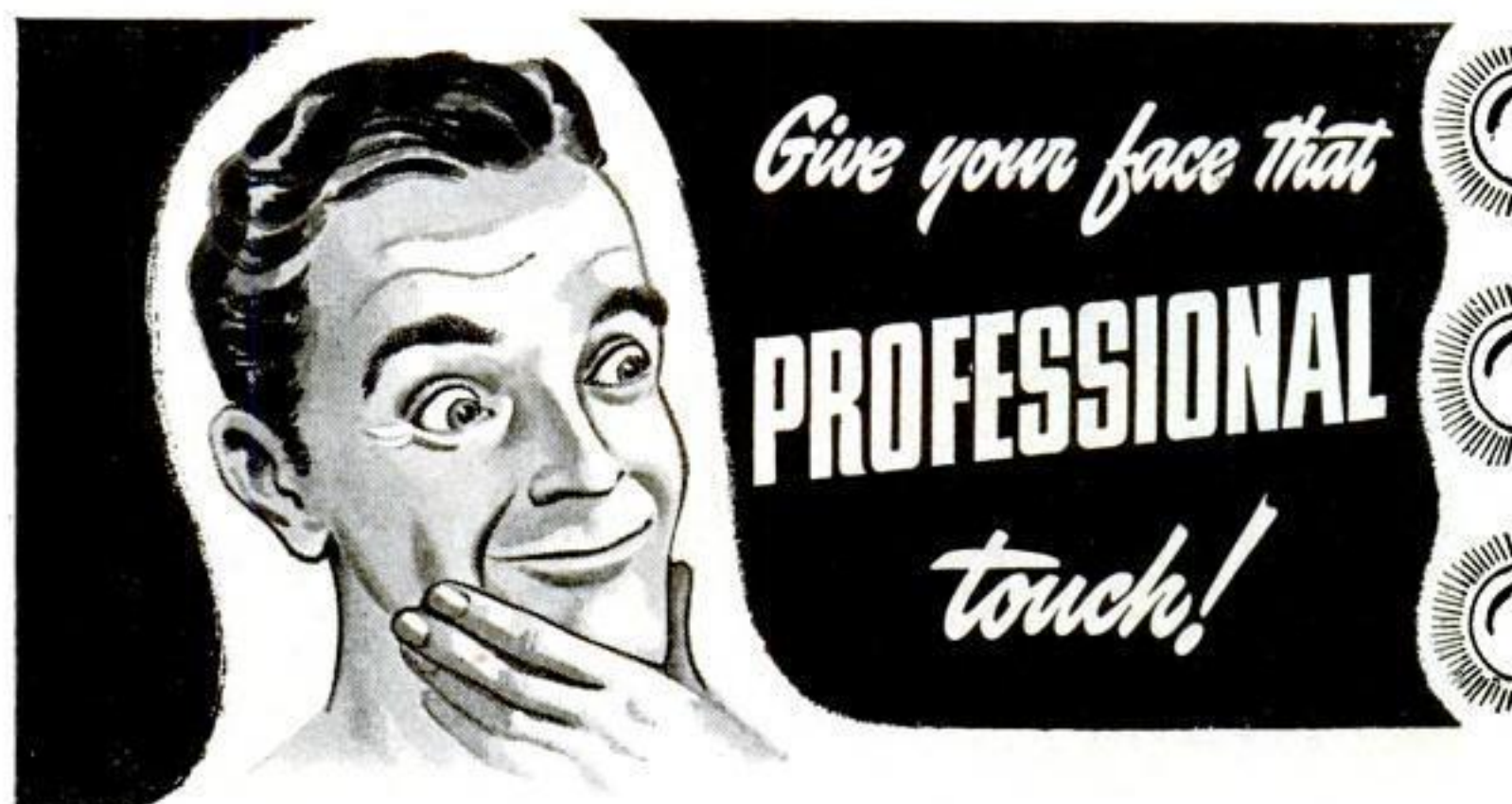
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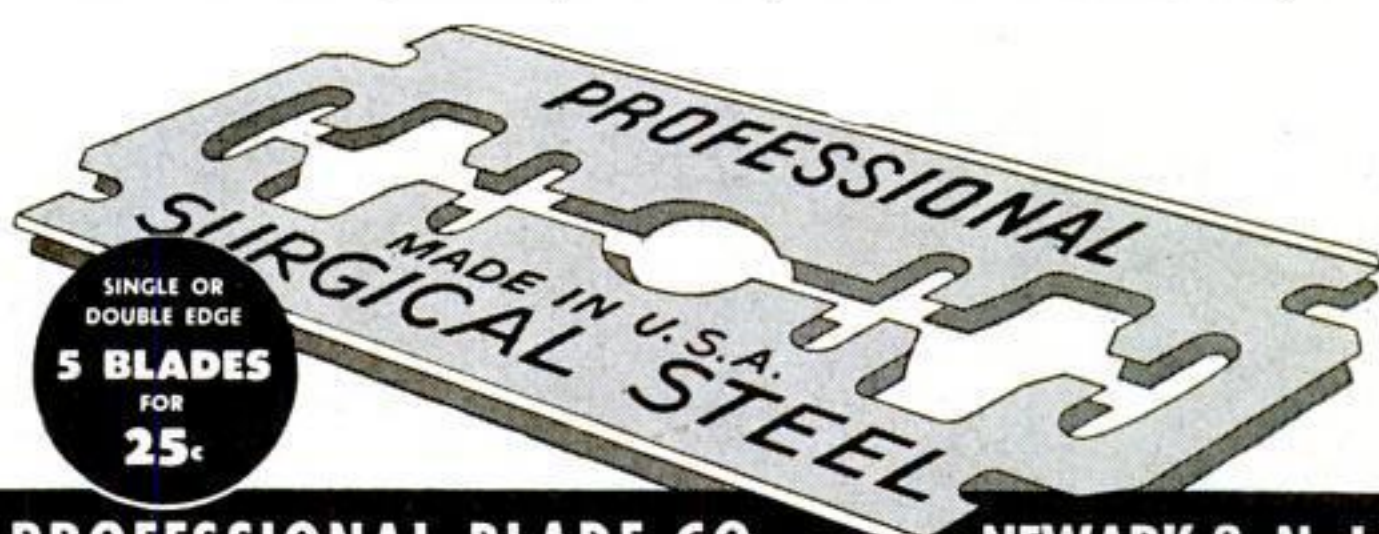
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DINO GRANDI EXPLAINS (continued)

Hitler's arms. He abandoned the paths of fidelity to our obligations and loyal cooperation with our old friend Britain. He dragged us into a war that is against the honor, interests and feelings of the Italian people."

By this time Mussolini looked—not angry but astonished, more than astonished—flabbergasted. And apart from the few members I was sure of, most of the council looked much the same. That after all these years someone should dare to stand up against him and to say such things aloud and to his face!

I quoted Mussolini against himself. Arguing that our only hope was to abolish the totalitarian regime, return to the constitution and restore fully the rights of Parliament and the prerogatives of the crown, I reminded the council of Mussolini's words in far-off 1924, "Let all parties perish, even the Fascist Party, so long as the nation can be saved!"

For nearly an hour now Mussolini had been listening in stunned silence. He began to interrupt. When I mentioned Count Camillo di Cavour, the unifier of modern Italy, his face flushed and he shouted, "That's enough about Cavour—he never knew the real Italy anyhow. He never went to Rome." And from time to time he would break in, "That's not true!"

He was losing his temper. I goaded him with words he never thought to hear from anyone, "You believe you have the devotion of the people—you lost it the day you tied Italy to Germany. You believe yourself a soldier—let me tell you Italy was lost the very day you put the gold braid of a marshal on your cap."

Mussolini shouted, "It's not true! I was asked to take over the army. And the people—the people are with me. At Feltre last week the war widows thronged forward to kiss my hands."

I said, "In the last war 600,000 Italian mothers wept for the loss of their sons, but they knew they had died for their king and country. In this war already we have a hundred thousand dead and we have a hundred thousand mothers who cry 'Mussolini has assassinated my son!'"

Mussolini shouted at the top of his voice, "It's not true. It's not true. That man is lying to you!"

Arguments rage all night

Farinacci sprang to Mussolini's defense. In the high-flown jargon of the professional party Fascist he defended the dictatorship, accused us as "democrats" of sabotaging the war and came out with a resolution to implement the Feltre decision that the Germans should take over the Italian High Command.

Federzoni, facing me across the table, spoke for my resolution, then Bottai, Bastianini and others, even Ciano. Ciano's theme was German treachery. Mussolini looked straight at his son-in-law. "I know where the traitor is," he said.

It was hot. The atmosphere was becoming unbearably tense. Midnight passed and still the fight went on. Suddenly at 1 o'clock Mussolini proposed adjourning until next day. He wanted to win time to let passions cool. I protested instantly.

"Our soldiers are dying while we talk," I said. "Our country's fate depends on us. We must decide tonight. We must stay and vote."

Mussolini hesitated. He looked sharply round the table. I knew that he felt that an adjournment after my protest might look like running away. His pride would not have that. After all he felt sure of the bulk of his council. He said, "Have it your way." And then we had half an hour's pause.

Mussolini left the room for his study and took Scorza with him. The Grand Council split into anxious groups. I took Suarzo, president of the senate, aside to make sure of his vote. All were doubtful whether Mussolini would return. They feared that the Fascist militia might stream in with weapons in their hands. Only Mussolini's preference for legalized killing gave them hope.

The door opened and Mussolini came back, Scorza behind him. Up to this point Mussolini had been his old haughty self. Now he spoke slowly, dully, dropping at times into pathos.

"I have let you speak your minds tonight," he said. "I could have stopped you and had the lot arrested," he went on with sorrow and reproach. "It seems there are people here who would like to be rid of me."

He was candid. He accepted full responsibility for the war. He said it was a "supreme necessity" for Italy. He exalted his work as the nation's leader for 20 years and then he did a thing he had never before—he confessed his age.

"I am 60," he said. "After all, I could look on these 20 years as a wonderful adventure that is now over. I might even, in such circum-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

ANDREWS SISTERS

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S. Z. ("CUDDLES") SAKALL

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ALEXIS SMITH

★ BARBARA STANWYCK

JOSEPH SZIGETI

★ DONALD WOODS

JANE WYMAN

and

JIMMY DORSEY &

HIS BAND

CARMEN CAVALLARO

& ORCHESTRA

GOLDEN GATE QUARTET

ROSARIO & ANTONIO

★ SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Do you live in SHICKSHINNY, PA.?

Neither do we.

But we live in *another* small town: name of Hollywood, Cal.

The point is, most American towns are pretty much the same: a group of people working hard, eating, sleeping, raising families, writing V-mail, buying War Bonds.

And if folks in Shickshinny or any other community suddenly found thousands of service men passing through every week, they'd want to do something about it. Something good. Something American.

Like starting a Canteen, for instance.

* * *

That's exactly what a lot of citizens of Hollywood did, three years ago. Since then, more than two million uniformed guests of the Hollywood Canteen have discovered that motion picture stars are people... and very *nice* people, too.

In producing our newest feature entertainment, HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN, we've made sure that the picture is just as grand and gay and full of fun and happiness as its namesake!

We've also made sure that Warner Bros.' "*enviable record for combining good picture-making with good citizenship*" loses none of its enviableness... for (*having just turned over seven million dollars to Army Emergency Relief—proceeds to date from our picture "This Is The Army"*) we're happy to announce that the Hollywood Canteen will receive a large share of our proceeds from this 62-star-spangled production.

Don't miss it!

WARNER BROS.

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN



Original Screen Play by Delmer Daves. Musical Numbers Created and Directed by LeRoy Prinz. Directed by DELMER DAVES. Produced by ALEX GOTTLIEB.

Frank Morgan

STAR OF

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME

THURSDAY NIGHTS, NBC

FRANK MORGAN, METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STAR,
SOON TO BE SEEN IN
"HOLD HIGH THE TORCH"



SHE: Frank Morgan is in a class by himself as a teller of tall tales.

HE: I know something *else* that's in a class by itself.

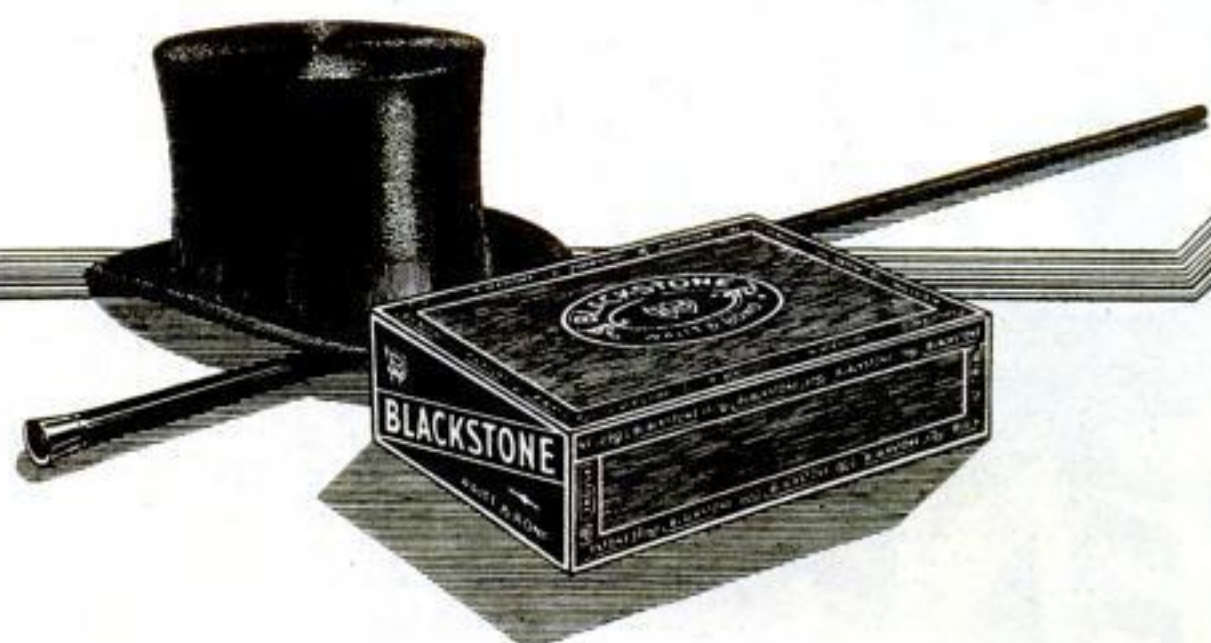
SHE: Oh, this is so sudden!

HE: Not at all. I've been aware of it for years. I'm talking about Blackstone Cigars.

SHE: There go my dreams . . . up in smoke.

HE: But very *fragrant* smoke . . . because Blackstone Cigars are filled 100% with the finest and costliest tobacco grown in Cuba. That's why *this* cigar is so fragrant, so full-flavored, so extremely mild.

Thousands of Blackstone Cigars are going to the armed forces. So your dealer may not always have your favorite size. Please be patient . . . take another of the five popular Blackstone sizes. Waitt & Bond, Inc., Newark 5, N. J.



Blackstone Cigar

the choice of successful men

FIVE FAVORITE SIZES: PERFECTO EXTRA, CABINET EXTRA, KINGS, PANETELA DE LUXE, SANTA

DINO GRANDI EXPLAINS (continued)

stances, contemplate ending that adventure—but I will not go! The king as well as the people are on my side."

The bluff was diabolical. Mussolini claimed the king's support, knowing well that I would not compromise the monarchy. He pressed his advantage. "When I tell the king about this meeting tomorrow he will say, 'Some of your men have left you but I, the king, will be with you.'"

I saw the assembly was wavering. Mussolini saw it, too. He said, "I never had a friend, but the king is with me. I wonder what will happen tomorrow to those who have opposed me tonight?"

The question hung unanswered in the air. Mussolini's face was drawn up into an odd smile as he looked down the ranks of the Grand Council. He felt he had got these men under his spell again. His eyes were serene and triumphant, the eyes of the master. And I felt then we had lost.

Scorza rose from his chair directly on Mussolini's left. He had promised to be one of us at the start, but his first words told me he had changed his mind.

He pulled out of his pocket a new resolution; plainly he and Mussolini together had been going over it in the adjournment. Speaking as secretary of the Fascist Party he asked us to affirm through this resolution our unbounded faith in the Duce and the complete subjection of party and nation to the dictator's will.

An icy fear fell on the assembly. The faces of my friends seemed gray and hopeless and then Suarzo—whose promise to vote for us I had received during the adjournment—rose shakily and withdrew his assent to my resolution.

Ciano suggested an absurd compromise: "Let Grandi's and Scorza's motions be withdrawn—then a committee of the council can draft a new resolution acceptable to the Duce."

I jumped up at once. I refused to withdraw the resolution. I said every line should stand. Federzoni and Bottai spoke for me.

Speeches grew in violence. Galbiati, the militia commander, threatened to call in his armed Fascists from outside. Tringali, president of the special political tribunal, shouted across the table, "You shall pay with your heads for this treason!"

There was not a man in the room who did not know that the decision now was a matter of his own life or death.

"Animal instinct" was not enough

Suddenly, at 3 o'clock, Mussolini announced that we should vote on my resolution. His instinct, that "animal instinct" he used to boast of, must have told him he had won.

Seniority ruled that DeBono should vote first, then DeVecchi, two votes which would probably have been for me. But now Scorza tried to play a psychological trump for Mussolini. He read out my resolution to the council and at once shouted, "I vote against!" Then he called on Suarzo, who abstained.

DeBono and I said "Yes," trying to put as much confidence as possible into our voices; someone else followed and then another and another, and a few more until suddenly it dawned on me the incredible had happened. We had won.

I looked at Mussolini. Scorza handed him a paper and slowly, laboriously he read out the results: "Nineteen—for. Seven—against. One—Suarzo—abstaining."

Mussolini half rose on his throne and stared at us each in turn. Then he got up heavily and, as he reached the corner of the table on his way out, Scorza's mouth opened to give the habitual "salute the Duce." But the words did not come.

With this, the first and last vote given in the Grand Council, sentence had been passed on Fascist dictatorship—but the sentence had yet to be executed. Swift action was needed to ensure that Mussolini should not recover from a defeat which, after all, had been inflicted only in the council room.

We wondered whether we would be arrested on leaving the Palazzo Venezia, but Mussolini must have been numbed by the shock of his defeat. The guards had not been called on; they were drowsy with their long vigil and we picked our way through soldiers fast asleep on the grand staircase.

Early dawn was breaking. The great square which had echoed to so many of Mussolini's triumphs was deserted. Rome was asleep. Italy was unconscious that anything had happened.

We had to get the king to act; he had yet to hear the outcome of the meeting and although the Grand Council had deposed him, Mussolini was still master of the army, the state and the party, and he had Germany behind him.

So straightaway at 4 a. m. I met the minister of the royal house-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

Every fourth bottle of Schlitz goes overseas



Copyright 1945, J. I. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, W. I.



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

ANSWERING TOMORROW'S CHALLENGE



ELECTRONICS
MAGNETICS
ELECTRO-MECHANICS
OPTICS
CARBURETION
HYDRAULICS
AEROLOGY



THIS, TOO, IS *Bendix*... CREATOR OF SCIENTIFIC DEVICES NECESSARY TO FLIGHT

In all the brilliant history of private enterprise there is no more inspiring chapter than the chronicle of American air transport.

The handiwork of free men in a free land giving freely of their brains and time without regard for risk or present profit, this basic new industry has, in less than half the span of a man's life, profoundly changed all previous concepts of time and distance. Moreover, it has opened up to the hosts of men who have learned aviation the hard way in military service . . . as well as other G.I. Joes . . . a new field of opportunity as wide as their hopes

and dreams. For air transport, despite its astonishing progress, has barely tapped its potential. When peace returns . . . when the luxurious new planes already proved in global military service become commercial transports . . . when the broad new plans already laid are set in motion, America will have a new industry ranking with the greatest of the past.

Thus air transport answers the challenge of tomorrow—the challenge to assure returning fighting men a country in which everyone can be both free and happily employed . . . the challenge that

can be met only by the creation of great new industries like this.

We are proud that Bendix Creative Engineering has supplied so many advancements increasing the speed, range, and safety of today's transport planes. *Bendix products are basic to air transport progress.* Let's hasten the day of Freedom of the Air and all that it implies. Let's back our fighting men unceasingly with our minds, our hearts, our strength, and our money. Buy another War Bond today.

Ernest R. Breech
PRESIDENT, Bendix Aviation Corporation

First IN CREATIVE ENGINEERING
Builders of the INVISIBLE CREW



Bendix
© 1945, BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION Bendix is a trade-mark of Bendix Aviation Corporation

**FRENCH'S
IS SMOOTHER—
CREAMIER...
MILLIONS PREFER IT!**



RECIPE: Hot Dan the Mustard Man's sauce to serve with wartime meats: Combine equal portions of French's Mustard, horse-radish and evaporated milk. Stir in a little mayonnaise if you like a milder flavor.

MADE OF THE FINEST SPICES AND
MUSTARD SEED MONEY CAN BUY
Also made in Canada



DINO GRANDI EXPLAINS (continued)

hold. I told him what had happened and gave him a copy of my resolution signed by all who had voted for it.

"And tell the king everything," I said. "We have put into his hands the constitutional means for action as head of the state. There is not a moment to lose. We must forestall immediately a *coup d'état* by Hitler and the Germans."

The king gets the news

The minister asked me who I thought should succeed Mussolini as premier. I replied that only a military leader and one who had not compromised himself in the past with Fascism should undertake the task. The Grand Council was therefore excluded and also every man who had been in Mussolini's government in the past.

I further advised that the king should at once abolish the Grand Council and the whole totalitarian regime. He should restore the Chamber of Deputies, embody the Fascist militia in the regular army and suppress political tribunals and racial laws.

"You must finish the dictatorship at once," I said. "The army must be reorganized to fight the Germans. We must have peace with the Allies. Every hour of delay brings the Germans nearer."

"What about yourself?" the minister asked.

I said, "My duty is done. I have completed the task I set myself and I consider it as the last act of my political life. But one thing remains. Mussolini's downfall must be synchronized with an armistice. Let me go to Madrid at once to approach the Allies and to pave the way for further official contacts which will bring peace."

He left to see the king. It was 6 a. m. on July 25.

At my office in Parliament the hours crept by. At 9 a. m. I was warned that squads of pro-German Fascists had sworn to make an end of the 19 members of the Grand Council who had voted against Mussolini and that Fascist militia divisions encamped near Rome were about to march.

At noon Mussolini sent for me. I let the king know of the summons. He sent word to me not to go. Then I knew that the king had decided against Mussolini, and 20 minutes later I was told he had sent for Badoglio to be premier.

Mussolini seems to have been completely confounded by events. Ashamed to appeal to Hitler, still positive he could get the situation somehow under control, he frittered away the precious hours with jurists—trying to pick holes in my resolution.

At 5 p. m. he arrived at the royal palace, resolution in hand, to prove to the king that it was unconstitutional. Victor Emanuel refused to listen. He told him he was no longer his prime minister.

To his utter astonishment Mussolini was arrested as he left the palace. The commander of the Fascist militia, the party executive and the most dangerous pro-Nazis were clapped into the prisons before nightfall.

At 10:45 p. m. the world heard that Mussolini was no more and with his fall there collapsed the entire structure of Fascist dictatorship and of Italy's totalitarian regime.



THE REAL REASON MUSSOLINI FELL was the advance of the Allied armies across North Africa, Sicily, Italy. Here U. S. jeeps drive through the streets of Rome June 5, 1944.

**Something Special
Something Quick!**

40-FATHOM FISH N' CHIPS



1 egg, slightly beaten
1/2 cup milk
Cracker crumbs
40-Fathom Fillets

Dip plump, all-meat 40-Fathom Fillets of your favorite fish (cod or haddock is grand!) into well-mixed egg and milk. Season to taste. Roll in cracker crumbs. Fry in hot fat until golden-brown. Serve with plenty of thin-cut French fried potatoes, or potato chips.

1. WHO could dream that so much zesty, mouth-watering goodness could be cooked so quickly, so easily! Yet 20 minutes is just about all you need—when you start with boned, cleaned, ready-to-cook 40-Fathom Fillets of the choicest cuts of the choicest fish!

2. YOU see, we do nine tenths of your work for you—carefully select the very fillets you would choose. We quick-freeze their freshness in, with a blast of arctic air. Time stops, until they reach your store!

3. QUICK-FREEZING of these ocean-fresh delicacies ends objectionable "fishy" smells in your kitchen, too! Treat your family to something special, something different, something delicious—ask for 40-Fathom Fillets today.



**40-FATHOM FISH, INC.
BOSTON**



This

is the Peanut Brittle

Everybody likes!



STRAIGHT from the heart of the peanut

country comes this magnificent peanut brittle that just naturally makes

firm friends wherever it goes. *Meadors' Peanut Brittle* has won acclaim the nation over

—it's a *marvelous* box of candy! ● Made with only the very choicest peanuts from the

current crop . . . made only during the height of the Peanut Season . . . from

September through May . . . *Meadors' Peanut Brittle* is available in one-

pound packages only. ● Here's a real treat! *Everybody* likes it! It's delicious

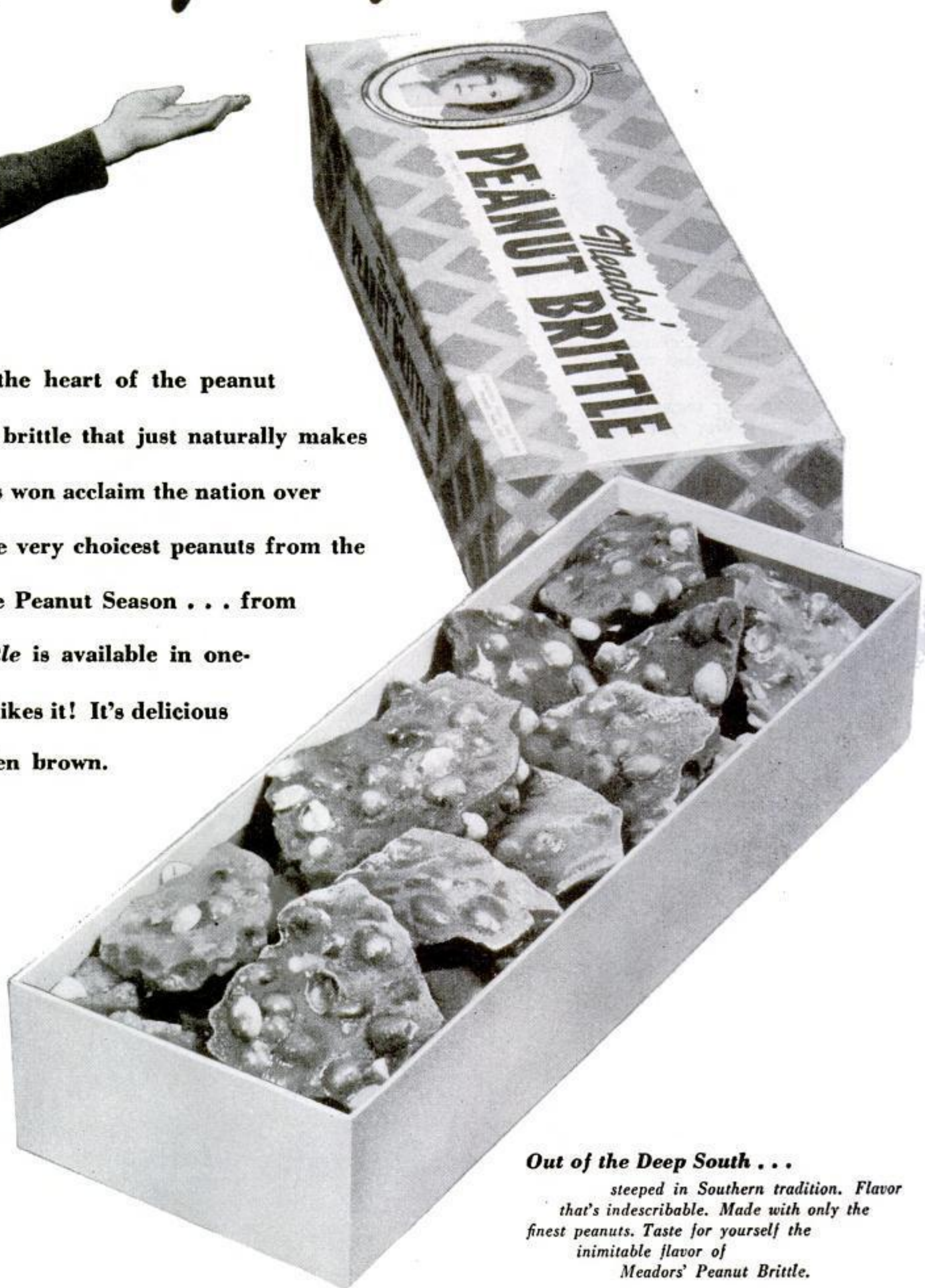
in flavor, it's crunchy, it's crisp and tender and golden brown.

It's just about the finest peanut brittle you ever tasted!

● Look for the distinctive air-tight wrapper . . .

identify *Meadors' Peanut Brittle* through the

photograph of little Angela . . . "Sac-O'-Sugah."



Out of the Deep South . . .

steeped in Southern tradition. Flavor that's indescribable. Made with only the finest peanuts. Taste for yourself the inimitable flavor of *Meadors' Peanut Brittle*.

Meadors'

Angela
"Sac-O'-Sugah"



PEANUT BRITTLE

MADE ONLY WITH CHOICEST PEANUTS — SEPTEMBER THROUGH MAY

MEADORS' MANUFACTURING CO., GREENVILLE, S. C.



THE SKY IS FULL OF ARMY HELICOPTERS AT SIKORSKY PLANT IN BRIDGEPORT, CONN. MODEL R-4 (ON GROUND), HAS 165-HP ENGINE; R-5 (CENTER), 450 HP; R-6 (TOP) HAS 245 HP

HELICOPTERS

Designs flourish, but public has to wait for practical family model

Helicopters have been on America's mind ever since Igor Sikorsky first flew his funny-looking machine in 1939 and showed what wonderful tricks it could do (LIFE, June 21, 1943). Thousands of people have written inquiries about buying a helicopter, aircraft concerns are vying with back-yard inventors to turn out new models. Some 150 helicopter designs have been announced. Among few actually flown are machines built for and by Bell Aircraft, Consolidated-Vultee, Henry Kaiser, Andrew Higgins, a Firestone Rubber subsidiary named G. and A. Aircraft, Kel-

lett Aircraft and Designers Piasecki, Landgraf, Hiller.

The only helicopters in quantity production and use, however, are Sikorsky's (*shown above*). Army pilots have evacuated wounded in them in Burma. The Coast Guard flew one for an Atlantic rescue. U.S. Navy and the British have tried them aboard ships. So far 262 fliers have become helicopter pilots.

The average man, wondering if he can substitute a helicopter for his family car at the end of the war, still gets this cautious answer: 1) the first models will not be simple to fly; 2) they will be expensive.



Try Jeris instead!
Scalp itching ends...dry
loose dandruff disappears...
hair is lustrous and easy to
keep well-groomed...
when you massage daily
with

JERIS
for Loose Dandruff
at all drug stores and barber shops

When he
NICKS
his chin...



Quick...
THE
IODINE
BOTTLE!

• Razor nicks, like any other cuts or scratches, can become dangerously infected. Safety first is so easy, too... simply apply a little Iodine. This time-tested germicide does its work well and quickly.

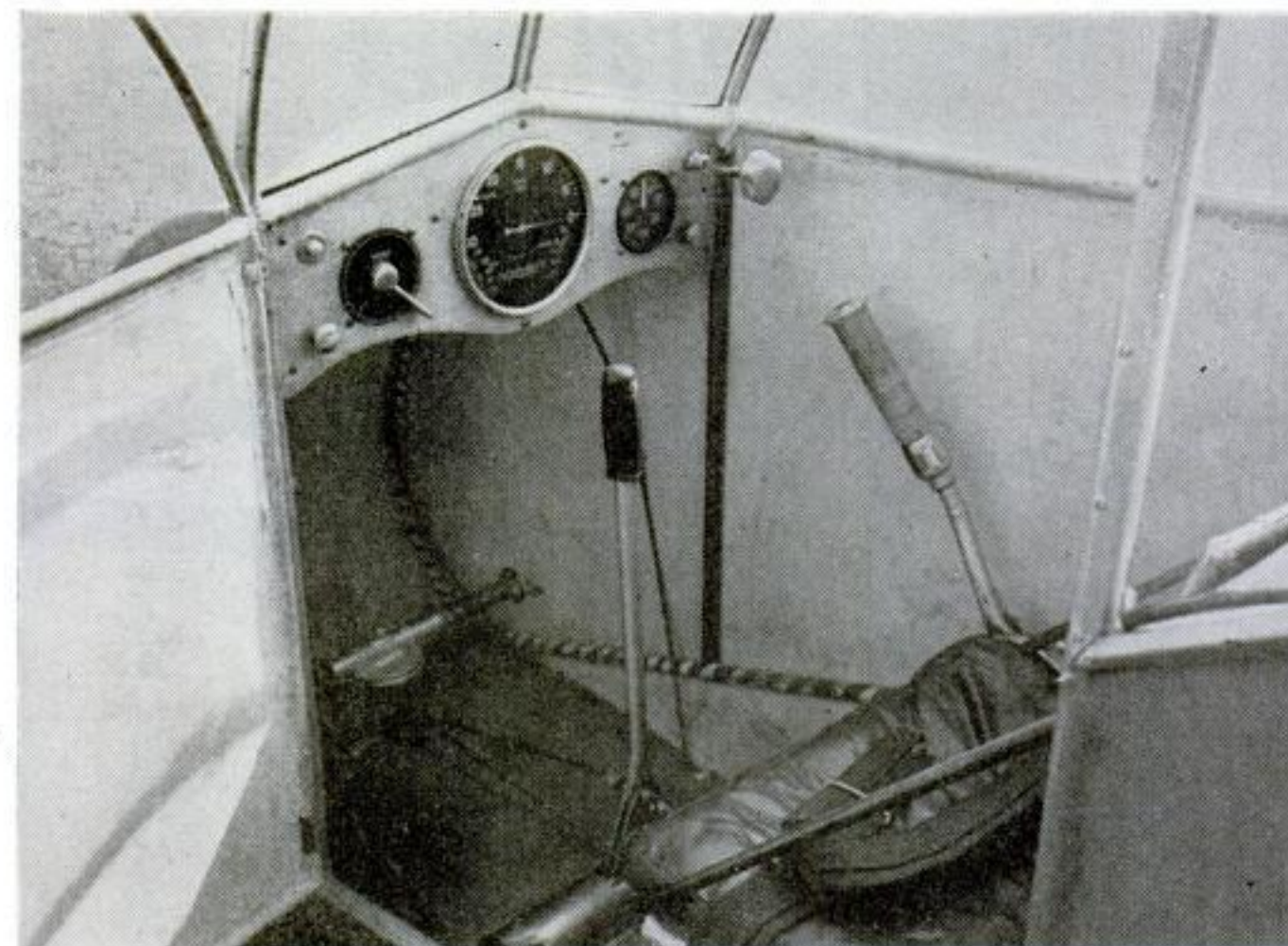
Always see your doctor if a wound is serious or if a minor one doesn't heal as it should.

IODINE EDUCATIONAL BUREAU, INC.
120 Broadway, New York 5, N. Y.

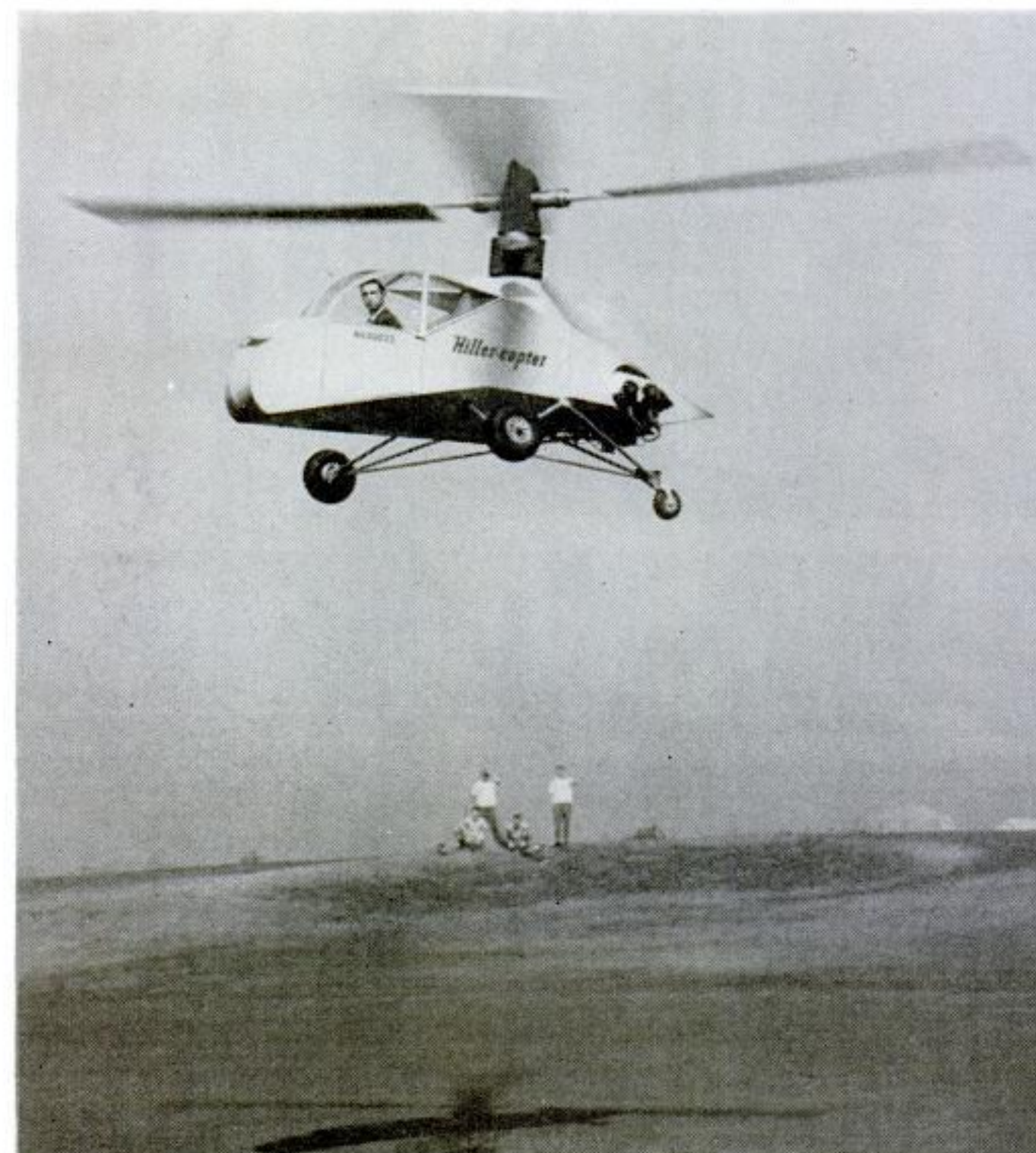
IODINE
Foe of Infection



Helicopter prodigy is 20-year-old Stanley Hiller Jr. of Berkeley, Calif. who designed a "Hiller-copter" (bottom) that interests U. S. Navy. Henry Kaiser has bought patents.



Hiller-copter flight controls are rudder pedal for turning left and right, central stick that gives forward and backward movement, and side lever for ascent or descent.



Hiller-copter hovers over a golf course, lifted by two counterrotating rotors mounted on the same shaft. Note absence of tail rotor. The machine cruises at about 70 mph.



A GOOSE QUILL moved mankind!

Patrick Henry, friend of freedom, champion of human rights, fought with potent pen for independence, democracy, spiritual liberty... his goose quill embraced man's cause... his wisdom moved mankind!

Statesmen, the fighting forces, and the public today have infinitely finer precision instruments of penmanship, Inkographs... smooth flowing, fast acting, with 14kt solid gold ball-like point that won't bend, spread or distort under pressure, writes like a soft lead pencil, fine in workmanship.

The needs of service men come first. If your dealer is out of stock—please keep trying.

The name Inkograph on the barrel guarantees the genuine. Sorry, no mail orders—only dealers can supply you.

INK-O-GRAPH\$2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N. Y. C. 13



FOR A TOUGH BEARD THIS KIT IS IT!



Sturdy Kit includes:
(1) Durham DuBarry Razor* (2) 10 famous Durham heavy duty, hollow-ground blades (3) Bladeholder and leather strop—for long blade life and finer shaving (4) Shave stick and comb

Mail \$2.50 direct if dealer can't supply
* Also available with barber-type razor
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., MYSTIC, CONN.

BUY ^{STILL} _{MORE} WAR BONDS

Brenda—Will You Step Out With Me Tonight?

I know I've been an awful grouch not taking you any place lately. But after standing all day at my new job, my feet darn near killed me with callouses and burning. Now I've reformed—or rather my feet have—thanks to the Ice-Mint you advised. Never tried anything that seemed to draw the pain and fire right out so fast—and the way it helps soften callouses is nobody's business! Been able to get some extra overtime money—so what do you say, let's go dancing tonight. You can step on my Ice-Mint feet all you want.

An evening with the **Old Masters**

Along with the appreciation of the world's masterpieces goes the appreciation of a truly fine scotch whisky —Johnnie Walker. It is a symphony of smooth flavor and distinctive mellowness. Johnnie Walker has earned its world popularity over the past 125 years.

Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere all the time these days. If occasionally he is "out" when you call . . . call again.



JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Black Label • 86.8 Proof

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. Sole Importer

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS



Diary of a Frontier Wife

"In a jiffy I had breakfast under way on my beautiful new gas range—coffee perking, toast browning, bacon sizzling. What a cheerful start it gave us this zero morning!"

SHE LIVES ON A LONELY RANCH. The coyotes howl at night. The wind has an unbroken sweep of hundreds of miles. But a gas range! That makes a different picture...

Yes, "rugged living" out beyond the gas mains—and that means in some big city suburbs, as well as on farms and ranches—is softened and tempered where Shell distributors deliver Shellane, gas in steel cylinders.

BOILING POINT 45° BELOW ZERO—Shellane, a petroleum gas product of Shell refineries, is compressed to a liquid and forced into steel cylinders, which are delivered to the consumer. At any temperature *down to 45° below zero*, when the pressure in the cylinder is eased by

"turning on the gas," the liquid begins to boil.

Like boiling water changing to steam, boiling Shellane changes to gas. Piped to your range or hot water heater from the cylinder installed outside your house, it responds precisely like "city gas" when you light a burner. It burns with the same intense flame—smokeless, sootless, odorless, *hot*... Piped to your gas refrigerator, it creates cold storage and ice cubes.

Distribution of Shellane is limited by transportation and servicing facilities. Where available, Shellane is another important civilizing influence that stems from petroleum science.

*Out of petroleum, PLUS IDEAS—
finer motor fuels and lubricants*

Speedy, flexible transportation is still the greatest civilizing factor—the family car which

links the "frontier" home, and almost every home, with churches, schools, markets, theatres.

Wartime research ideas of Shell scientists are being translated into finer fuels and lubricants for the family car, ready when the word comes!

For distinguished service—Shell's Martinez and Wood River Refineries have been awarded the Army-Navy "E"



*Horizons wider
through
Shell Research*

Helicopters (continued)



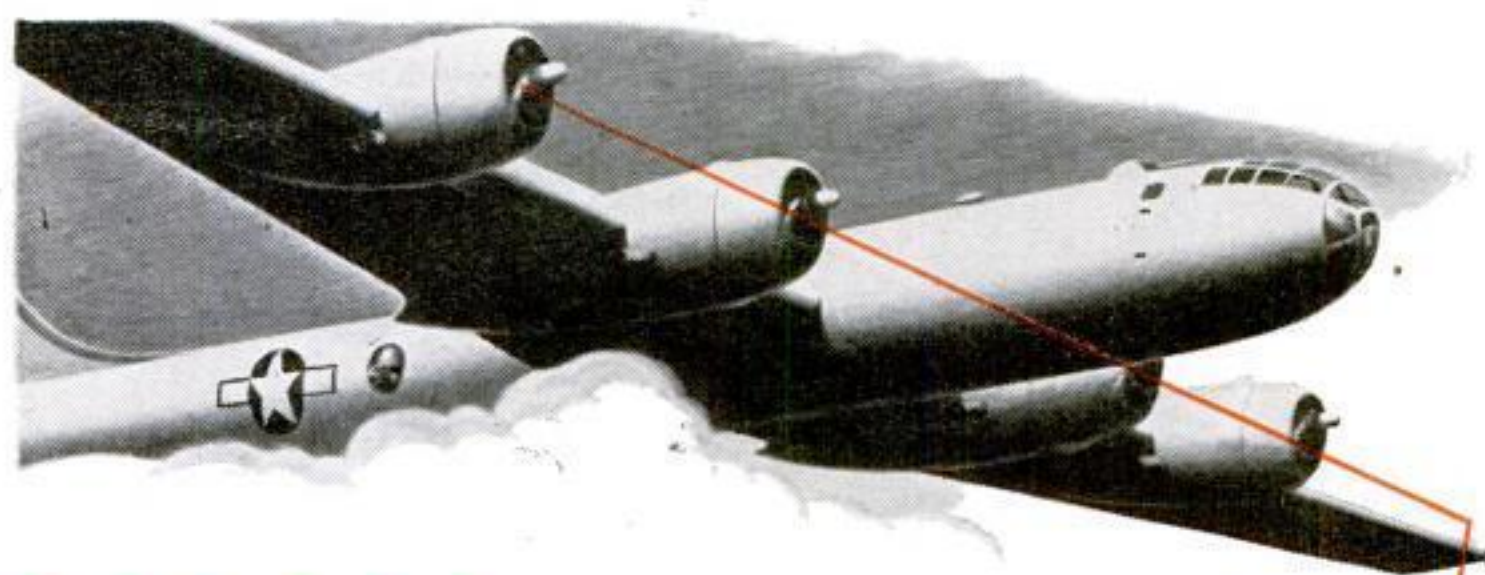
Aeronautical Products, Inc., helicopter delivers a package to customer's home as a stunt for J. L. Hudson, Detroit department store. Designed particularly for civilian use, this helicopter is touring the country for exhibit in the stores of big cities.



Army Platt-LePage R-1 has two counterrotating horizontal rotors, in contrast to Sikorsky's pattern of one main lifting rotor plus stabilizing rotor on the tail. First successful helicopter, flown by Germans, used this arrangement of two main rotors.



"Helicospeeder" of Antoine Gazda, Wakefield, R.I., which has not yet flown, has jet propulsion to make helicopter fly faster after the rotor lifts it into the air. Designer believes that jet action will also aid steering and eliminate need for tail rotor.



NOW... AUTOMOTIVE SPARK PLUGS WITH AIRCRAFT PRESTIGE AND EFFICIENCY

Bringing the same performance, dependability and extreme quality to automotive spark plugs that are required of spark plugs for a high-flying Super Fortress is the achievement of Champion Spark Plug engineers. Champion's research and engineering background, because it is exclusively devoted to the production of better spark plugs, brought invaluable experience to aviation from the automotive field, particularly from the field of racing where Champions have long been champions in fact as well as in name. But wartime aviation put spark plugs to many extreme tests—stratospheric flight, supercharging, violent temperature fluctuations, 100 octane gas—all of which Champion-Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs met with extraordinary success. *Today* these same qualities, the same basic materials, precision manufacturing and design are yours in spark plugs for your car. Demand Champion Spark Plugs, the spark plugs of aircraft prestige and efficiency for automotive engines. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.



BUY MORE AND MORE
WAR BONDS UNTIL
THE DAY OF VICTORY

DEPENDABLE

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



SOLDIERS EAT AMID THE FADED SPLENDOR OF GRAND BALLROOM



MRS. ANTHONY EDEN (A DIRECTOR) WITH MAURICE CHEVALIER

Life Visits Grand Hotel

There Allied soldiers get a chance
to spend a luxurious leave in Paris

At the Grand Hotel in Paris a soldier back from the front on leave can get a hot bath, a shave, cold beer, a soft bed, a meal that does not come out of a package, a chance to hear some music and go dancing. Since these and the whole idea of being in Paris are a doughboy's favorite dream, the once-splendid Grand Hotel, only official leave camp in France for all Allied soldiers, is always full.

The hotel, opened for the men last October, is governed by a board headed by Lady Arthur Tedder, wife of General Eisenhower's air chief marshal, and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle Jr., whose husband is on Eisenhower's staff. Staff hostesses, called "Tedder girls," give out tickets to plays and movies, wrap packages for soldiers to send home and hand out remedies for sore feet, hangovers and headaches.

The hotel houses 850 men every night. More than half are American, about a quarter British. Most of the men check in between 1 and 6 a.m. after riding for hours in open jeeps, trucks or weapons carriers. They come in weary, with stubble beards and mud-caked boots. They go to bed on soft mattresses, between clean sheets. They eat in what was once the grand ballroom (*opposite page*). The German officers who were billeted there during the occupation did not use the grand ballroom, the French managers keeping them out simply by saying that the chandeliers—which are still intact—were likely to fall down during the air raids.



ARMY CARS PARK AT GRAND HOTEL NEAR PARIS OPERA HOUSE



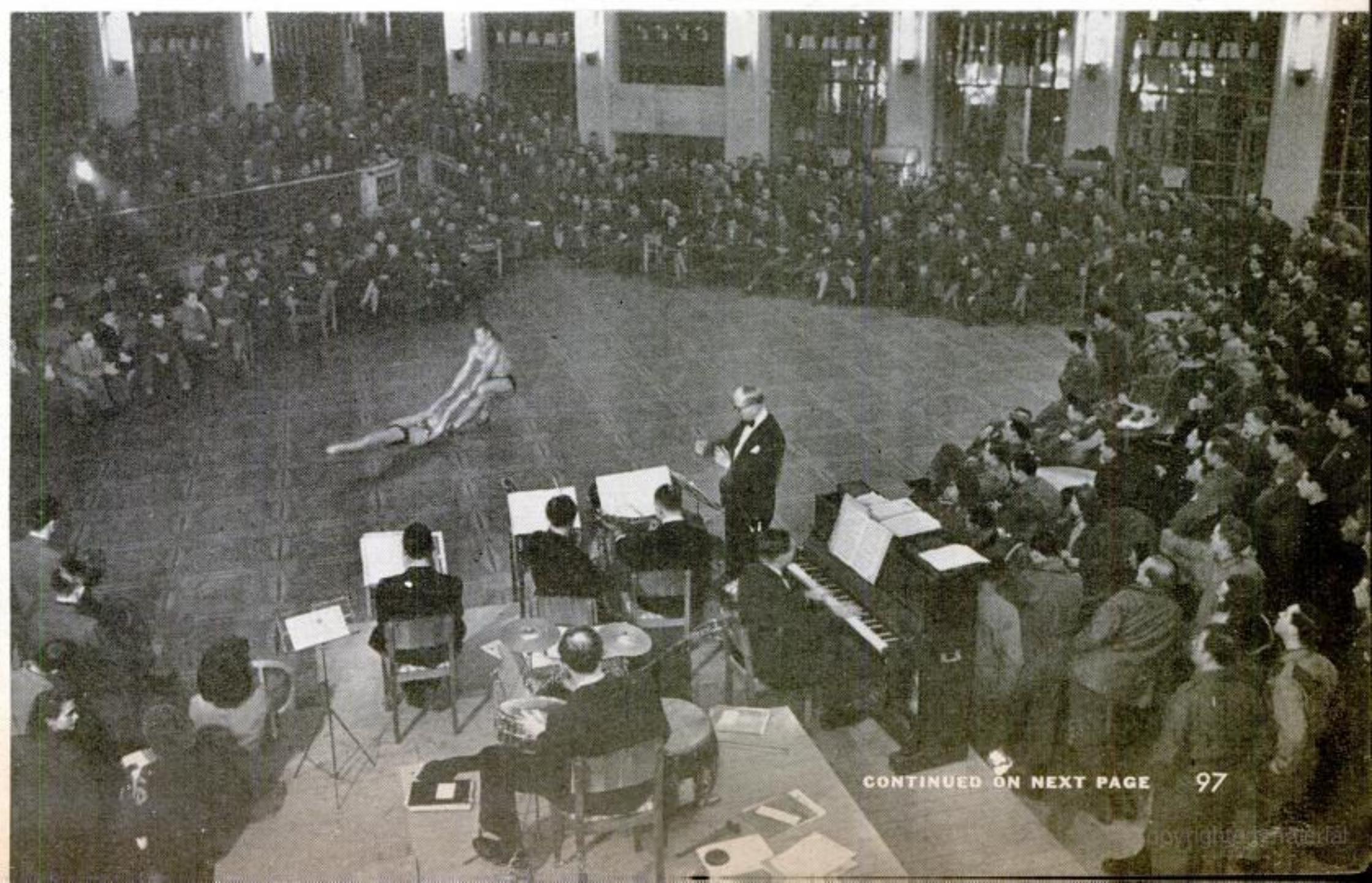
Beer in the lounge is a predinner custom. Hotel is scene of many reunions. The message board is full and page boys are busy every minute. Hotel does not try to force programs or

plans on soldier. He can play ping-pong or bridge, go on sight-seeing tours, sleep until noon or do the town in traditional soldier fashion. Most guests have 48-hour passes.



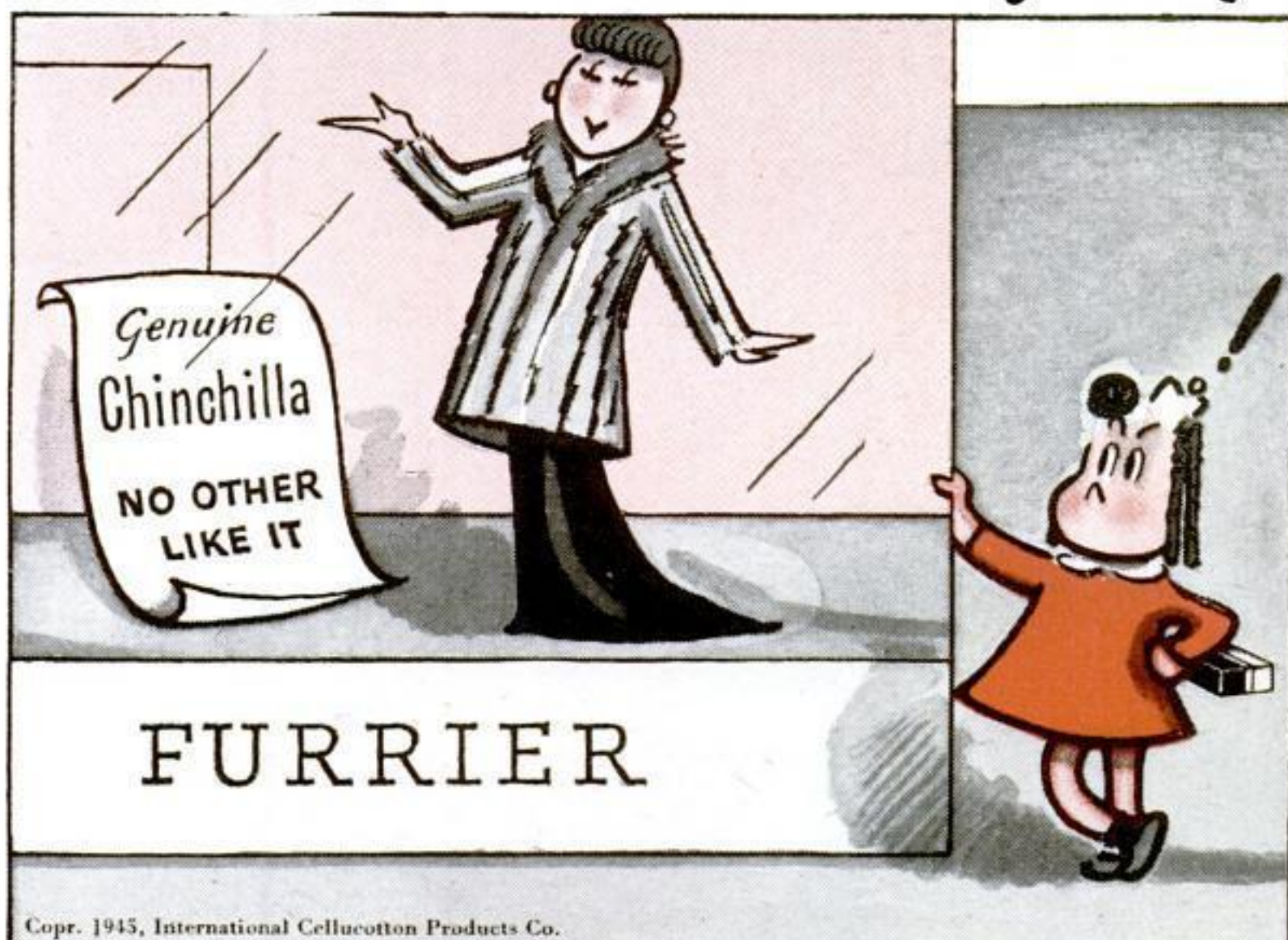
Acrobatic act is part of evening floor show in Jardin d'Hiver (Winter Garden). Afterward boys dance to small orchestra (*below*) with hostesses and with servicewomen. Barbershop

is busiest spot in the hotel, with many requests for fragrant hair tonic and manicures. Similar hospitality is offered front-line soldiers at Hotel Metropole in Brussels.

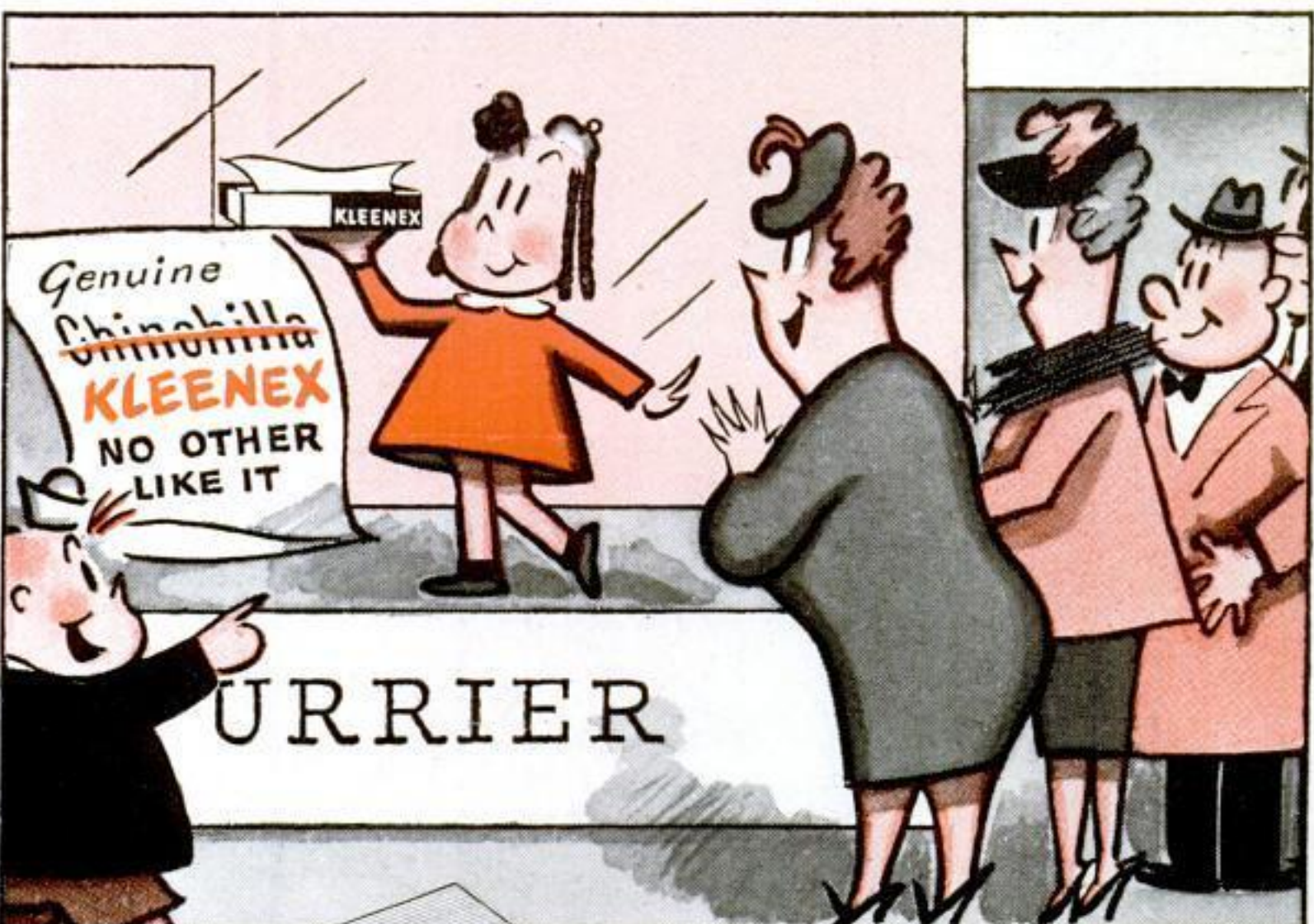
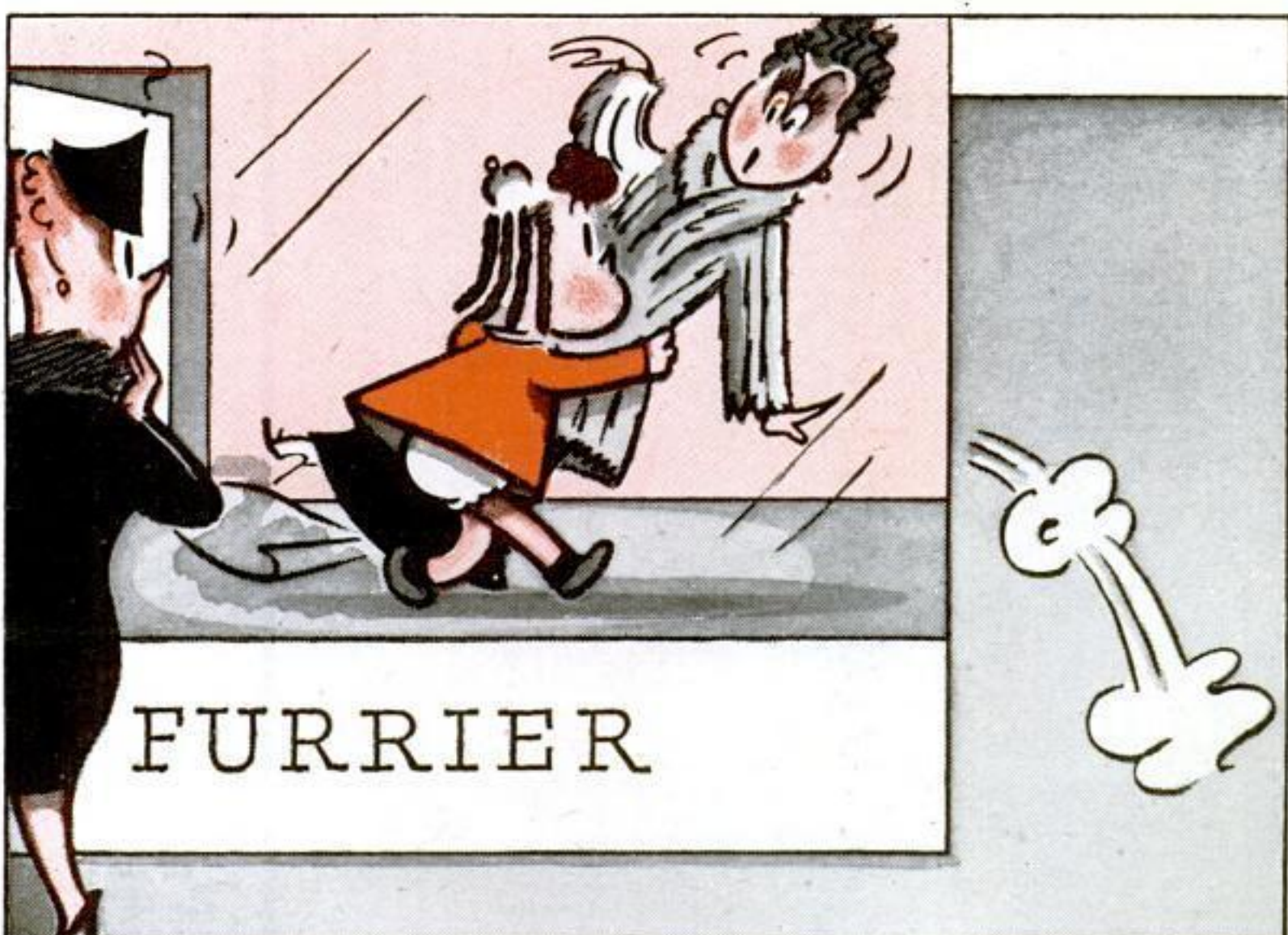


LITTLE LULU

by Marge



Copr. 1945, International Cellucotton Products Co.



Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in technicolor at your favorite theatre.

Life Visits Grand Hotel (continued)



As troops arrive black-marketeers try to buy their cigarets. These soldiers seem to be hanging on to theirs but some boys without money to spend on leave make a deal.



Cold and tired, S/Sgt. Walter Lekutis of Cleveland and Pvt. George Toon (right) of Los Angeles, recent visitors, wait for a room, which costs 20 francs (40¢) a night.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101



Get ready for the \$64 Question

When you give him
an Eversharp!

YOU can't miss! For here's the pen everyone wants!

***SELF-BLOTTING**—with quick-dry ink . . . writes perfectly with any ink. **THE TIP** is streamlined, hooded — directional.

THE MAGIC POINT—is so smooth you can't even hear it write. **NEW MAGIC FEED** prevents leaking—high in a plane—so at ground level, too.

Streamlined, tailored — perfectly balanced. Friction-snap cap, deep-pocket military clip, and barrel-end are 14-karat gold over sterling silver—barrels in choice of smart colors. Made by the world's largest manufacturers of fountain pens and pencils. Compare!



NEW EVERSHARP
"Fifth Avenue" Set

\$19.00

Pen \$12.50. Pencil \$6.50

*Self
Blotting**

New Tip
New Feed
New Point

GUARANTEED FOREVER—Service on all EVERSHARPS identified by the double check mark **VV** on the clip is guaranteed forever—subject to charge of 35¢ for postage, insurance and handling—if all parts are returned to EVERSHARP. Slightly higher if handled by dealer.

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ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT

That genius is the ability to take endless pains is proved with every sip of Old Grand-Dad. For in this prime example of the distiller's art nothing has been spared that adds to the bourbon-drinkers' delight. Waiting for you here is the flavor of sun-ripened grain brought to full peak by years in soothing oak. Why not get acquainted with Old Grand-Dad by heading your next list of guests with the Head of the Bourbon Family?

OLD GRAND-DAD

BOTTLED IN BOND—100 PROOF—4 YEARS OLD

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

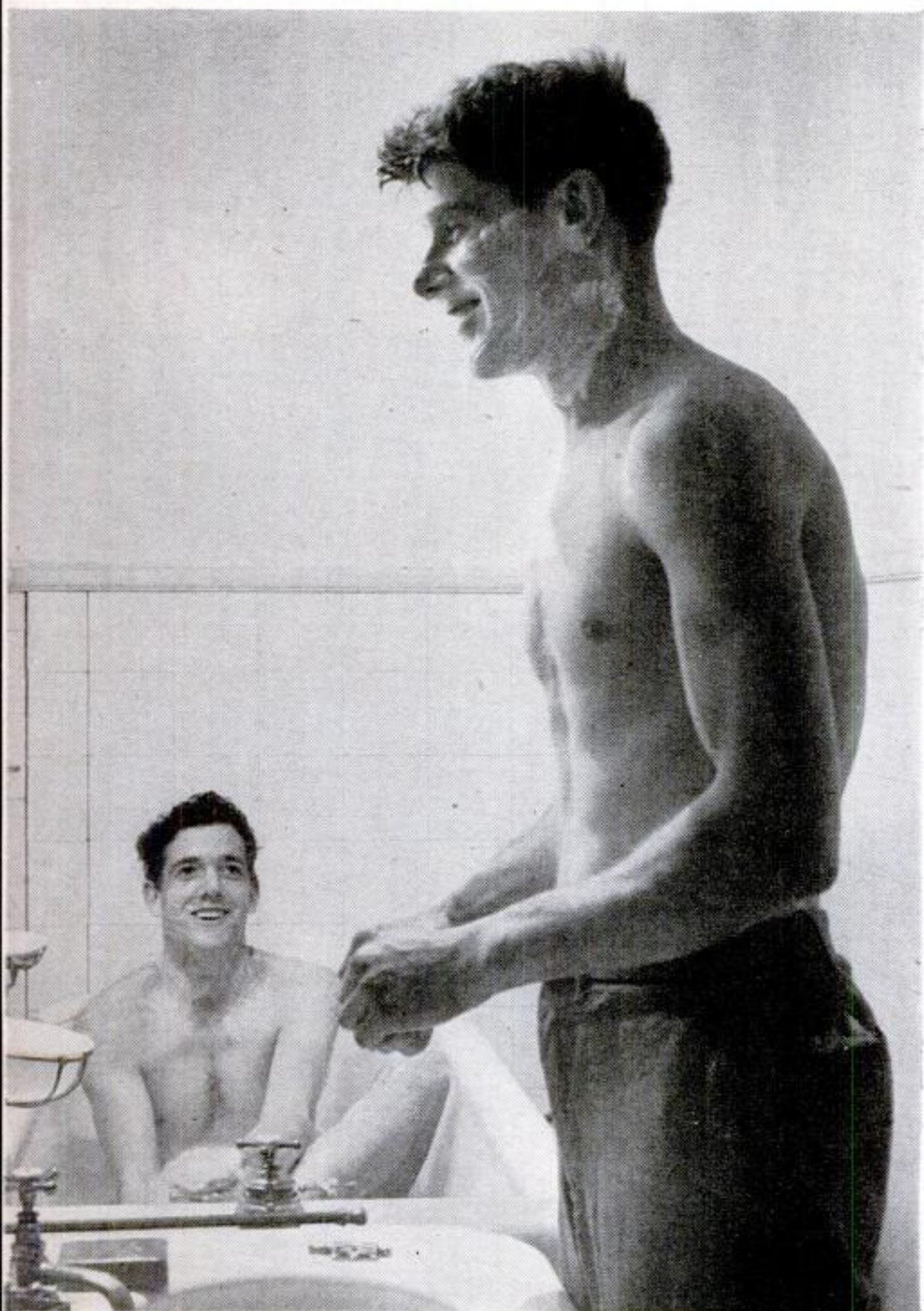


*Head of the
Bourbon Family*





First thing Sergeant Lekutis does is test his bed, the first he will have slept in for months. Bedrooms are ornate, several known as the "room where Goebbels slept."



Getting cleaned up makes Lekutis and Toon feel better after all-night drive. This puts them in shape for making good on soldier's dream of taking a whirl at Paris.



FROM NOW ON—

Smoke this outstanding quality cigarette...
Smoke it critically... Compare it with any other
brand... See if you don't agree that... from now
on... it's Chelsea!



Listen to
GUY LOMBARDO
Blue Network
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THE BEST IN CIGARETTES—BLENDED BY EDGEWORTH

A Heritage of Quality Since 1877

CORONET v.s.q. BRANDY

...delicious with soda



Paul Rand

They also serve... who BUY and HOLD War Bonds
California Grape Brandy 84 proof. Cresta Blanca Wine Company, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif.

MISCELLANY



FOUR HAT MODELS SMILE OUT AT THE AUDIENCE FROM GIGANTIC HATBOXES.

GIRLS WEAR BOXES

The people who put on the shows at the Chicago Fashion Industries exhibition a few weeks ago tried very hard to interest the clothing buyers who, normally a jaded lot, have been made more than normally apathetic by the often drab sartorial products of a war economy. When they got to hats, the C. F. I. producers performed brilliantly, as the picture at the top proves. The prettiest models in Chicago were collected, including one who had been voted "Miss Photo-Flash" at the Photographers' Ball. The new hats were perched on their pretty heads. Opera-length stockings were



Model climbs into a hatbox. She is wearing very little because the box covers her from shoulders down to knees. She will put on hat and step out in front of the crowd.



THEY WERE CHOSEN FOR PRETTY FACES, ADAPTABLE COIFFURES AND GOOD LEGS

TO HELP SELL HATS

rolled up their shapely legs. The models stepped into huge, brightly colored hatboxes and walked out on the stage. If the buyers in the audience did not like the hats, they could avoid complete boredom by looking at the legs or the oversize hatboxes. The buyers bought heavily at the show, snapping up almost everything on sale. This may have been because they liked the presentation. It may, however, have been because they knew that the good hats sell easily and that even bad ones are grabbed off nowadays by women with no more reason for buying a hat than that one is for sale.



Model shows hat to the audience. The master of ceremonies (left) points out how the features included in the designer's drawing have been embodied in finished model.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



How to Keep Him Always

As He Is Today

There's a day coming when you'd give a lot to turn time backward. To see your children again as they are today . . . and as they will be at all their most adorable ages. You can have that great joy . . . if you begin now to take home movies.

But remember, it takes a *fine* camera to make *fine* movies. To get professional results with amateur ease, use a Filmo Camera, precision-built by the makers of Hollywood's preferred studio equipment. With Filmo, you just sight, press a button, and *what you see, you get*—in rich, true-to-life *full color* or in brilliant black-and-white.

Take This First Step NOW

Send the coupon for information on today's finer Filmo Cameras and sound and silent Projectors. Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; Washington, D. C.; London.



There's a Filmo Camera Exactly Suited to You
Shown in use—The improved Filmo "Companion," an 8mm. all-purpose motion picture camera.

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Please send information about the improved Filmo Movie Cameras and Projectors.

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SINCE 1907 THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF PRECISION EQUIPMENT FOR MOTION PICTURE STUDIOS OF HOLLYWOOD AND THE WORLD

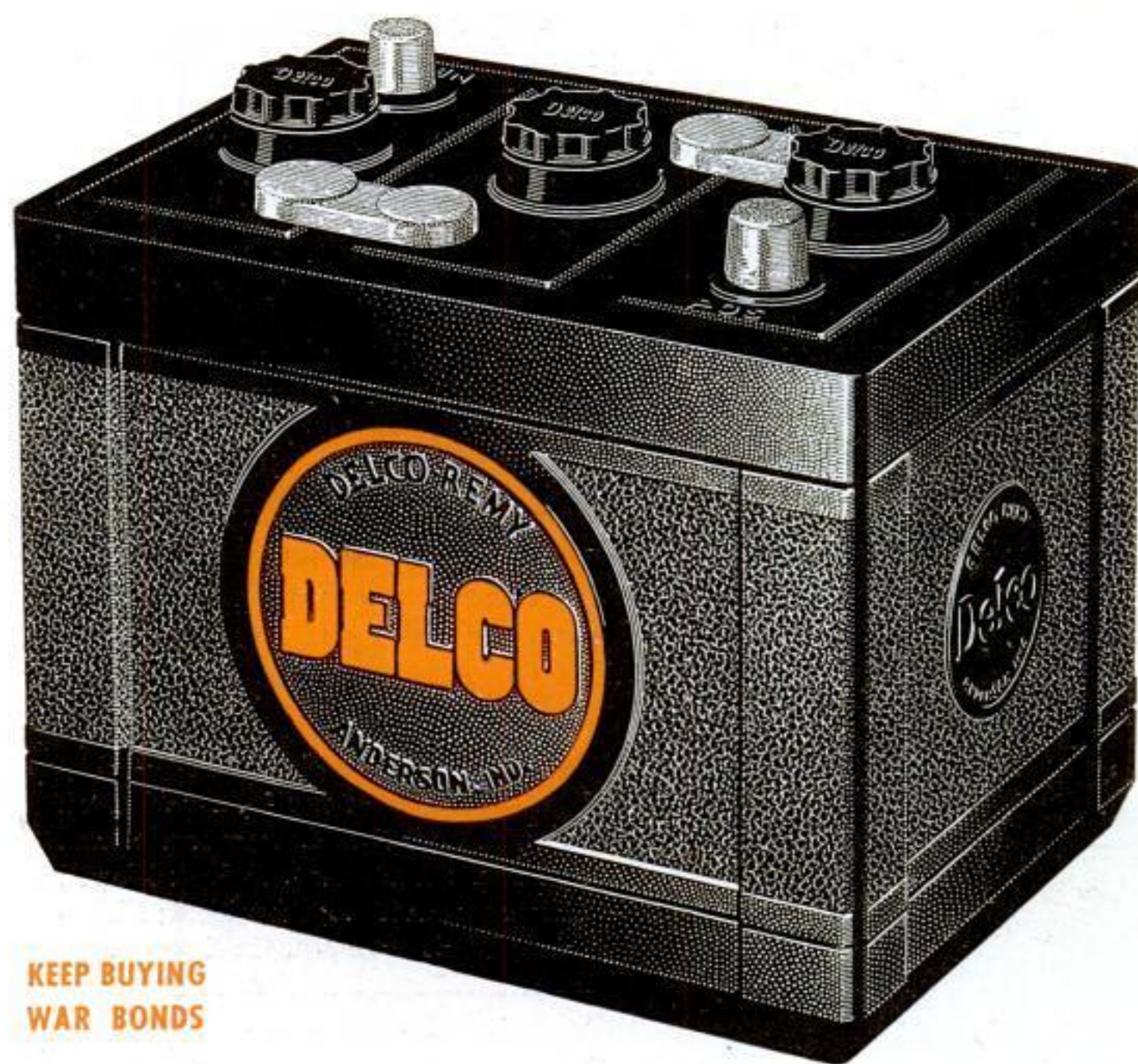
Quick starting as a ...



Powerful as a ...



Dependable as a ...



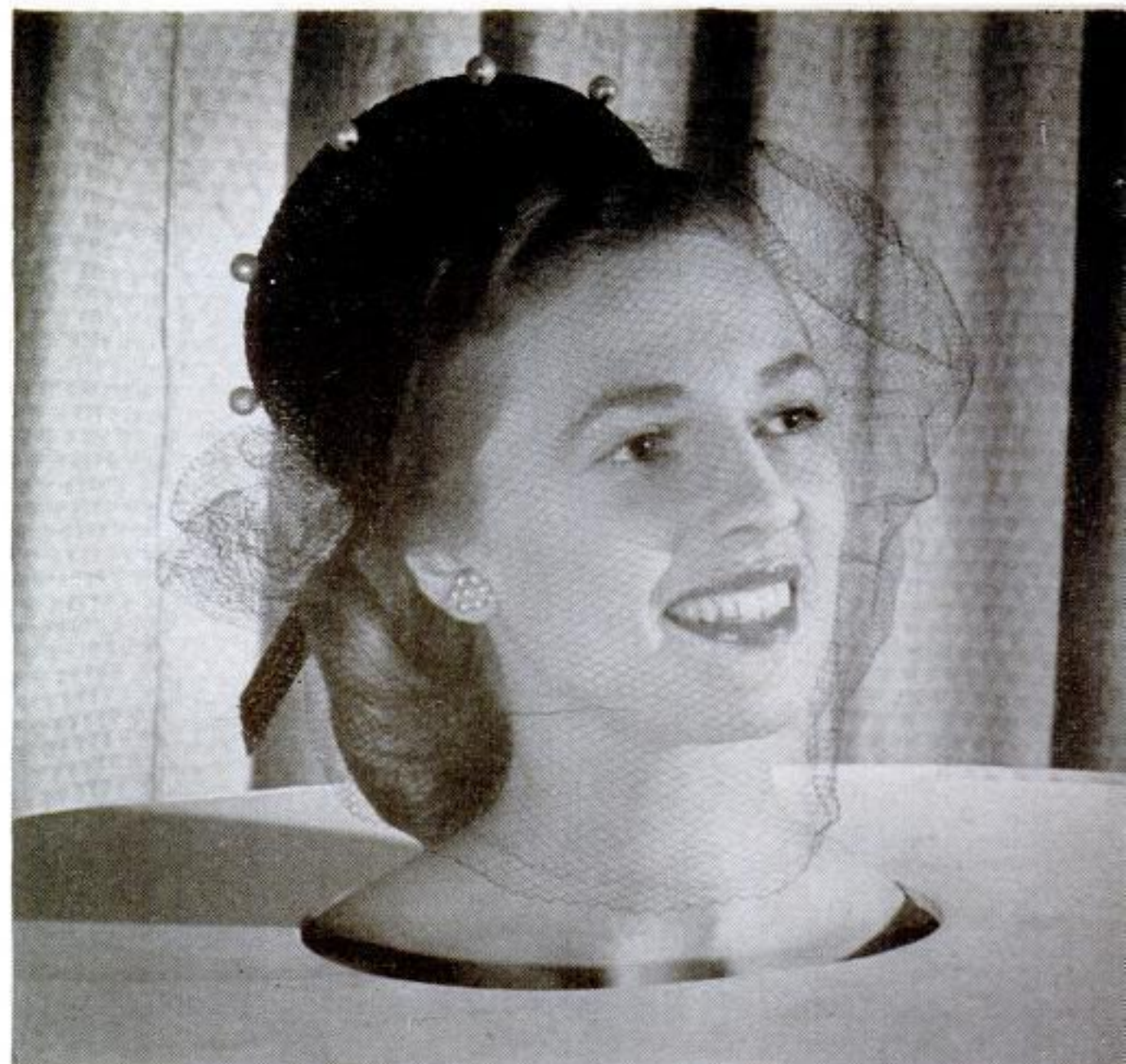
KEEP BUYING
WAR BONDS

An Appeal to Every Car Owner:

Storage batteries are a military *essential*—just as *essential* as *ammunition*. The military demand for them increases with every day of war, as more and more batteries are needed for trucks and combat vehicles. *These requirements must be met. . . .* Service the battery in your car regularly. Don't replace it until you have been advised by a *reliable* dealer that it is no longer serviceable.

Delco-Remy ... WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN

Girls and Hats (continued)



BONNET WITH A VEIL RETAILS FOR \$12.95. ALL THESE HATS WHOLESale AT \$6



TURBAN OF MULTICOLORED FELT IS PRICED ANYWHERE FROM \$10.95 TO \$15



STRAW HAT RETAILS AT \$8.95. THIS IS A CLOSE-UP OF THE ONE ON PAGE 10



Crocodile Hunt in the Dominican Republic

1 "Knee-deep in swampy ooze, with two big crocs coming at you—man, that's adventure! It happened to me on my first crocodile hunt at Lake Enriquillo," writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky from the Dominican Republic. "I was so excited it took every shot in my gun to stop them. But—don't get the idea that this 'land Columbus loved best' is all crocs and adventure..."



2 "This is actually a quiet, friendly country... even lumbering is a placid affair. Profitable, too—for Dominican mahogany is the world's best. As distinctive, you might say, as the flavor of Canadian Club."



3 "And though smaller than West Virginia, this little republic has modernized at a rate equalled by few other countries during the past fourteen years...has built 15 hospitals and more than 2,000 schools!"



4 "An exciting place to visit, believe me! And listen—mighty soon Pan American's big Clippers will be flying vacationists here in just a few hours from the States...and at vacationists' prices."



5 "At Trujillo City's Hotel Jaragua you'll find luxury to rival even Miami's finest. Canadian Club, for instance...this whisky with the unforgettable flavor is as firmly established here as in any top-flight hotel at home." Once the war is over, you will find it even easier than now to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is light as Scotch,

rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. • That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"



Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

DEFEND THE CONSTITUTION



WHY, SURE !

L.S./M.F.T.



GOSMO DE SALVO

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